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AN OUTSIDE JAUNTING CAR IN A STORM.

A TOUR ROUND IRELAND,

THROUGH THE SEA-COAST COUNTIES, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1835:

BY JOHN BARROW, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF EXCURSIONS IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE, AND A VISIT TO ICELAND.

Ruined Abbey and Round Tower on Devenish Island.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1836.

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PREFACE.

In submitting to the Public a brief account of a Tour made last autumn through the sea-coast counties of Ireland, I may state that the object of my visit was chiefly to see as much of the oft-proclaimed physical beauties,—the surpassing verdure of surface and fertility of soil—the lakes and mountains—the cultivated and embellished landscapes of the "Emerald Isle,"—as a limited period of time would afford me the means of doing; at the same time to take a passing glance at the general and external appearance and condition of the great mass of the population. Beyond these points I was well aware that want of time would make it impossible for me, on the present occasion, to go a single step. I had once intended to illustrate my little volume with sketches of some of those ruined remains of ancient castles and abbeys

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that are thickly scattered over the surface of Ireland; but I soon found that any attempt beyond that of a few outlines of the humble dwellings of the peasantry would entirely frustrate the plan I had laid down, by occupying too much of my time; but the reader will be more than compensated for the want of my indifferent sketches, by a few characteristic etchings from the graver of one whose knowledge of Ireland is surpassed only by his skill in expressing it.

I have avoided—as much as it is possible in Ireland to avoid—the all-engrossing topics of Religion and Politics, the difficulty of doing which is increased since they have become so intimately intermixed. For the one, I trust I shall always feel a proper respect, whatever the creed of its professors may be—Christian, Jew, or Mahomedan—provided they act up to the precepts of the religion they profess, and do not convert it into an engine of dissension and oppression; but if the Ministers of the Christian Religion, be they Protestant or Papist, degrade themselves into political partisans—if they prostitute their sacred functions to such unworthy and inconsistent purposes, and desecrate their temples into theatres for the display of their political

animosities, and their altars for the denunciation of those who may differ from, or displease them, they render themselves, in my opinion, fit objects for public censure and animadversion.

With regard to Politics, the thorough dislike I have to engage in party discussions anywhere will secure me against coming in collision with conflicting parties in Ireland,—being equally indifferent as to Whig or Tory. I have my feelings both as regards Religion and Politics, and probably feel as warmly on both, as young men are generally apt to do; but however difficult it may be, particularly in Ireland, to restrain those feelings, I trust it will not be found that, in any statement of facts or opinions made herein, I have transgressed the bounds of propriety.

I have been induced to preserve the form of letters, the substance of which were, in point of fact, written to my family from notes made daily in the progress of my tour: much, of course, has been omitted from, and more, perhaps, added to, the original letters, to render them better suited to the public eye.

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Illustrative wood-cuts on the letter-press pages.

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A

TOUR ROUND IRELAND,

&c.

LETTER I.

FROM LONDON TO BELFAST.

York Cathedral—Penrith—Netherby—Dumfries—Port Patrick—Donaghadee—The Marquess O'Neill—First impression—Lough of Belfast—The Jaunting-Car—The Widow and her Son—Difference in the Appearance of the Verdure of Ireland and England—Arrival at Belfast.

Belfast, 29th August.

HAVING, as you are aware, promised my young friend, Frederick Graham, that I would pay him a visit at Netherby, my intention being to proceed from thence to Port Patrick, with the view of crossing over to Ireland, in which country I had determined on making a little tour, I proceeded the day I left town, as far as Stamford; here I slept, and from thence went on to York, and devoted a day (Sunday) to inspect the Minster, that splendid specimen of Gothic architecture, to which it may be doubted whether an equal is to be found in this or in any other country.

I attended the morning service, the celebration

of which I thought was more impressive than it generally is in cathedrals, and the music exceedingly fine; but the powers of the grand organ were displayed to greater advantage in the afternoon, when I had the good fortune to hear an anthem performed by the celebrated Dr. Camidge, one of the first organists, I believe, in this kingdom. On viewing the various architectural designs, the attention is naturally directed towards that part of the Minster which was destroyed by fire about six years ago, but which has been admirably restored, piece for piece, with the most exquisite workmanship, by the late Mr. Scott, who lost his life by a fall from the scaffold, just as he had completed a work, which will ever reflect the greatest credit on his diligence and skill. It is to be hoped that the chapter will mark their sense of the merit of Mr. Scott by erecting a tablet to his memory, with a suitable inscription, in this part of the Minster.

The following day I proceeded to Carlisle, where I slept, and next day pursued my journey to Netherby. On crossing Stein Moor we encountered one of the heaviest falls of rain I ever remember to have been exposed to, even in the Lapland mountains. The water literally fell as though it had been discharged from the bursting of a waterspout; but, fortunately, I was well provided against it by the friendly cloak of Mr. M'Intosh.

Passing through Penrith, the coachman, with

whom I was seated on the box, (my usual place when I can obtain it,) pointed out to me, by way of encouragement I suppose, the place where a few days previous the Manchester mail was overturned on descending the hill, in consequence of the horses taking fright at the lightning, which at the time flickered along the road. An unfortunate young gentleman, who was on the coach-box, was killed on the spot, and he was this day buried, two of his brothers having come to Penrith to perform this last melancholy duty.

I spent three very pleasant days at Netherby, the splendid seat of Sir James Graham, who is enlarging and beautifying the mansion, which stands in a well-timbered park, with the river Esk running through it, and is part of, and surrounded by, a demesne of not less than twenty-seven thousand acres, forming on one side the boundary-line between England and Scotland. I much regretted that the period to which I was limited would not permit of my remaining longer in so delightful a place, and where I received so much kindness from Sir James and Lady Graham. I made the best of my time, however, in scouring the neighbouring country with my friend Graham.

We one day paid a visit to honest John Linton, the landlord (but not a blacksmith) of "Gretna Hall" hotel, Gretna Green, but, unfortunately, this noted character was away from home; the room, however, was shown to me in which the marriage cere-

mony is usually performed, always in presence of a proper number of witnesses, "after the manner of the laws of the Church of England, and agreeably with the laws of Scotland," as the certificate avers. A register of the marriages is regularly kept; and it is not a little amusing to pore over the names of the happy couples which have been tied up at this spot. I observed that the greater number of the fugitives to this temple of Hymen were from the northern counties of Ireland—from Derry in particular. We also rode over to Penton Linns, a part of the extensive property of the Duke of Buccleugh. The walk by the side of the river Liddell, which here runs foaming over its rocky bed, and through a deep well-wooded glen, in which the larch was predominant, reminded me strongly of similar Norwegian scenery, but of course far less gigantic.

It was on the morning of the 28th of August that I left Netherby at day-break, and proceeded to Gretna, quite alone I assure you, and for no other purpose than to await the arrival at that place of the mail for Port Patrick; and being lucky enough to secure an outside berth, I arrived at the end of my day's journey about bedtime. From Dumfries to Port Patrick the mail is drawn by two horses only, and during one of the stages (that into Newtown Stewart) a runaway mare, with a broken jaw, was harnessed to the coach, consequently there was no bit in her mouth, and she was driven in this cruel and dangerous manner, totally

unmanageable, and galloping furiously without any restraint down the hills. I could not help observing to the driver that this was discreditable to His Majesty's Post-office Department, and highly reprehensible in the contractor, as by such an intractable animal the lives of the passengers were placed in great and imminent jeopardy.

Finding that the steam-packet, which was to carry the mail, would not put off till the following morning, I availed myself of the delay to get a night's rest at Port Patrick. I had taken with me a letter from Sir James Hay, of Glenluce, to Lieut. Fayrer, who commands the Spitfire, one of the Post-office packets which runs between Port Patrick and Donaghadee, and on delivering it the following morning I received from this officer every possible attention and civility. The weather was fine, and the passage of twenty-two miles occupied exactly two hours and twenty minutes, the pleasantest voyage, I may safely say, because the shortest, that I have ever made at sea. On landing at Donaghadee, I proceeded to the hotel, where I had not been long before Lieut. Fayrer called to inform me that the Marquess O'Neill, Lord Lieutenant of Antrim, was in the town, having come for the purpose of sea-bathing; and to say that he should be glad of the opportunity of introducing me to his lordship. He did so accordingly, and nothing could be more courteous and civil than the reception I met with from this kind-hearted and amiable nobleman.

His lordship expressed himself most desirous to use all his influence in the county of Antrim to assist me in the objects which I had in view; and regretted that he could not be himself at Shane's Castle to receive me; but the next best thing he could do would be to give me a letter to his housekeeper, directing her to furnish me with bed and board as long as it might suit me to stay; and he also gave me a letter of introduction to his brother, General O'Neill, who resides at Cushendun on the north-east coast, at no great distance from Fairhead and the Giants' Causeway.

Having taken leave of Lord O'Neill and Lieut. Fayrer, with my acknowledgments to the latter for his kindness and civility, I mounted, for the first time, a vehicle, which you, as well as myself, have often heard of, namely, a jaunting-car,—but which neither of us, I believe, had ever seen. I shall, therefore, endeavour to give you a sketch of this article of universal use, as I am assured it is, in Ireland, that you may be prepared for the mode of travelling when you visit this country, which to the traveller is a matter of no slight importance. I was told, however, that they were of two kinds. "Would your honour plase to have an inside or an outside car?" "My good fellow, let me know what the difference is, and I will then tell you." "The difference, sure, is this:—the inside car has the wheels outside, and the outside car the wheels inside." After this luminous exposition, I thought

it best to see them, and made choice of an outside one, which I will endeavour, by the double aid of pen and pencil, to make you comprehend, that you may know what sort of thing the usual machine of the country is, for the conveyance of passengers. There are, it is true, dandy-cars in Ireland as we have dandy-cabs in England—but of these I speak not.

An outside car then is this;—a platform or floor of a few boards has two sides, which are raised up and down on hinges—raised, for no other use that I can see, except it be to grease the wheels. These sides are of canvass stretched on wooden frames, which drop from the edge of a seat, and have a foot-board at the bottom of the frame; the backs of the two seats form a narrow *well*, as it is termed, for the stowage of baggage in the centre, a name by no means inappropriate, as it is generally full of water when it rains,—and when does it not in Ireland? The passengers, of course, sit back to back, which made some facetious wag call the vehicle an Irish *vis-à-vis*.

If a single person takes it, the driver asks, "Which side of the country would your honour like to see?" and, quitting his box, perches himself, very much at his ease, cross-legged, on the opposite side. But my objections to them are, that they are positively dangerous, inasmuch as the legs of the passenger, being outside the wheel and totally unprotected, are liable to be struck, and perhaps broken, through the carelessness of the driver, especially when he

has posted himself as I have stated; and not giving a single thought whether or not in passing another vehicle on the road, or turning a corner, he endangers "his honour's" legs, which are likewise by no means free from a rub of the wheel through the canvass when the opposite one plunges into a rut.

If the car has its full fare of four persons, and the Hibernian Jehu must in that case keep to his stool (alias box-seat), it may happen that, twitching the mouth of his jaded beast, by way of coaxing him into a trot, he pokes his elbow into his neighbour's face, with which it is just upon the level. With this number in going *up* hill, the whole weight of the front passenger falls upon him in the rear, which is by no means agreeable, particularly if he should chance to be a heavy one; and the same thing must happen to the front passenger in going *down* hill.

If there be but one in the car, *up* hill he slips to the farthest end of the seat, and *down* hill he is involuntarily sent back to the other extremity. Even on level ground he is ill at ease, as the points of the shafts are generally on a line, or nearly so, with the top of the horse's collar; and, consequently, it requires no little exertion to maintain his seat and avoid these slips. My driver, however, made very light of these matters. "Och! your honor will asily fall into the way of that."—"Perhaps so, if I don't fall out of it!" But, *allons!* let us proceed.

Setting aside, however, all these petty inconve-

niences, I must say that, of all the contrivances I ever met with in any part of the world, for the accommodation of travellers, an Irish car is just the very worst, and more particularly so for travellers in Ireland, where it rains, I verily believe, at least three hundred days out of the three hundred and sixty-five: and yet the car affords neither protection for his person nor his baggage—(squeezed into the well in the middle between the seats)—from the wet. But an Irishman seems never at a loss for an expedient. "What shall I do," said I, "if it rains?" "Change sides wid me, your honour, and if the rain comes in front, go over to the opposite side, and take it in the rear." A miserable alternative, it must be confessed.

The mail was dispatched from Donaghadee for Belfast in a car of the same description, though it bore the name of The Royal: and I might have availed myself of this conveyance into the town, distant about twenty miles, but I learnt that the direct road was dull and uninteresting, and might give me an unfavourable impression at first starting. I therefore felt myself disposed, in fairness to the Green Island, and to avoid catching an early prejudice, to take the road which was most likely to give me a favourable impression, and that was the one leading along the shores of the Lough or bay of Belfast, which, although it lengthened the distance, would well repay me for the short detour. The drive did not disappoint me, nor did my vehicle, for it was

just as uneasy, and gave me just as many merciless jars and jolts, as I had anticipated. The diversified views of the country, however, fully compensated for the inconvenience. On the right was a broad expansive sheet of water, on which were a number of small vessels, and two or three of a larger class, under sail. The opposite shore, enlivened with numerous white-washed houses, standing in the midst of gardens and cultivated grounds, gave to that side of the bay a cheerful appearance; and the town of Carrickfergus, with its ancient castle, built on a rock that juts out into the sea, is an object of importance, and sufficiently near to give an interest to the landscape.

At a short distance from the opposite coast the country rises into a succession of hills, the most important of which is that known by the name of Cave Hill, said to be upwards of a thousand feet above the level of the sea. On the shore of the Lough, along which I was travelling, we passed through two small bathing-places, the one named Bangor, the other Hollywood. They are neat villages, and the houses generally appeared to be good; as, indeed, they must be, to attract bathers from Belfast and the neighbouring country. At Bangor I remarked two large cotton manufactories, the one belonging (as I was informed) to Colonel Ward, and the other to a company at Belfast. Colonel Ward resides in a pretty-looking castellated house, completely surrounded with plantations and wood, but visible from

the road. It was here I understood that the late Lord Castlereagh was brought up, and received the first rudiments of his education.

In the course of the journey we passed a poor aged woman, who seemed to be exerting herself greatly beyond her strength in walking with hurried steps towards the town, in pursuit, as it appeared, of some object of great interest to her. She begged hard of the driver of my car to give her a lift, which he flatly refused to do. The poor creature uttered a most piteous sigh, and said no more: but, having observed the melancholy expression of her countenance, that denoted some heavy affliction, I felt grieved that this little mark of kindness, which would have cost him nothing, should have been denied to her: and I asked him why he refused to receive her, to which he replied, "Sure, your honour, we're better without her." "Perhaps," I rejoined, "the poor woman may not be of the same opinion." This seemed to have its weight. And evidently observing that it was my wish, and intention too, to accommodate the poor aged and way-worn traveller, he presently turned round to me, as we were leisurely ascending the hill, and respectfully touching his hat, said, "I'm just thinking, plase your honour, we'll be apt to take her in now;" and accordingly stopped to receive her. I learnt from this poor creature that she was actually on her way to Carrickfergus, to which place, she told me, with tears in her eyes, she was going for the purpose of

reclaiming a watch, pocket-book, and pencil-case, the property of her son, who had been wrecked in a sailing-boat off Bangor, and was unfortunately drowned in her presence. By her account he had clung to the mast for several hours, and no one on the shore could be prevailed on to venture out to his assistance, but coolly witnessed his situation and suffering, regardless of all her entreaties. I must hope it was the state of the weather alone that prevented any attempt to save the life of the young man.

We stopped once, about half way, to give the horse a wisp of hay and a little water; and in the interval I had ample proof that beggars were plentiful enough in these parts. I was very sorry, too, to see some miserable objects amongst them (one man dreadfully swollen with dropsy) who ought to have been the inmates of an hospital, rather than outcasts on a high road.

The situation of Belfast, at the very extremity of the Lough, is low, and not very inviting; nor could any one, approaching it by the road on which I had travelled, suppose it, from the view at a little distance, to be a town of much importance. With this feeling I entered Belfast, across the Lagan, over a long and narrow bridge which I was told was more than two thousand feet in length, and supported on twenty-one stone arches. On driving through the town, however, and entering the broad High-street, my impression was more favourable.

But before I say anything of Belfast, I ought to tell you that nothing more astonished me, in proceeding from Donaghadee to this city, than the extraordinary difference between the appearance of the country here, and that which I had left on the other side of the water. The long dry summer, as you know, had converted all the parks and the green fields of England, (and Scotland too had partaken of the same russet hue,) into the colour and appearance of a turnpike road; but from the moment of landing in Ireland, such was the fresh, vivid, and brilliant verdure, interspersed with fields of waving corn fit for the sickle, that I was ready to exclaim, "This truly is the Emerald Island!"

LETTER II.

VISIT TO ANTRIM AND SHANES' CASTLE.

Route to Antrim—Country near Belfast—Massereene Castle—Shanes' Castle—Murder of the late Earl O'Neill in the rebellion of 1798—Grounds of Shane's Castle—Great extent of Territory—Moving Bog—Lough Neagh—Fishery and Fish—River Bann—Round Tower — Miss Beaufort's Opinion respecting it — Danish Forts, or *Raths*—Favourable Appearance of the People.

Belfast, 31*st August.*

It was about midday when I drove into Belfast, and established myself at the Donegal Arms. My first visit was to your friend Captain Skinner, to whom you gave me a letter of introduction, and whom I found to be one of the chief magistrates of Belfast. He was residing with his father and mother, the latter of whom was overjoyed, as she told me, to see the son of one of the oldest acquaintances she had in the world, and whom she had known from her infancy. The father is a gentleman well known and esteemed by all ranks in Belfast, and one who rendered good service to the Government in the unfortunate rebellion of 1798. Finding that my first object was that of visiting Lough Neagh, Antrim, and Shane's Castle, Mr. Skinner the elder immediately and most kindly volunteered to ac-

company me ; and a more acceptable companion I could not possibly have had, as he was well acquainted with everything worth seeing in this part of Antrim. The next day was Sunday, and we therefore fixed on the following Monday for our excursion; and accordingly a jaunting-car was put in requisition for the purpose.

The environs of Belfast to the westward are very beautiful; numerous villas surrounded with plantations, the abode chiefly of the opulent merchants and manufacturers of the town;—neat and comfortable-looking cottages;—verdant fields, intersected by bleaching-grounds covered with linen as white as snow,—afforded a cheerful and lively prospect, more particularly to a stranger not accustomed in his own country to look upon the latter object. The linen is laid out in long narrow strips, the width of the web, and, with the blades of grass standing up between them, has the effect, from a little distance, which is produced just when the snow is in the act of dissolving with the warmth of the sun.

Our road took us near to the foot of Cave Hill, which is superior to any other in the neighbourhood of Belfast. It is remarkable for having a stratum of basalt on the summit, resting upon the great body of limestone of which it is composed. Between the basalt and the limestone are said to be many caves, lined chiefly with a conglomerate. To have visited these, and the fine view which this hill must com-

mand, would have consumed more time than I had to spare, nor could I think of dragging my companion up such an ascent. After passing Cave Hill the country is flat and well cultivated, and continues to be so until the approach to Antrim, affording but little to interest the traveller, except the gratification to be derived from seeing what is always interesting—a country smiling with cultivation, and a peasantry well clothed, and dwelling in neat, comfortable houses.

The first object that catches the attention, on approaching Antrim, is the modern steeple or spire of the church, which has certainly an elegant appearance. It was erected on a plan and at the expense of Lord Ferrard, who inherits the Massereene property in the immediate neighbourhood, by virtue of his marriage with Harriet, Viscountess Massereene. Antrim Castle, or Massereene Castle (as I believe it is generally called), is in fact the residence of Lord Ferrard. It is situated at the extremity of the town, the garden-walls of which face the market-place in the centre of the great street; the only one, I may say, in the town, and which runs parallel with a sort of canal, called the Six-mile-water. The Castle is nothing more than an ordinary dwelling-house of a gentleman, with several small but comfortable apartments, leading into each other,—some of them hung round with pictures, consisting chiefly, however, of family portraits. The grounds, bordered on one side by

Lough Neagh, are laid out with great taste; and the lime-tree avenues are very beautiful.

At Antrim we procured another car to take us to Shane's Castle, the seat of the Marquess O'Neill, in order to give the horse which had brought us from Belfast an opportunity of feeding and resting himself, as we intended to return in the course of the evening. The distance to Shane's Castle is very trifling, and might soon be approached by walking through Lord Ferrard's park; but, as the chief object in visiting Shane's Castle was to go round the grounds, which I was told were very extensive and beautiful, and that we should not be able to do so on foot in the short time we had to spare, we proceeded thither in our car.

You are probably aware that the castle was burnt down in the year 1816, and that nothing was left remaining but the mere walls, which still present to the view a grand and melancholy ruin. The fire took place in the evening, when a large party of the Marquess's friends were at dinner. One of the chimneys, it is said, caught fire, and continued to burn till it approached near the top, when it burst out with great violence, and, communicating with the timbers of the roof, spread with such rapidity, that the upper story was instantly involved in one general conflagration. Every attempt to extinguish the flames was in vain, and the whole of this venerable pile was reduced to a ruin. The

title-deeds and valuable papers of the family, together with some of the plate, were the only articles saved,—everything else perished in the flames.

Close to these ruins, but a little apart from them, the foundation, up to the ground-story, of a new mansion-house appears to have been laid, and proceeded upon by the present Earl; but the intention of continuing it has long since been abandoned. The plan appeared to be on a magnificent scale; and the edifice, if completed, would unquestionably have far surpassed the former, which, from a drawing I have seen, could never have boasted of much architectural beauty.

In lieu, then, of a stately castle, Lord O'Neill contents himself with the far more simple and, at the same time, convenient residence, fitted up in a long range of offices, with every possible attention to comfort, and a total disregard of all ostentation, forming a cheerful suite of apartments, in which he can lodge and entertain a very great number of his friends. I cannot give you a better idea of what Lord O'Neill has done, than by saying, that it is just the plan which I understand your friend Sir George Warrender adopted at Clifden, where the ancient house suffered the same fate as Shane's Castle. In one of the rooms was a parchment, framed, bearing an inscription in gilt letters, which I read, as I have often before done, with great satisfaction. It was a copy of the answer given to

Lord Grenville by his late Majesty, George III., when applied to in March, 1807, respecting Catholic emancipation.

"My Lord,

"I AM ONE OF THOSE THAT RESPECT AN OATH; I HAVE FIRMNESS SUFFICIENT TO QUIT MY THRONE, AND RETIRE TO A COTTAGE, OR TO PLACE MY NECK UPON A BLOCK ON A SCAFFOLD, IF MY PEOPLE REQUIRE IT; BUT I HAVE NOT RESOLUTION TO BREAK AN OATH, WHICH I TOOK IN THE MOST SACRED MANNER AT MY CORONATION."

May this noble sentiment, so beautifully and energetically expressed, never be lost sight of by any future monarch of this realm!

I have already told you that I was accompanied to Shane's Castle by Captain Skinner's father. That I was so, I thought myself most lucky, as the presence of one who took so active a part during the rebellion, and who was quartered in these parts at the very time of the memorable battle of Antrim, when Lord O'Neill (the father of the present Earl) was cruelly murdered, could not fail to add a more than common interest to my visit. This interest was doubly increased from the circumstance of Mr. Skinner falling into conversation with an old housekeeper, who had been forty years and upwards in the family, and who had seen many a sad change in so great a lapse of time.

The first meeting of two persons who were present at the memorable event of the death of Lord O'Neill, —now thirty-seven years ago,—was to me, as well as to the parties, an interesting occurrence, and I listened to the tale of their recollections with great attention.

It was on the 6th of June, 1798, in the midst of the rebellion, that the rebels attacked Antrim, when Lord O'Neill had his horse wounded and it became restive and refused to advance. In this state, while endeavouring to urge it forward, his lordship was knocked down by a pikeman, and mortally wounded when on the ground within fifty yards of a party of yeomanry, posted behind the wall of Lord Massereene's garden. His lordship shot one of the men who attacked him, and the yeomanry two more, but the fellow who had given him the mortal wound escaped.

The body was carried into the hall of Massereene Castle; and Mr. Skinner pointed out to me, when there, the exact spot where it was placed. He was a nobleman universally esteemed; of whom Sir Richard Musgrave, in his History of the Rebellion, justly remarks, that

> He had a tear for pity, and a hand
> Open as day for melting charity.

Shane's Castle is finely situated on the north-east corner of Lough Neagh, and commands an extensive view of the Lough, of which, however, I am no great admirer, except for its expanse of

water, which reminded me of the great Wenern Lake in Sweden in this respect, that, standing on their borders, the waters of both, like those of the sea, are to the spectator boundless. The eastern shore is not very interesting, as far as the eye can reach; and I understand the western one is still less so, being one dead flat, a very considerable part of which is overflowed in the winter season. I had not the opportunity of enlarging my view, as Lord O'Neill's steam-yacht was under repair, which otherwise, through his lordship's kindness, would have been at my disposal. I regretted this the more as I was anxious to see Ram Island, on which there is a round tower; as well as some other spots on this shore of the Lough that are said to be worth visiting. The yacht was sharp built, and drew but little water—the engines of thirty-six horse-power. Nothing could be more elegant than the manner in which she was fitted; and the Marquess, I was told, made frequent use of her, and spent much of his time on the Lough.

The grounds of Shane's Castle are, in a great measure, thrown open to the public; but no one, I believe, is allowed to visit the deer park without special permission. In driving through the latter I remarked some fine herds of deer, and among them four or five bucks of a larger kind than are usually met with. The keeper informed me that there were no less than five hundred head of deer in the park. A new, and I may say elegant, cottage had just

been erected for the dwelling of the gamekeeper; and the building was really so tasteful, and altogether presented so desirable a residence, and in such a charming situation, that I almost envied his occupation of it.

The flower-garden appeared to be well kept up, and among the plants I remarked an American aloe, which was of finer growth than any I have seen elsewhere. The drive through the finely-wooded grounds of Shane's Castle cannot fail to afford to the most fastidious a high treat. This part of the demesne extends from the north-east corner of Lough Neagh to Randalstown, about three miles in length, and of the mean width of one mile, and consequently contains an area of about two thousand acres. It is well planted with woods of oak, beech, and elm,—the beech-trees remarkably fine; and the river Main, which divides the grounds from the deer-park, and connects them by two bridges, is embosomed with wood. The deer-park I should suppose to be nearly, if not wholly, equal to a square mile, or six hundred and forty acres.

In a lonely sequestered spot, concealed by a thick plantation of trees and shrubbery, is the old family burial-place, consisting of a vault, well calculated to inspire melancholy thoughts, which I was disposed to indulge in, till somewhat relieved by the perusal of an inscription over the door in which the iteration of the names of M'Shane,

M'Brien, and M'Phelim, ring the changes as merrily as the parish bells.

"This vault was built by Shane M'Brien M'Phelim M'Shane M'Brien M'Phelim O'Neill, Esq., in the year 1722, for a burial-place to himself and family, of Clanneboy."

Some idea may be formed of what the territory consisted which formerly belonged to the O'Neills of Shane's Castle, when I state (and I do so under the hand of Lord O'Neill) that "the *remnant* of the estate consists of about fifty-two thousand five hundred Irish acres (eighty-five thousand English), of which about thirteen thousand five hundred Irish are let in perpetuity, at almost nominal rents, and the remainder mostly on twenty-one years' leases, and in small farms, few of them exceeding twenty acres." I may add, that the tenantry of this splendid estate, as far as I had an opportunity of ascertaining, consider the present Lord O'Neill as a most kind and excellent landlord *.

The only outlet of the waters of Lough Neagh

* Part of the demesne is bog, and a remarkable circumstance occurred shortly after my visit, of a part of Farlough Bog, to the eastward of the River Main, slipping away to the north-east, blocking up the mail-coach road from Randalstown to Ballymena, and continuing its route into the River Main, covering about fifty acres of arable land. The bog from which it took its flight was about one hundred and forty acres. Taking the average depth of the land covered at three feet and a half, the quantity of bog moved will be equal to 282,333 cubic or solid yards. It is said that multitudes of fish were poisoned by that part of the bog which floated into the Main.

is about the centre of the northern extremity, at a place called Toome; and here there is a substantial bridge of nine arches over the river Bann, which supplies the place of an inconvenient ferry: it was built by the late Earl O'Neill at his own expense. This river, after passing through a small lake named the Beg, continues to flow to the northward, till it empties itself into the North Sea a little beyond Coleraine. As not fewer than twelve or fourteen streams flow into this great Lough, some from every part of the compass, and as its waters are wholly discharged by the Bann, it will readily be supposed that the neighbouring shores, being low, are subject to frequent inundations when the heavy rains have set in. Lieut. Graves, who carefully surveyed the Lough, mentions in his report that, at such periods, it usually rises from six to nine feet perpendicularly, and spreads over about ten thousand acres of land more than it does at its lowest, when its surface is said to extend over a space of not less than one hundred thousand acres.

The dimensions of Lough Neagh, by the Ordnance Survey, are about seventeen miles mean length, and ten miles mean breadth, making one hundred and seventy square miles, or one hundred and eight thousand eight hundred statute acres. The summer level of the lake is forty-eight feet above the level of the sea at low water, spring-tide. It has more than once been proposed to drain Lough Neagh, which, however absurd,

and even impossible, is every now and then brought into discussion. The soundings, as ascertained by Lieut. Graves, are not less than ninety-eight feet on the north-west side, and, generally, from forty to fifty and sixty feet. The inundation, however, on the western coast might be prevented, and the acquisition of some land from the sides of the lake be at the same time obtained, if a cut to the eastward of the rocky outlet of the Bann were made a few feet deeper than the bed of that river at Toome, and carried into it at a short distance lower down.

The Lough is entered on the south-east corner by the Belfast canal, which joins the river Lagan: but there is said to be some defect in the required supply of water. The intention is to continue this navigation across Ireland into Donegal Bay, by opening a canal on the south-west corner of the Lough, and carrying it across the level country into Lough Erne, which is now under a survey by two lieutenants of the navy, from whence the navigation, by the river Erne, or a canal, is intended to be carried to Ballyshannon.

The lake abounds in various species of the salmon tribe and, besides those periodical visiters from the sea, with the common trout and the char, the perch, the bream, the pike, and other species of fish. The *gillaroo* trout, which is found in most of the lakes of Ireland, is plentiful in Lough Neagh. This trout was once considered as a distinct species, but I believe it has been decided that their thick

membranous stomach, which assumes the appearance of a gizzard, is caused by feeding on the *Helix tentaculata* and the *Tellina cornea*. The lake is more particularly noted for the abundance of fresh-water herrings, as they are called, or *pollan* (which is a *salmo*), and eels; these, taken together, may be said to constitute the principal fishery. The salmon which ascend the Bann do not remain in the Lough, but frequent the several influent rivers, in order to spawn. Lieut. Graves, in speaking of the value of the fisheries, says, that the present Earl O'Neill purchased the right of the eel-fisheries alone, on the lake and the Bann, from the Marquess of Donegal, for 8000*l.*, besides the payment of a yearly rent of 400*l.* The multitude of eels that frequent Lough Neagh are said to be almost incredible, and they soon grow to an enormous size after reaching the lake; that they ascend the Bann in shoals, like pieces of packthread, and are so weak, as to be assisted in their progress past the falls, or rocky parts of the river, by wisps of straw, to enable them to crawl up.

A notion prevails among the peasantry of the existence of a city beneath the waters of Lough Neagh. One of the Irish seamen employed by the Lieutenant, while heaving the lead, on finding a sudden alteration in the depth of water, and some obstruction in getting up the line, is said to have exclaimed in sober earnest, "By my *sowl*, Captain, it's down a *chimley*, your honour!" This puts me in mind of a verse of Moore:—

On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the Round Towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.

Among the Irish legends it is also reported, that Fin M'Coul, who they say is Fingal, scooped out as much mud from Lough Neagh as, being thrown into the Irish Channel, created the Isle of Man; and this may be proved by the latter being of the same shape and size—which it is not; but Pat has more confidence in the legend than in the most accurate measure that can be made. It is also believed that the waters of Lough Neagh possess the quality of converting wood into stone, which, as far as I could learn, is not exactly true, though the soil and some little streamlets on the shores possess that power. I was told, indeed, that the best hones for setting razors and other cutting instruments are the petrifactions of holly, which are sold in Dublin as Lough Neagh hones. Abundance of pebbles, resembling agates and calcedonies, are gathered on the beach, and offered for sale to visiters.

In the grounds of Mr. Clarke, at the distance of about a mile to the right, or east of the town of Antrim,—

There is a stern round tower of other days,
Firm as a fortress.

It is one of those numerous towers which are met with in various parts of Ireland, and which have caused so much matter of conjecture among the

learned, as to the purpose for which they were built, no certain tradition remaining with respect to them. Some suppose them to have been belfries, which is considered as the more probable, from their generally standing near the ruins of churches; others designate them as watch-towers; others again imagine them to have been the abode of hermits; while many contend that they were store-houses, in which were deposited articles of value, more particularly books. Few have entered more deeply into the question than Miss Beaufort, and few, perhaps, so well qualified to discuss the merits of it. She has examined all the authorities, ancient and modern; and having come to the conclusion, which I believe to be generally adopted, that civilization has rolled on from the east to the west, she infers that Ireland, long before the Christian era, was peopled by some of the Oriental nations, and conceives, from some curious analogies, that Persia may have been the cradle. The same thought has been entertained by others, one of whom grounds his opinion on the similarity of the names *Iran* and *Erin*, which is of no great weight. Miss Beaufort winds up her ideas concerning the round towers by saying, that "from the above details it seems a reasonable conclusion, that lofty, slender towers, intended, like the obelisk and pyramid, to symbolize a ray of the sun, were erected to preserve the sacred fires of Bel*." We are therefore to understand that

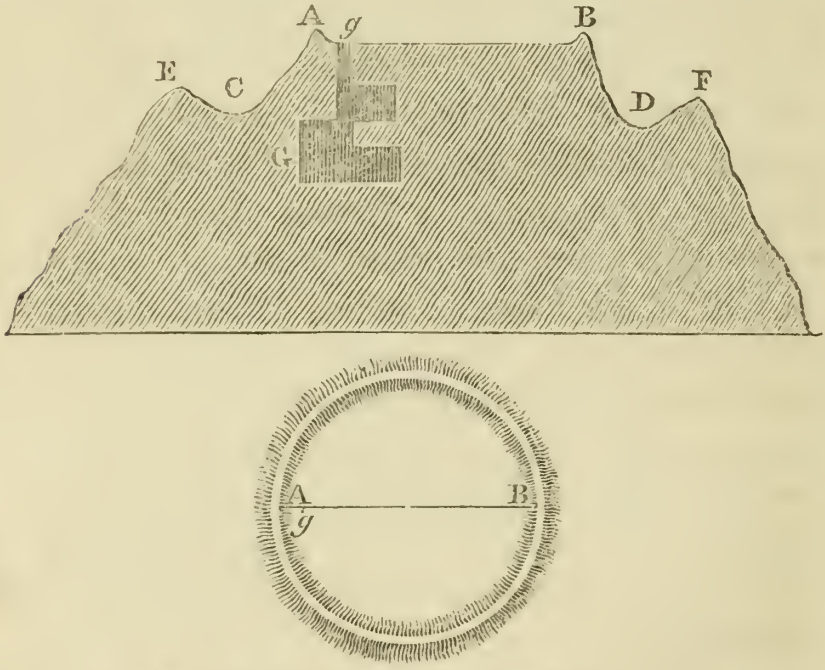
* Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, vol. xv.

the four windows, in the upper part of the tower, corresponding with the four cardinal points of the compass, were intended for the exhibition of the sacred fire; and that the ruins which adjoined them, where no church has been erected, were the cells in which the fire was kept burning. The idea of their serving as belfries is completely scouted; and the churches, or ruins of churches, so frequently near them, are supposed to have assumed these stations from a feeling of the religious character of the towers, just as some of the Pagan temples of Rome were selected as places for Christian worship.

The tower, which I visited near Antrim, might be from eighty to ninety feet in height, and from fifteen to eighteen in diameter at the base. I was desirous of obtaining a look at the inside, but found it quite impracticable. The entrance, or door-way, turned with a Roman arch, was about twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, something like that of our Martello towers, without steps, and no ladder at hand. The workmanship was perfect, the joining of the stones presented a fine line, and the cement as hard or harder than the stones. I have heard that the foundation of one of these towers, giving way on one side, caused its centre of gravity to lean beyond its base: it fell, and not a stone of it separated.

But before I leave the vicinity of the Lough, I must mention to you another object of antiquity to be met with in thousands in this country, and

which are in multitudes around the shores of Lough Neagh. These are the *raths*, or what are usually called—improperly, I should think—*Danish forts;* as they are found in numbers far exceeding those which the invading Danes could erect, and in places where the Danes never set foot. They are constructed, if such a term can be applied to them, on hills, or little eminences where such are to be found, if not, on the plains. They are all circular, and most commonly complete circles, surrounded by a sort of breast-work, from which they slope down to a moat or ditch that runs round them. A section through the centre would be thus represented:—



A B, Section through the diameter.
C D, Moat, or ditch.
E F, Original summit of the hill.
G, Subterranean chambers.
g, Passage to subterranean chambers.

Though usually on the summits of hills, they are not unfrequently, at least in the neighbourhood of Lough Neagh, on the plain. Sometimes they are planted with trees. The word *rath* is understood to mean safety, security; and the probable conjecture is that, when Ireland was in a more savage and disturbed state than now, these raths served as so many fortified habitations, in which whole families lived together with their cattle, as places of security against the depredations of their neighbours or some common enemy. Many of them are now disfigured and demolished, but are easily distinguishable rising above the common surface. In the Ordnance Maps they are marked as *forts*. I am disposed to think that my friend, Crofton Croker, who knows more of the history of Ireland than most people, is right when he says, "To me it appears probable that these works were thrown up by the native Irish around their little *wigwam* settlements, as a defence against any sudden attack from an enemy, or from wolves, and that subterranean chambers or cellars were formed for granaries, or as secure depositories in time of danger for the their rude property." Why should not their wigwams have been within the entrenchments? Miss Beaufort mentions something like ruins being found in some of the large ones, which are supposed to have been the castles of the kings or chiefs. The perfect state in which numbers of these raths are found is ascribed by Mr. Croker to the gross superstition of the peasantry, who regard them as the

abode of "good people" or fairies, and who believe that some severe misfortune would befal the person who should be indiscreet enough to disturb them. In the two parks of Shane's Castle there are not less than fifty of these raths, many of them planted with fir and other trees. Some few mounds, such as those we call barrows, were also planted.

Gratified in the highest degree with this day's excursion, having every where observed the pleasing aspect of the country, the land smiling with cultivation, the people cheerful, well-behaved, well-clothed generally, and in apparent robust health, which was also the case with those I met when skirting the shores of the Bay from Donaghadee to Belfast (with the exception of a few beggars with whom I fell in) —seeing this healthful state of the country, I could not forbear asking myself, "Can this be Ireland?" Is this that accursed country where we are told the most horrible and deliberate murders are of every-day occurrence—where political feuds and religious animosities and persecutions tear to pieces the bonds of society—where the peasantry are clothed in rags, —huddled together in wretched hovels—feeding on potatoes and butter-milk, and frequently not able to procure these—in short, reduced to a state of starvation and extreme want—where—— ?—but I forget that I am but as yet on the threshold of the island, in the immediate neighbourhood of a long-established, prosperous, commercial and manufacturing city, and one of the very few in which the Protestant religion may be said to be predominant.

LETTER III.

BELFAST.

An unusual Disturbance—Orangemen and Catholics—Military called out—Fatal result—Imprudence and impolicy of such Disturbances—Belfast a Commercial and Manufacturing Town—Population—Low Situation of—Environs—The Bay of Belfast—Improvements suggested; as to its navigation, docks, &c—Change of the Packet-Stations—Cotton and Linen Manufactures—Chief Exports and Imports.

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Belfast, 1st September, 1835.

It was not long after our return to this city before Captain Skinner proved to me, from an event that had recently taken place, and in which, as a magistrate, he had a very unpleasant part to act, that Belfast was not altogether exempt from those lamentable effects produced by the demons of discord, which, in other parts of Ireland, are perpetually disturbing the public peace. It appears that some four or five thousand raw, uneducated Catholic labourers from the south had, within a few years, poured into the city, to supply the demand for labour, which the emigrations to America, and the flourishing state of its commerce and manufactures, called for; a call that was soon answered from that inexhaustible hive, which is also pouring, in a constant succession, its swarms into the commercial and manufacturing

cities of Great Britain; a supply which, at the same time, produces a mixture of good and evil, a benefit and a nuisance.

As it is very likely that you may have heard of the disturbances to which I allude, and which took place at Belfast on the 12th July, when Captain Skinner was under the painful necessity of ordering the military, who had acted with the utmost forbearance, to fire upon the people, as the only means of suppressing a prolonged and dangerous riot, it may not be uninteresting to you to know something of the particulars of this affair.

It occurred on the Sabbath day, which was the 12th of July, the anniversary of the "Glorious Memory." An arch had been erected by the Orange party on the previous evening, without the authority, as far as I can learn, of any of the Orange lodges. Of course the "*Romans*," as they are familiarly called in Ireland by those of the opposite party, were not idle. A green arch was thrown across Sandy-row, which, in a severe conflict, had been torn down by the Orangemen, who had taken up their position in the vicinity of Christ Church. The usual ammunition, so plentifully supplied by Mr. M'Adam, was brought into play on the present occasion. Many of the military were severely injured, and Captain Skinner, shortly after reading the Riot Act, was knocked from his horse to the ground by a stone, which struck him on the side of his head, and was carried away senseless.

In this present instance there is no doubt that the Orange party were greatly to blame. The Catholics were willing to take down their arch, indeed they actually did so, but it was with the understanding that their opponents should do the same. Every persuasion was made use of to induce the Orangemen to follow the good example set by the Catholics, but all to no purpose. The disturbances had commenced at an early hour, and night closing in, it became necessary to take effectual means to disperse the mob, which filled the streets.

As generally happens on similar occasions, a poor woman lost her life under the fire of the military. An inquest was held on the body, which, being taken up as a party affair, lasted three or four days, and all the particulars of the affray were carefully inquired into. One of the most respectable witnesses stated his conviction, that Captain Skinner and the military acted with the greatest and most exemplary forbearance; and that to such a degree was it carried on the part of the Captain, that it had almost the appearance of timidity. The Jury returned a verdict, that "Ann Moore came to her death, in consequence of a gun-shot wound inflicted by one of the military whilst in the execution of his duty, in quelling a dangerous riot, under the orders of the civil magistrate at Belfast, on the 12th of July."

Though riots of this kind are not of unusual occurrence in the great towns of Ireland, and happen

but too frequently in some of those of Great Britain; yet here, in Belfast, where every one is too much engaged in his own business, and where neither religion nor politics have interfered to disturb the harmony of society, it could not fail to create a great and uneasy sensation.

It appears to me to be a wrong feeling, as well as mistaken policy, to exhibit those ostentatious displays, which "The Glorious Memory of William III." annually calls forth in various parts of Ireland, but hitherto with less violence and less fatal results, as I understand, in the province of Ulster than in any of the other three. To triumph over and to insult five-sixths of an unoffending population would appear to be as unmanly as it is indiscreet. It is not the province of man "to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children." It is a great want of discretion, to say the least of it, perpetually to remind the existing and blameless generation of what they have lost by the offences of their forefathers, as is too frequently done by the exhibition of insolent exultation, which tends to no better purpose than to stimulate the offended and—be it always remembered—the losing party, to use their best energies for the recovery of what they consider themselves to have been unjustly deprived. I am much mistaken if these be not the sentiments of the respectable and right-thinking inhabitants of this city.

You will not expect me to say much of Belfast.

It is a large, and I may say, a very improving commercial and manufacturing town, containing, as was supposed, not less than sixty thousand inhabitants, eighteen thousand of whom are said to be of the Established Church, eighteen thousand Roman Catholics, and the remainder composed chiefly of Dissenters of the various sects of Presbyterians, Methodists, and other seceders from the Establishment. The number of Catholics, as above stated, I have reason to suppose is exaggerated, but they are increasing rapidly in proportion to the rest. But the state of the population of this prosperous city in 1831 will be seen accurately from the tables of Mr. Marshall, who has, with an extraordinary degree of labour and intelligence, digested the Parliamentary Returns into tables of ready reference. By these it is stated to have been, in 1831, fifty-three thousand two hundred and eighty-seven, of which the male population, of twenty years of age and upwards, was twelve thousand two hundred and thirty-one, and of this number, one hundred and twenty-six only were employed in agriculture; five thousand six hundred and fifty-four retailers and handicraftsmen; eight hundred and eight manufacturers; one thousand three hundred and sixty-eight capitalists and professional men; labourers, other than agriculturists, three thousand and sixty-seven; and nine hundred and thirty-eight various; male servants, two hundred and eighty-three, and female servants of all ages, two thousand four hundred and

twenty. Total population in the year 1821, thirty-seven thousand two hundred and seventy-seven; and in 1831, fifty-three thousand two hundred and eighty-seven; increase in ten years, sixteen thousand and ten, which, assuming the same proportion of increase, would give sixty thousand nearly in the year 1835. The circumstance alone of a yearly increase of one thousand six hundred inhabitants in a population of fifty-three thousand two hundred and eighty-seven, is the strongest proof that could be given of the increasing prosperity of Belfast.

There is little to admire in the town itself. It is pretty open, with wide streets; but there is a sameness in the buildings, mostly of red brick, that takes away from any lively character which a large city might otherwise possess. The shops in the principal streets are handsome and well stocked; among them I observed several booksellers. The streets are generally laid out with a line, and some of them are well built and airy, particularly the High-street; but there is no attempt at aspiring to architectural beauty, nor, indeed, have any of the public buildings much to boast of in this respect. The neatest structure in the town is the Commercial Hotel, which, though by no means remarkable as a public building, has undoubtedly an elegant appearance. The Linen Hall, in Donegal-square, and the Poor House, will both attract attention, not so much for their beauty, as their large dimensions. The Academical Institute is a fine build-

ing, and the Custom House a miserable one. There are three churches, none of them remarkable; five or six Presbyterian, two Catholic, four Methodists and one Quaker meeting-houses. One of the prettiest buildings, to my taste, is the Chapel of Ease, that is to say, the portico of the chapel, with which I was much pleased; but owing to the bad foundation it is out of the perpendicular, having, as I was told, already been once taken down for a similar tendency. The fact is, and it has been sufficiently shown by the sinking of all the public buildings, that they are founded on a morass, and that the engineers have neglected the necessary precaution of setting them on piles. The parish church of St. Anne was under repair owing to the sinking of the foundation.

I attended divine service in the chapel above mentioned on Sunday, and observed the walls to have sunk so much, that the floor of the centre, or aisle of the church, was considerably raised. This chapel appears to have been built by subscription, a large portion of the money having been supplied by the Board of First Fruits. After service, or rather before the sermon, a collection was made for the poor, a practice which I understand to be common in the Protestant churches throughout the island, and a very necessary one in a country where the poor are so numerous and destitute as in Ireland, and where there is no provision established for them by law.

The situation of Belfast is necessarily low, being

close to the bottom of the bay for the convenience of trade; so low, indeed, that on more occasions than one, it has been subject to inundations when the river Lagan was in a state of flood, and opposed to the rising tide. I have conversed with those who remember to have seen the water above the ground floors of the houses, and the inhabitants obliged to go in boats from one part of the town to another. But though the town is situated in a hollow, the environs are extremely pretty. I thought myself well repaid by a drive up the Castlereagh hills, from whence is obtained a fine view of the rich valley, through which flows the river Lagan, till it empties itself into the Lough of Belfast.

The Botanical Garden, situated about a mile from the town, on what is called the Old Dublin Road, is also worth visiting, not to botanists alone, but to all who enjoy a pleasant walk and a fine prospect. The surrounding hills, richly cultivated to the summit, are studded with numerous country residences, some of considerable size, chiefly belonging to the merchants and principal manufacturers of Belfast. These villas meet the eye in all directions. One of them, belonging to Mr. Thompson, the banker, a brother-in-law of Captain Skinner, from whom I received great attention, is about two miles out of the town, situated at the very foot of Cave Hill, immediately overlooking the Lough of Belfast, and commanding an extensive view, not inferior, in my opinion, (when the tide is in,) to any prospect that land and water can afford.

There are few places, perhaps, of the same amount of population, where a greater number of individuals in easy circumstances are to be met with than in Belfast; or more ready to bestow their wealth on charitable purposes, or to embark their property on private enterprise; in this respect I should compare it, on a small scale, with Liverpool. One merchant has built, entirely on his own account, two magnificent steam-vessels, which run between this port and Liverpool for the purpose of facilitating commercial intercourse. Their names are the Falcon and Corsair. I chanced to see one of them, and, as far as my judgment goes, I should pronounce her a very beautiful specimen of this kind of vessel.

In your letter to Captain Skinner, you begged of him to show me "the *lions* of Belfast." I could not help remarking how completely he had complied with your wishes upon this head, when he introduced me to Mr. *Lyons* and his brother, where I dined with a large party on Saturday, and had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Tennant, the Member for Belfast. Mr. Lyons' residence is another of those beautiful villas of which I have spoken. In front of the house, on the lawn, was a fine red deer, which had been for many years a faithful companion of one of the king's regiments, and had accompanied them on many a march, both at home and abroad; but on the regiment recently proceeding to the West Indies, the officers presented the

animal in question to Mr. Lyons, by whom it will be well taken care of.

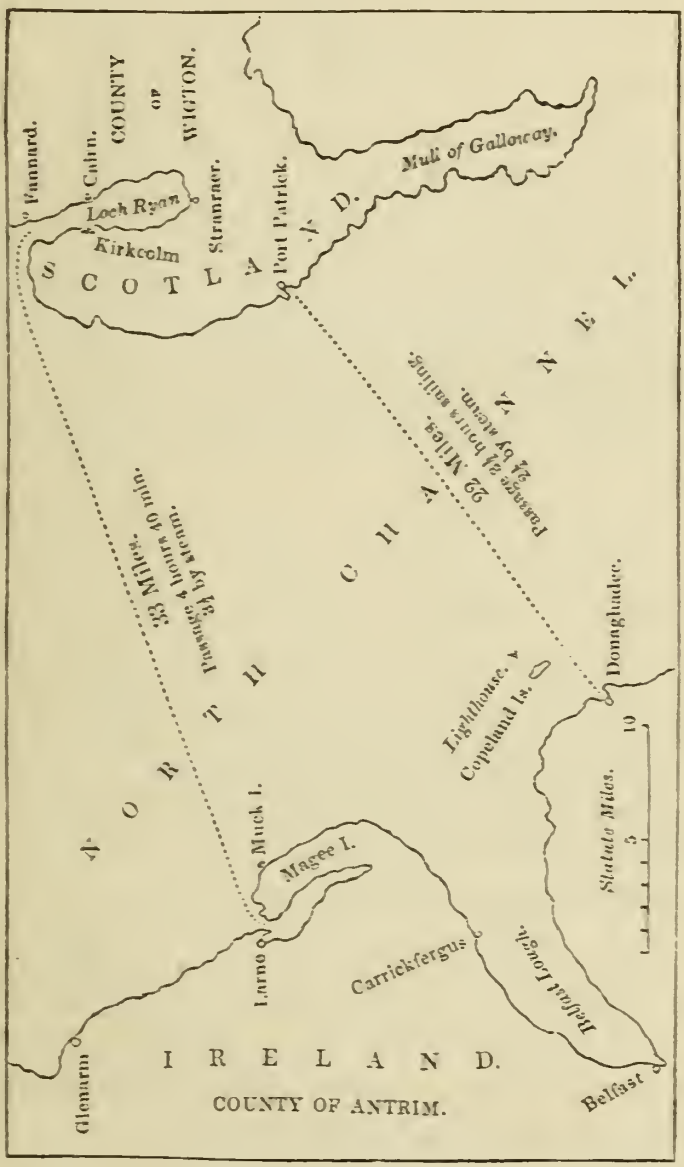
The Lough of Belfast, or of Carrickfergus, as it was anciently called, presents from the city and the neighbourhood, when the tide is in, a fine expanse of water, enlivened by its two rising and well-cultivated shores; but at low water the upper part, to the distance of nearly five miles below the town, is one bank of mud and sand, with the exception of a narrow winding channel, kept open by the stream of the river Lagan flowing through it, the width being not more than one-seventh or one-eighth of a mile. The banks of course occasion a great impediment to the shipping, which in no way are accommodated to the extent of the wants of the town and its increasing prosperity. A grand project, however, has been brought forward, and will some day or other be carried into execution. It proposes to cut a straight, broad channel through the mud banks, and to construct a fine sweeping quay at the lower end of the town, with additional docks to the only two which now exist, together with such graving docks and slips as may be necessary; also to excavate, on the northern shore of the bay, a wet dock or basin of one thousand two hundred by four hundred feet, surrounded by proper quays and warehouses on a large scale. The execution of this, or some similar project, will of course depend on funds being raised adequate to the purpose, and which, in an opulent city like this, can scarcely be supposed wanting for so obvi-

ous and important an improvement of the shipping interest, which is said to be yearly on the increase. Let but the people of Belfast seriously look at what has been done in Liverpool, in the way of docks, unaided, I believe, by the legislature, and I think they cannot hesitate to follow the example of so prosperous a community.

Another project was under discussion, which, however, would appear to be less an Irish than a Scotch one, and least of all one in which Belfast itself is likely to be interested. It is that of removing the packet-stations of Port Patrick and Donaghadee to Loch Ryan and Lough Larne. The reasons set forth in a printed paper for this proposed change are, first, that the narrow entrance of the harbour of Port Patrick is so directly exposed to the prevailing and boisterous south-west winds that no ships can get out, sometimes not even a steam-vessel, and that Donaghadee is nearly as objectionable, when the wind blows from the eastward; secondly, that if removed to Loch Ryan, the correspondence from Glasgow and the northern and central parts of Scotland with the northern parts of Ireland would gain a day in the conveyance; thirdly, that ships can pass into and out of the two harbours of Larne and Ryan at all times; and lastly, that the expense would not exceed 4000*l.* or 5000*l.* This change, as a government measure, is not likely to be acceded to; for however inconvenient the present ports may be, the enormous sums that have been spent upon

them, not much, if anything, less than 300,000*l.*, and that still continue to be demanded, (23,000*l.*, I believe, having been voted last session for Port Patrick alone,) will probably decide the government to hesitate, before it lends its countenance and the public money to any new project of the kind. I really do not see how Belfast can in any way be benefited by such a change. The annexed sketch will show the relative positions of the two sets of harbours.

You must not expect me to say much of the state of trade and the manufactures of Belfast; such inquiries are foreign to my pursuits, and my time has been otherwise employed. I need not tell you, what is well known, that its rise was principally owing to the linen manufacture; and I understood, which was naturally to be expected, that the introduction of the cotton manufacture was for a time considered as likely to be fatal to that of the linen already established, both on account of its cheapness, neatness, and pleasantness of wear as clothing. Both, however, are now said to be in a thriving condition, the linens by their demand in the United States and other foreign markets, as well as at home, fully maintaining their ground. Indeed, I understood that there are not fewer than twenty linen-mills in and about Belfast, that of Mulhollands being by far the most extensive, employing not less than seven hundred hands, many of them boys and girls.



MAP OF THE DISTANCES BETWEEN FANNARD AND LARNE; AND PORT PATRICK AND DONAGHADEE.

It is said that a first-rate weaver, by working at home by the piece, will earn from 20*s.* to 30*s.* a week; the wife and younger branches of the females spin and prepare the yarn, the husband weaves it. The neatness of the weavers' cottages, their gardens and potato grounds, and sometimes a small pasture for their cow, show that their earnings are equal to their wants, and to supply them with comforts. The general earnings, however, in the mills are low, except to those employed in heckling and combing, not more, I understand, than 10*s.* or 12*s.* a week generally, which are about the wages of common labourers.

The principal branches of exports from Belfast consist of the following articles:—Linen of all kinds; cottons, calicoes, and fine muslins; salt pork, bacon, and beef; salt butter and soap; hides and tanned leather. The principal imports are—Cotton-wool; barilla, potash, pearlashes, &c.; flax-seed; timber, deals, and staves; sugar, coffee, and rum; wines; bay-salt, and coals.

I am told that there has of late been an annual exportation to America of two or three thousand persons, mostly Presbyterians, in vessels appropriated to this purpose, and which sail from Belfast between the months of April and August. The consequence is, that their places will be supplied by Catholics from the middle and southern provinces.

LETTER IV.

FROM BELFAST TO BALLYCASTLE.

Abuse in overloading the Mail-coach with Passengers—Carrickfergus—Larne—New Coast-road—Cutting down the Limestone Cliffs—Valley and Town of Glenarm—New School—Castle—Mr. Macdonnell—The Deer Park—Road passes over the Hill of Cloony—Liberality of Mr. Turnley—Cushendall—Elevation of New Road above the Sea—Cushendon and General O'Niell—Ballyvoy—Benmore, or Fair-head—Formation of—Arrival at Ballycastle.

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Ballycastle, 3rd September.

On the morning of the 1st of this month I took my departure from Belfast, in company with your friend Captain Skinner, who had kindly volunteered to see me on my projected tour as far as Glenarm. We had engaged our places (outside) by the mail as far as Larne, about twenty-two miles, for which the fare was something very low; and having a little time to spare, we walked on to look about us, and take a view of the town, the bay, and its two shores.

Long before the rattling of the coach was heard, our ears were assailed by the fearful yells of the driver, one Mr. Flannigan, who bawled at his horses so loudly and incessantly, taking care, at the same time, not to omit the more persuasive application of

the whip, that there was no fear of our being taken unawares, or of letting the coach pass us. Anon his Majesty's mail drew up to receive us. The roof was already crowded with passengers, whose numerous legs, like those of so many undertakers on the top of a hearse, were dangling down on either side so thickly, as, I should suppose, effectually to exclude the daylight from the unfortunate folks who were cooped up within. There were already *five* above the number he was licensed to carry; however, we mounted, but on his stopping to take up *three* more, who must necessarily have seated themselves on the knees of some or other of us, Captain Skinner and myself deemed it prudent to descend, and to procure a car at Mr. Flannigan's expense. This will perhaps be thought rather hard-hearted, but the result of it may, I hope, prove beneficial to future travellers, as the danger of overloading the coach in the manner I have pointed out ought to be put a stop to. In this land of liberty, as yet, there are no such honourable persons as *informers* to check the practice; if there were, indeed, I was told such a person's life would be of little worth to him long in any part of Ireland. It was some consolation, on our arrival at Larne, to find that Mr. Flannigan seemed perfectly well pleased to have escaped on the easy terms of paying for the car, as he had rendered himself liable to a heavy penalty, which Captain Skinner, as one of the chief magistrates, might have inflicted upon him.

We drove along the left shore of the Lough of Belfast, through an extremely fertile country, in which were blended numerous bleaching-fields, and abundance of neat stone cottages. In the glen or valley on our right were several large manufactories for spinning cotton, until we approached Carrickfergus, which was once the chief city of Antrim, and is still the assize town. The situation is delightful. The old castle, which had attracted my attention when proceeding from Donaghadee to Belfast, stands out into the water at high tide; but, being surrounded by mud when the water is low—which was unluckily the case when we passed through—the pleasing effect is very much diminished.

Carrickfergus is an ordinary looking place; the houses mostly old, though generally whitewashed, and no appearance of improvements. The population, by the census of 1831, is stated at 8698, being 443 more than that of 1821, or an increase of about four and five-tenths per cent. There is nothing about the place to remind one of its being an Irish town, except, indeed, the great number of pigs grunting in the street, some of which I observed had the complete run of the houses, apparently on the most friendly and familiar terms with the respective inmates.

Shortly after leaving Carrickfergus we arrived at the commencement of Lough Larne, on the oppo-

site side of which was seen, in one unbroken line, the coast of the island, or rather peninsula, of Magee, rising in rich cultivation, on a regular slope, to its very summit; not the smallest portion of it appearing to be neglected. The regular disposition of the little square patches into which the surface is divided, without a single tree or shrub to break the uniformity, or to constitute a hedge-row; and the great variety in the colours of these cultivated patches gave very much the appearance, if one might venture the remark, of a tailor's pattern-book opened out to inspection.

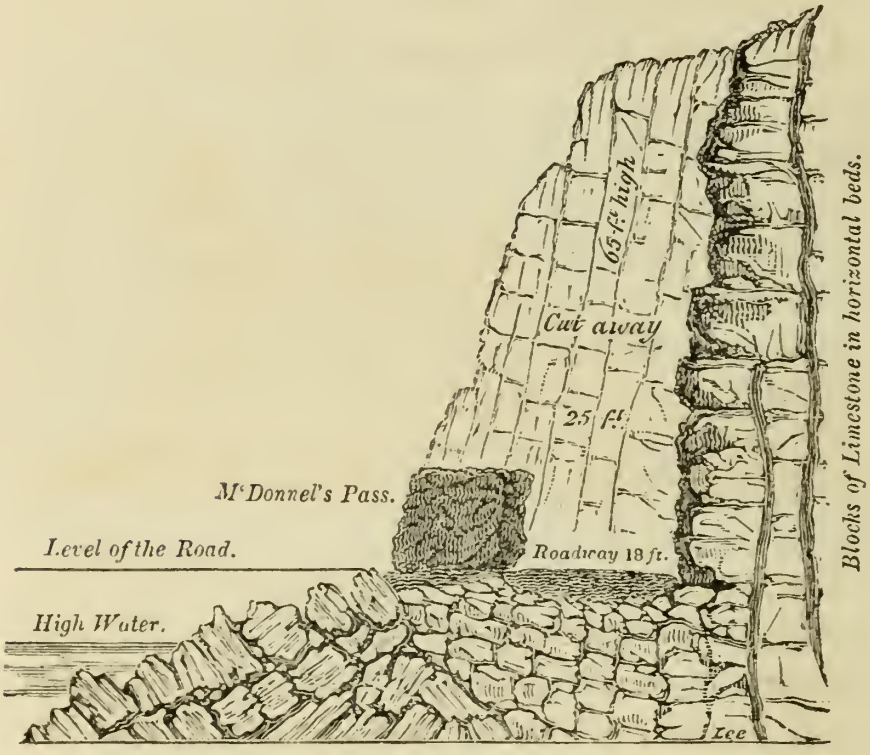
Larne is a small sea-port town, prettily situated at the entrance of the lough. It is large enough to have a post-office and a custom-house, and its trade is considerable; a church, a Catholic chapel, and several Presbyterian and Methodist meeting-houses. The population is reckoned at about three thousand; and some of the houses appeared to be substantial and roomy. The neighbouring country wanted nothing but a few trees and hawthorn hedges to make the site of it resemble that of an English town. At a short distance to the northward, the traveller will observe the Maiden or Hulin Rocks, not far from the coast, on which are erected two light-houses, at a little distance from each other, and at right angles, or nearly so, with the coast; intended, I suppose, to give warning of this dangerous group of rocks. They are of unequal

heights, the one rising to something less than one hundred feet, and the other a few feet more. They are built of white limestone, with which the whole coast abounds, and form pleasing objects as seen from the road.

A few miles farther on brought me to the point where the new line of road, carrying on by the Board of Public Works, commences. It is carried in a horizontal line along the sea-coast, at the height of ten or twelve feet above the highest spring-tides. The advantages of this level road are of the utmost importance to travellers, for the ascents on the old road are not less than one in four, and one in five, rising, in no great distance, to six hundred and seventy-five feet above the level of the sea. The engineers had considerable difficulties to contend with, and great labour was necessary to cut down the high cliffs in some places, to fill up valleys and chasms in others, and to prevent the slipping ground from overwhelming them in one or two places; but they have succeeded in overcoming all of them. This magnificent work is now completed as far as Glenarm; and it is intended to carry it on to Ballycastle. The difficulties that have been encountered, and the labour bestowed on it, will best be seen by a section of each, which I shall here copy from the second Annual Report of the Commissioners for the Extension and Improvement of the Public Works of Ireland. In many parts masses of the cliff have been cut away out of

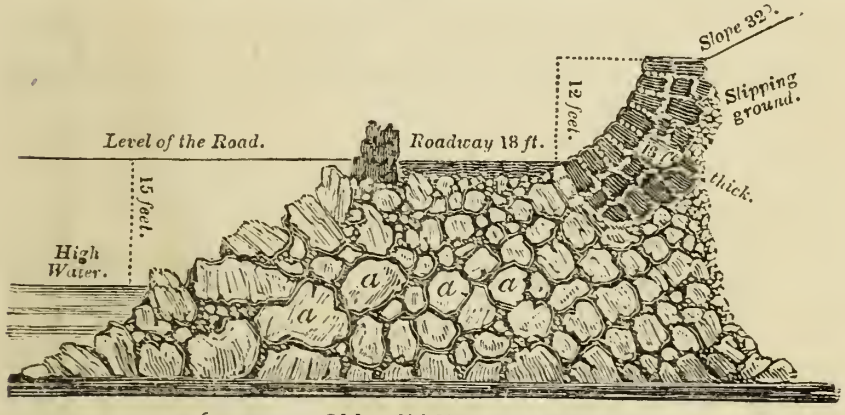
beds of solid limestone, to the height of one hundred feet or upwards, leaving a perpendicular precipice on the mountain side, and a solid parapet-wall on the sea-side; the road between these being generally twenty-one feet wide.

The annexed section will best explain what is meant by cutting away the cliff. It is at a place called "Strait-step Point." But the most difficult



parts, which they had to contend with, were those where the slipping ground on the sloping sides of the mountain was constantly crumbling away, or rolling down large masses or boulders of limestone.

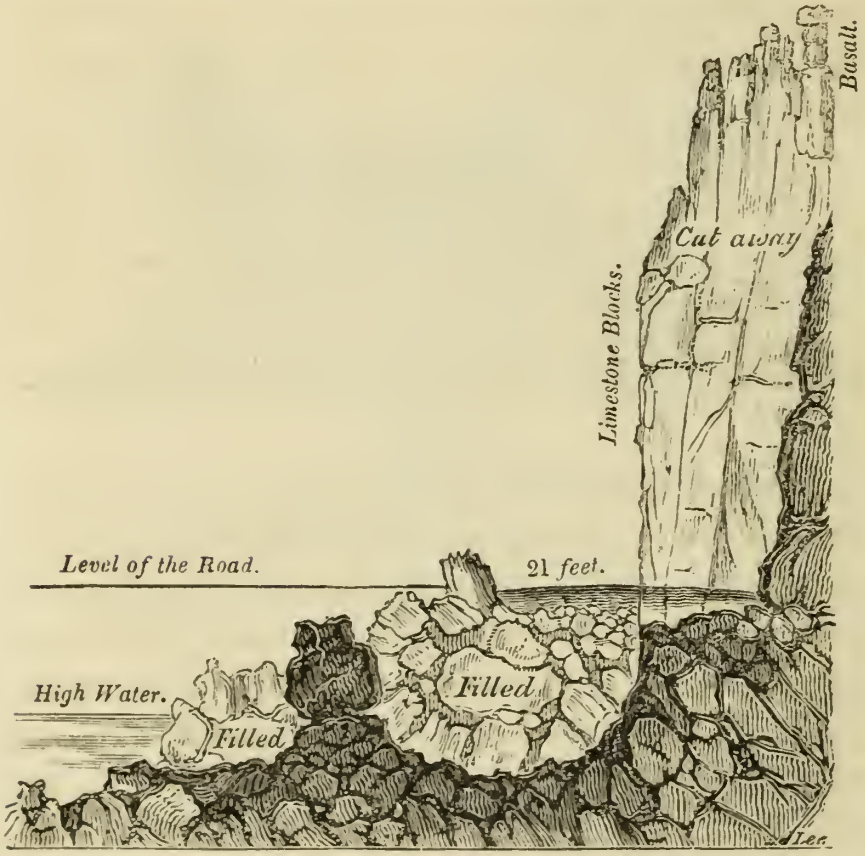
or, what was still worse, large quantities of clay in which these boulders were embedded. It was absolutely necessary to contrive some means of preventing these obtruders from blocking up the road. This has been effected by means of an inverted arch, and a retaining wall, or counter-fort, supported by solid pieces of limestone rock deeply embedded in the bank. The boulders that have already fallen serve as a complete barrier against the force of the sea. This slipping ground occurred mostly at the little deer-park of Glenarm.



(*a a a a* Old solid limestone Boulders.)

In those places where the range of the cliff was interrupted by chasms or glens, down which trickled streams of water, materials were easily obtained from the adjacent rocks to fill up to the level of the road; and, at the same time, ample materials to fill up to the height of the parapet, and afford a barrier against the waves of the sea. The following sketch will convey an idea in what manner these fillings up were accomplished.

The whole of this coast presents to the sea a bold limestone front, which assumes a more romantic form from the summit of the cliff being sometimes pinnacled in such a manner as to resemble chimney-tops, a name which, in fact, in such places they have acquired. In other parts the cliff is crowned with a stratum of basalt or trap, not unfrequently taking the form of prisms, or regular polygonal pillars. At White Bay the cliffs are beautifully white; so much so that, if in England, the observer would at once pronounce them to be chalk.



We have heard a great deal of the fine road which Buonaparte is supposed to have made, but which he, in fact, only improved, along the left bank of the Rhine; the latter is certainly very well executed, but I do not think it at all superior to the one in question; the mere labour being, however, more severe in the one than the other, inasmuch as basalt is more difficult to manage than limestone. In the Irish road the same level has been preserved; and a strong parapet throughout, together with its glacis, prevent the encroachment of the sea, which is of great importance to the traveller, by affording a protection against accident.

On our arrival at Glenarm, we took up our quarters at the abode of the Rev. Ross Jebb, the rector of that place, in whose agreeable company the little time I had to spare passed very pleasantly. Nothing can be more delightfully situated than this little town or village. It lies at the bottom of a glen of considerable extent, remarkable, at the same time, for its secluded situation; down the centre of the glen runs a small, crystal stream, forcing its brawling course over a rocky and pebbly bed; the vale itself, hemmed in by steep hills, rises abruptly on either side. This rivulet or brook, small as it is, being so close to the sea, is said to abound with salmon and trout; and the inhabitants aver, that there is not a river in all Ireland that affords better sport to the

angler. At the bottom of the glen, and close to the sea, is the village, which may consist of about two hundred houses and cottages, generally neat, and mostly built of limestone, which may be had to any extent in the neighbourhood; it is, in fact, an article of commerce with the opposite shore of Scotland, employing a few small vessels in conveying it thither. The village is on the right bank of the stream; the castle and demesne of the Antrim family occupy the left, which are at present in the possession of Mr. Macdonnell. The mansion is in the style of an ancient baronial castle, with all the usual appendages, and the grounds are well planted; indeed, I may say beautifully wooded. The house is extremely comfortable, and the apartments spacious. Of course we did not fail to pay our respects at the castle, and were fortunate enough to find Mr. Macdonnell at home. This gentleman, I need not tell you, is the widower of the late Countess of Antrim. The park is kept in beautiful order, and contains some remarkably fine timber, and the flower-garden is well attended to. The gateway and the tower, at the end of the avenue leading to the castle, are of modern construction, built of stone, and may be called handsome, though they do not exactly correspond with the ancient part of the structure. From the top of this tower there is a complete view of the upper part of the glen, as well as of the Irish Channel.

A walk through the deer-park, which borders the

glen on the right, and rises to a considerable elevation, well repaid the exertion of climbing to the summit. I was told that there were no less than four hundred head of deer in this park. The sloping sides it seems were formerly well covered with timber, and so also was the opposite side, the greater part of which, however, has been cut down. The church is at the foot of the glen, close to the beach, but the parsonage-house with the glebe-land stands beautifully at the head of the valley, in one of the most lovely situations imaginable, commanding a complete view of the town, the castle and its demesne, and the sea. In looking down from this elevated spot, the castle is seen apparently embosomed in the wood at the bottom of the glen, and forms a striking and picturesque object, which, with the blue expanse of sea beyond it, and a distant view of the coast of Scotland, when the sky is clear, presents a picture which the most fastidious cannot, I think but admire. I have not seen many spots possessing at the same time a more cheerful aspect, and yet more fitted for retirement and contemplation; where the mind would more readily be brought to soar above the "vanities and vexations of the busy world." I must not omit to mention the beautiful and luxuriant hollies which I remarked in different parts of the glen, and which are rarely to be met with in such vigorous growth and perfection in England.

It was pleasing to observe that a spirit of im-

provement was evidently manifest at this little village of Glenarm. A neat-looking school had recently been established, from which the people seem to expect beneficial results, and from which there is no exclusion on account of difference of religious opinions. The school-house was built by a grant from the fund called "the Lord Lieutenant's Fund." It is supported partly by subscription and partly by a charge on the scholars, the principal subscribers being Mr. Macdonnell and Mr. Jebb. The number of children who attend average from fifty to sixty. The school formerly received some aid from the Kildare-street Society, but the funds, I understand, of this society have been so greatly reduced, that this aid has now been withdrawn.

The good people of Glenarm will not, I am sure, require any apology from me, when I say that there was "room indeed, and room enough" for an improvement in their education, nor be offended at my assisting to give publicity to a notice which I observed painted on a board in a small garden, as follows: "Bewar of *sneks*." At first I confess that this brief caution puzzled me a little, and at the moment I concluded that it could only mean, "Beware of *snakes;*" yet, on further reflection, I could not do St. Patrick the injustice of suspecting that he had allowed snakes, of all other poisonous creatures, again to infest any part, even the most secluded, of the Emerald Isle. This, however,

it turned out, was a very useful notice, and well understood by the natives, though I had not the sagacity to find it out. It was nothing more nor less than the technical name for a species of our man-traps, so constructed as to seize hold of the legs of those who happened to be caught in it, and to grasp them as tightly as if wrapt in the folds of a boa constrictor.

Another inscription drew my attention, which I considered an additional ground for the necessity of establishing a school: it was this—"These two houses *was* built by ——— (fortunately for him I forget by whom), in 1833;" but Mr. Jebb begged leave to assure me that they were built *before* the school was erected. The school was not the only improvement which I observed; one or two neat-looking buildings (private residences) were in progress; the church was under repair, and a substantial iron roof about to be placed upon it. It was also in contemplation to heighten the spire of the church, and to bring it more to a point.

On returning from my ramble along the summit of the cliff, I found that the Shamrock revenue cruizer, a fine brig, had come into the Bay of Glenarm. I made my way on board her, principally, however, to see how this little town, and the glen, and the precipitous mountain cliffs, would appear from the sea; and certainly the small white houses, backed by the turreted, baronial castle, with the wooded glen and naked rocks stretching far on

each side of it, afforded a view that was worth the trouble of going afloat to behold.

The new road, on which we had come to this place, from its commencement a little beyond Larne, is completed only as far as Glenarm, though the work was in progress at some distance beyond it; it became therefore necessary for us, on our departure, to proceed along the old road, which is at some little distance from the coast, and which passes over the hill of Cloony, at an elevation of about two hundred feet above the sea.

On leaving Glenarm, our excellent host, Mr. Jebb, took us in his jaunting-car, to which were harnessed two horses, tandem fashion, and drove us as far as Cushendall. Part of this road had been levelled and made good by the liberality of a private individual, Mr. Turnley, a gentleman who, having accumulated a handsome fortune in the West Indies, spends it most liberally in this part of the country where he is settled, in making improvements for the public benefit, while he dispenses his charities to the poor with a generosity rarely met with. To him the village of Cushendall, situated in a still more secluded spot than Glenarm, may be said to owe its present appearance, and, as far as I could learn, reality of comfort.

The houses or cottages are kept in the neatest order, owing, it is said, to the encouragement which this gentleman has contrived to give to their in-

mates, by creating among them a rivalship, as it were, to show examples of neatness and cleanliness, which are so rarely found in and about the dwellings of the Irish cottagers. He has built a school-house, rather too splendid, perhaps, for the spot, and the humble condition of the inhabitants; into this school the children of Protestants, Catholics, and Dissenters, are indiscriminately admitted.

Having here taken leave of my two friends,—Captain Skinner being unable to accompany me any further on my travels,—I now proceeded in a car towards Cushendun, in order to deliver the letter of introduction given to me by Lord O'Neill to his brother the General, who resides at that place. On leaving the valley of Cushendun, both the old and the new roads (the latter partially finished) are carried very considerably inland, over the Carey Mountain; the new road being here at an elevation of eight hundred and forty feet above the level of the sea, with a slope of one in twenty-three to thirty; while the old road crosses the mountain at the height of nine hundred and twenty feet, with slopes of one in five to eight. Yet here I found these high grounds well cultivated with wheat and potatoes chiefly, but beans were also in great quantities, and oats, and a little barley, though very few cottages were visible near them. The enclosures, which are of considerable extent, were fenced in with stone-walls. Patches of flax, too, were frequent,

and where pulled or cut, and laid out to rot, the smell was most intolerably offensive.

Cushendun I found was about a mile off the old road, in a valley, through which a clear rivulet ran gurgling down to the sea, close to which the General's house is situated; so close, indeed, that when sitting in the drawing-room, which is on the ground-floor, no object meets the eye but the waves of the sea, with which the ear is also greeted pretty loudly. The house, in fact, stands upon a rock projecting into the water. The General received me with marked civility; hoped I would take up my quarters with him for a few days at least; and it was with a feeling of great regret that, considering the long tour I had laid out, and the limited time I had to perform it in, I was unable to avail myself of his kind and pressing invitation, and hoped he would excuse my short stay, as I calculated on reaching Ballycastle that evening. Besides the pleasure and information to be derived from the General's company and conversation, I knew there were objects enough in this little secluded valley to attract the attention of the curious. The General said he would show me some caves in the rocky cliffs in the neighbourhood of Cushendun which were well worth seeing; but I resisted every inducement; and having partaken of a lunch, I bade adieu to General O'Neill, and proceeded on my journey towards Ballycastle.

On returning to the mountain-road I fell in with

that part of the new road, constructing by the Board of Works, which crosses Carey Mountain, and which was here finished, but not thrown open. The old road was rugged and steep enough, and with difficulty I kept my seat without being jolted off the car, till I reached Ballyvoy, a village of some fifty or sixty houses, little more than a mile and a half from Fairhead. The desire to see this celebrated spot was irresistible: I therefore left the car at Ballyvoy, and walked to the point, among large enclosures that were walled in, and partly under cultivation with wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes, but chiefly in pasture for sheep and cattle. I may observe, that each parish has the land marked out, and enclosed with ditches or walls, generally consisting of several hundred acres, which are called *town-lands;* not that there is any town near them, that word signifying in Ireland, not a collection of houses, but enclosed ground: *tuin* is the Dutch word for a garden; and I found the same word used in the same sense in Iceland; *toon,* a piece of enclosed ground near the house.

As I jogged along and alone on foot, the reflection crossed my mind, that there are certain spots in the globe, some nearer home than others, that every person, according to his respective fancy, must have felt a desire to visit, and a hope that, at some time or another, that desire might be gratified; at least it is so with me. I saw this bold Headland

the preceding year from the Flower of Yarrow yacht, when driven by a storm to take shelter under Rachlin Island; and there the thought came across me, that I should contrive some time or other to have a nearer view of Fairhead;—indeed, I can trace this kind of feeling to a very early period of my life. Well do I remember when, as a boy, amusing myself with copying the engravings of the cathedral at Tronyem (Drontheim), and of the Kremlin at Moscow, I was wont to indulge in the hope of some day seeing both these places; that hope has already been realized—more than realized, for I have twice visited the most northern city of Europe.

But Fairhead took possession of a corner of my mind at a later period; and it was with feelings of no ordinary satisfaction that I was now approaching the brink of this noble headland, which, according to the measurement of Professor Playfair and Mr. Jardin, rises to the height of six hundred and thirty-one feet above the level of the sea; of which height the columnar or, more properly, the prismatic shafts are not less than two hundred and seventy feet, without joint or articulation. Having procured a guide, my first object was to proceed to the highest summit, a small projecting part of the headland, where I took a nervous peep over the precipice while on my hands and knees.

From this point the prospect is very extensive.

The island of Rachlin or, as it is usually called, Raghery, a short distance from the coast, lies stretched immediately under the eye; and the distant Mull of Cantyre, a fine bold headland, is seen to rise in the horizon. Here, too, the vast expanse of the northern sea lies open to the right and to the left—an object to me at all times the most impressive, as affording one of the noblest views in nature. The view alone was a source of satisfaction; but to examine more nearly the wonderful formation of the promontory was a subject of the deepest interest.

For this purpose I descended through an extraordinary cleft in the rock, which is termed the *Greyman's Path,* at the foot of which I was told would be obtained a full view of the huge prisms of basalt immediately overhead. In descending this gap, an opportunity is afforded of examining the formation of this gigantic prismatic structure. The irregular and jagged surfaces of the prisms, which protruded on either side of the narrow passage, seemed so exactly to fit and match each other, as if they had been torn asunder by some convulsion. This Greyman's Path is so called, as my guide informed me, from the circumstance of an old hermit having for many years lived in a small cave at the foot of the headland, who, either for pleasure or penance, was daily in the habit of ascending this path.

The descent was rugged and precipitous, and required some caution, on account of the numerous

loose stones that roll from under the feet; but rough as it was, my guide prevented me from complaining, by assuring me that he had conducted many ladies down the path, and that they acquitted themselves quite as well as the gentlemen. Of this I doubt not, for I recollect hearing you say that you once took a lady (Lady Ann Barnard) up the gap in the mural precipice of the Table Mountain, which, I believe, is between three and four thousand feet high, she being the first female that had ever ascended that mountain; after which the Grey-man's Path deserves not to be mentioned.

I cannot say that the view of the perpendicular precipice, as seen from below, fully answered the expectation I had formed of it. Perhaps this is generally the case when the imagination has been strongly excited by exaggerated accounts of previous visiters. Be that as it may, I freely confess I was disappointed. I could not bring myself to think that "the columnar range of Fairhead is by far the most magnificent basaltic façade yet discovered;" but I am most ready to admit that Fairhead, or, as it is usually called, Benmore, is a promontory that can never fail to arrest the attention and admiration of the spectator, though it can scarcely lay claim to the character of sublimity. It presents a bold and singularly marked face of rock of two hundred and seventy feet in height, supported, as it were, by a rugged buttress or sloping glacis of three hundred and thirty-one feet; but this very division into two

unequal and dissimilar parts, a pyramidal façade rising out of a sloping mass of huge fragments, renders the unity defective, and ceases to impress on the mind a feeling of the sublime, which the vastness of an uninterrupted precipice could not fail to inspire. The façade, though not strictly columnar, consists of a succession of basaltic prisms, so clustered together as to give the appearance of that combination of columns which one often meets with in Gothic cathedrals. With these are intermixed large tabular masses, heaped on each other, and rising from the same sloping base to the summit. It would appear, however, from some of the enormous prismatic fragments that had been broken off, and fallen down from the rocky precipice, and which constitute a considerable part of the base sloping down to the sea, that there is a tendency in them to articulation, the fragments being generally broken into lengths, and the fractures conchoidal. Among them, too, are found pieces that have taken the forms of polygons.

Having satisfied my curiosity, so far as time and circumstances permitted, and tiring my legs not a little with the scramble, I returned to my car, passing by two small lakes at no great distance from the Head, one called Lough-na-Cranagh, and the other Lough Doo. The distance to Ballycastle from Ballyvoy might be from two to three miles along the ridge of a glen through which the river Carey is seen to flow. The cottages along this line

are neat and numerous. On the left stands the mountain of Knock-laide, one thousand six hundred and ninety feet high, the loftiest and largest in this part of the country. On reaching the town I drove to the little inn which had the appearance of comfort and cleanliness; but on delivering my letter of introduction to Mr. M'Neill, he very kindly insisted on my taking up my abode with him, at least for the night.

LETTER V.

FROM BALLYCASTLE TO COLERAINE.

Town of Ballycastle—Projects of Mr. Boyd—Ancient Collieries—Partially Worked—Swinging Bridge of Carrick-a-Rede—Pleaskin Promontory—Formation of Giant's Causeway—Its Structure—Singularity of, in the Angles of the Polygons—Variety in the Formation of the Joints or Articulations—Dimensions of the Causeway—Grand View of Pleaskin from—Specimen of Irish Feeling—Port *du Spagna*, and Note on the Spanish Armada—Bush Mills—Whin-dykes—Portrush—Dunluce Castle—O'Halloran's History.

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Coleraine, 5th September, 1835.

BEFORE I conduct you to the Giant's Causeway, of which you will naturally expect I should say something, (though after so many accounts of it already in print, you must not expect that my short visit will elicit anything new,) I must first give you a brief notice of Ballycastle, of which, as yet, I have said nothing. The town is prettily situated in a wide gap, made in the long line of a precipitous coast of basalt and limestone, extending from Fairhead to Portrush. There are, in fact, two towns; the upper, which is situated in the open country, at the commencement of the valley; and the lower, which may be considered as the port, and consists of the custom-house, storehouses, and a few dwellings. Between

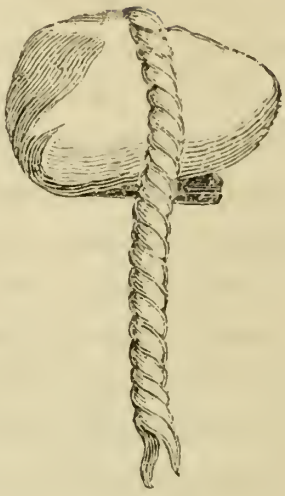
the two is an avenue of trees, an object which is not often seen in this part of the county of Antrim. Ballycastle may probably contain some two hundred houses, and one thousand inhabitants. This agreeable little spot may be said almost to owe its creation to an enterprising individual of the name of Boyd, who obtained a grant of land from the Earl of Antrim, in perpetuity, of all the coal-mines between it and Fairhead. He also succeeded in obtaining a parliamentary grant of 20,000*l.* or upwards, for the erection of a pier to protect the harbour against the tremendous sea that sometimes rolls in upon this wild coast. He now concluded that his fortune was fully secured. He erected a glass-house, a brewery, a tannery; built a custom-house; and, to do his memory full justice, he built a church, ornamented with a spire; built and endowed a school with twenty acres of land, and was proceeding with other improvements, when he was cut short in his career by death, and was carried to the grave on the very day that the church was consecrated.

All these projects at once failed by the demise of the original projector, and the demolition of the pier from the violence of the waves, by which the harbour was filled up and destroyed. The collieries alone continue to be worked, but the coals are like those of Kilkenny, called blind coals, that yield neither flame nor smoke. They are still worked by adits or drifts, to spare the expense of machinery

required by shafts; but the quantity produced is said to be small, and no demand for an increased quantity. There appears on the Ordnance map, between Ballycastle and Carrickmore (little more than half way to Fairhead), not less than ten different collieries, and five whin-dykes apparently intersecting them.

It is related by Dr. Hamilton, that a discovery was made, in his time, of chambers that had been worked, and of various tools, baskets, &c., deposited therein; the latter so decayed that, on being touched, they immediately crumbled to pieces. The implements that had been employed were very different from those in use at the present day; and the wicks of the candles were formed of rags. The great antiquity of this mine may be inferred, from the hammers made use of being formed of boulders of stone, one of which I have in my possession. It is of ponderous and close-grained basalt, about four pounds in weight; some being heavier and others lighter: has a groove evidently made with difficulty round it, the ends meeting in a flat surface underneath, against which the wedge, that was used to tighten the shaft of the hammer, appears to have been placed, and which shaft was probably a twisted withe of willow or hazel, or a strap of tough hide passed round the groove. The figure in the following page will perhaps convey a clearer description than I can otherwise give.

Stone hammer found in an ancient Colliery.



The same with the handle and wedge.

This colliery must evidently have been worked long before the discovery of gunpowder, as no trace of blasting appears. The ancient use of stone hammers is not confined to this part of the United Kingdom: the same thing has been found in an old colliery near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, together with some flint wedges. The working of the Antrim mine had apparently stopped short on arriving at one of the whin-dykes, which the miners could not penetrate. It is recorded, that in these places where the coal was in contact with the whin-stone, it was blistered, or burnt into cinders. The same thing happens in other collieries, wherever the whin-dykes have penetrated the coal strata. These whin-dykes, it appears, are very frequent along the whole of the coast of Antrim, intersecting the limestone strata, of which the cliffs are mostly composed, and then

burying themselves in the sea, from whence they emerge on the opposite shores of Scotland.

At an early hour in the morning I left Ballycastle in a car, delighted with the prospect of seeing what has been seen by many, and heard of by every one, namely, the Giants' Causeway. In driving along, the first object that attracts attention is Kenbane Head, a narrow promontory, on which are perched the ruins of a castle, on a steep cliff of limestone as white as snow. I did not stop here. The next in succession is Carrick-a-rede Island, separated only from the main land by a narrow but fearfully-deep chasm, over which is thrown a swinging bridge of ropes at the height of about eighty feet above the sea, the object of which is to communicate with a fisherman's hut that is placed wildly and romantically enough upon this rocky basaltic island.

The only danger to be apprehended is the giving way of the ropes and iron rings to which they are fastened; should this happen, farewell to the unfortunate passenger. One *heavy-built* man crossed over in my presence, and the bridge bent and quivered at every step he took in a fearful manner. I observed that he walked with a very hurried step, which, on questioning him, I learnt to be the only safe way. The man who drove me said that he had accompanied some officers of one of the regiments to the bridge, one of whom, venturing to cross, became

nervous, and would certainly have fallen over had he not been seized by the guide; so much depends on the strength of the head. The fact was, becoming giddy by looking down, he stood still, on which the fickle bridge began to sway backwards and forwards, and became so unsteady as to throw him completely off his guard. It was said that lady visiters had frequently passed it, of which I have not the least doubt, for where man dares to venture, they seldom hesitate to follow.

I coasted along from Carrick-a-rede till I came to the fine promontory of Pleaskin, down which I descended to view probably the finest specimen of basaltic pillars that is known to exist, consisting of two tiers, one above the other, with an intermediate space of rude tabular basalt. I cannot possibly describe this extraordinary precipice of nearly 400 feet better, than by quoting the account given of its several component parts by the Rev. John Dubourdieu, in his "Survey of Antrim," on the authority of his friend Doctor Hamilton.

Arrangement of the strata of Cape Pleaskin.

		Feet.
No. 1.	Summit, irregular basalts, shivered and cracked at the surface . . .	12
2.	Perpendicular range of gross pillars .	60
3.	Gross bed of rude basalt, showing marks of a tendency towards forms . . .	60
4.	Second range of pillars divided into joints .	40

	Feet.	
Brought forward	172	
5. Bed of red argillaceous ochre, on which the second range of pillars rests		
6. A thin course of iron ore in a bed of ochre		22
7. Soft argillaceous stone, of various colours, and mottled appearance, friable and resembling steatites		
8. Succession of five or six grocs beds of table basalts, between which their strata of ochre and other substances appear		180
Total	374	

From Pleaskin I proceeded to the Giants' Causeway: and here I was beset by a crowd of people who call themselves guides, and who accost every stranger with a loud clamour of "Plase your honour, take me wid you, *I'll* show you the *curosities*;" another bawls out, "Let *me* show your honour the mighty wonders of the creation;" a third, "*Shure*, I'm the man to let your honour see the mighty big caves and the Causeway." I took one in the hope of getting rid of the rest, but they all followed on the chance of picking up something "to make them drink." They are of no use; but the poor fellows must live, and from their appearance they doubtless are hardly put to it. When rid of them, you are assailed by men and boys offering stones to sell, which they collect into small boxes; these were as numerous as the guides, and equally troublesome. I was teased to take one of these boxes full of rubbish for 2*s*., then 1*s*. 6*d*., and at last for 1*s*.; but on my suddenly turning round, and remarking

that, if they were to give me the box for nothing, I would not take it, they laughed at my ignorance, or want of curiosity, and went off in perfect good humour. One man, however, who still persevered, had a piece of black fossil wood flattened and in all respects resembling the surturbrand of Iceland. This I purchased, and afterwards learned that it is plentifully found along this part of the coast, in seams between the tabular masses of basalt, just as it is in Iceland.

The first object that caught my attention, in descending to the beach, was the appearance of a long gigantic mole or quay, sloping step by step as it were from the base of a lofty façade, like that of Pleaskin, down to the very edge of the water, or more properly speaking, till it lost itself in the sea. The extreme edge of this mole, which was nearest to us, presented a close-set compact range of prismatic pillars, leaving no doubt on the mind of the observer that it could be anything else than the celebrated Giants' Causeway; but at the same time it had all the appearance of a work of art, which we may safely consider it to be, if, with the poet, we are ready to admit that "all nature is but art." Nay, one might go farther, and from the fragments of stone and the numerous joints or articulations scattered around, conclude that the workmen had been busily employed in dressing stones for the repairs of the wharf. Nor did the delusion cease on stepping upon it, where it was accessible.

Its surface was that of a tessellated pavement of polygonal stones, fitted together as close and compact as if each stone had been dressed, and laid by art. At the first glance, on proceeding towards a more elevated part, about midway, where most perfect, it conveyed the idea of an enormous honeycomb; but on a closer inspection, it was found to be not uniformly composed of hexagons as the honeycomb is, but of pentagons, hexagons, and heptagons mostly, the six-sided ones greatly prevailing, and pentagons the next frequent; some few were quadrilateral. The mention of honeycomb reminds me of the common argument made use of to prove the sagacity, or instinct, of the bee, in working a figure which occupies the whole of the hive, without the loss of space; but it requires not the hexagon to accomplish this. Any polygons, whatever the number of the sides may be, and whether regular or irregular, provided equal sides are contiguous, will completely fill a space, as well as if all should be regular hexagons; and such is the case with regard to the surface of the Giants' Causeway; the polygons that compose the pavement are not only of different figures, but the sides are of different lengths, and their several dimensions altogether different; and yet by the equal sides being in juxta-position, they form one solid compact pavement, whose joinings are so close that, as is asserted, and I believe correctly, the interstices will not admit water between them. There is, however, on the surface of the Causeway, a clear spring of fresh

water gushing out between two of the pillars, without having in the smallest degree, as far as my observation went, worn away any of the stone, which, in fact, is so excessively hard that a tool will scarcely touch it, and which if struck rings like iron.

This irregular sloping surface enters the sea in three different points only, and at different distances from the precipitous cliff out of which it proceeds; the longest point, or that extending farthest into the sea, is called the Grand Causeway, the next the Middle Causeway, and the third the Little Causeway; but in the ascent towards the mountainous cliff, the three unite and become one causeway. The cliff itself is not so distinctly marked with articulated pillars as those in the sloping causeway. In some parts large tabular masses only appear, lying in horizontal strata; then, farther on, a series of articulated columns, so regular as to have received the name of the organ pipes; but the causeway everywhere blends into the promontory.

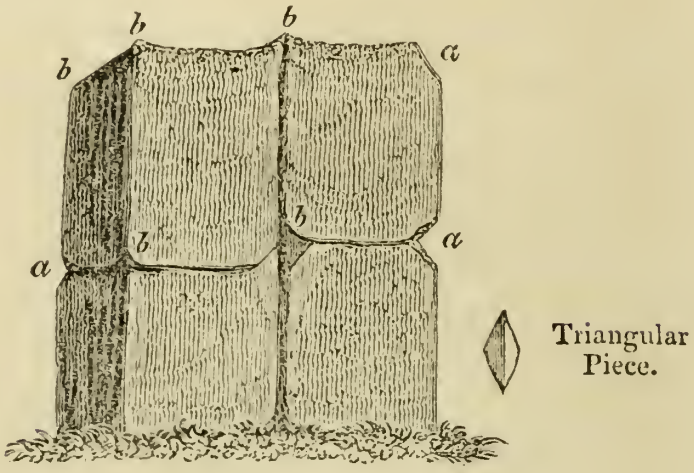
One piece of mechanism, however, I must not omit to mention, which struck me as a very singular contrivance in the construction of the pillars of the causeway, and that is the remarkable manner in which the angular or corner pieces at the joinings of the segments have been inserted, for what purpose, or by what concurrence of circumstances, it is not in my power to form even a conjecture; it is very general, though not universal. Most of the segments of the outer columns have

two or more of these angular pieces broken out, and I am not sure that a smart blow of a hammer would not detach the rest. That they are the result of design, and for some special purpose, my belief is too firm to be shaken. The same mighty power, that shaped the basaltic column, fitted to it these angular appendages for some good purpose, though our geologists do not yet seem to have discovered it. "All nature is indeed but art," much of which the human intellect can never fathom; but if we look at these columns and imagine them for a moment as the work of man, we should ask for what purpose could these loose corner-pieces have been placed in the joinings of the segments? As man's work, one would be almost inclined to say, that the insertion of them had been an after-thought to keep the joints of the pillar together, and to give them uniformity of surface and unbroken lines at the extremities of the polygonal sides; but we dare not ascribe to the Great Creator of the universe any want of thought or premeditated design.*

I do not know whether I have made myself under-

* The only notice I have seen since my return that appears to have any allusion to this part of the subject is in the Rev. W. Hamilton's "Letters on the Northern Coast of Antrim," where he says, "The angles of one (joint) frequently shoot over those of the other, so that they are completely locked together, and can rarely be separated without a fracture of some of their parts." Mr. Greenough, to whom I mentioned this structure, was aware of it; and from him I learn the still more extraordinary fact that, in the columns of Dunbar, the material of those angular pieces is different from that of the pillar, the former being jasper.

stood, as I find a difficulty at description. I have therefore attempted to sketch what I feel to have imperfectly described.



Portions of two quadrilateral pillars of Giants' Causeway.
a, a, a, Triangular pieces removed.
b, b, b, ditto ditto not removed.

The polygons I have stated to be irregular; they are so both in shape and dimensions; those on the Causeway appear to run from nine to twenty-four inches in diameter; here and there somewhat larger. It is no rule that the lower end of the upper segment should be convex, and the upper end of the lower concave to receive it; the reverse is frequently the case; and it also frequently happens that one joint or segment has both ends convex, and another both ends concave; but this of course does not prevent them from forming parts of a whole pillar. In fact, I should suppose that the same operating cause which separated the mass of melted

matter into columns (for who can doubt its having once been in a state of fusion?) separated also the columns themselves into articulated portions of various lengths, and to each column its proper number of sides, from four to nine.

The only person I observed on the Causeway when I first descended, was an old woman, sitting by the spring of fresh water, with a whiskey bottle and glasses to mix that national spirit with the pure spring, and render it more palatable to her customers. On returning from my ramble, however, I perceived a young lady in a riding-habit, sitting down by the side of the fountain, waiting the return of some gentlemen who were examining the Causeway; the sight of whom, in this lonely spot, I am free to confess, drove all the pentagons and hexagons out of my head; and to escape from the chance of its being filled with something else, I was ungallant enough to take an abrupt departure.

The view of Pleaskin from the lowest point of the Causeway, with its double tier of pillars, high up in the air, would require no very great stretch of the imagination to conceive them as two immense colonnades in front of some temple, or the corridors of some magnificent palace. Pleaskin is certainly beautiful; but neither in it, nor in the Causeway, is there anything that can be said to unite grandeur with sublimity. The Giants' Causeway is in that respect inferior to the bold promon-

tory of Benmore or Fairhead. Yet there is enough in the mechanism of the former to excite wonder and admiration; no one, I am persuaded, while viewing this extraordinary piece of workmanship can avoid lifting up his thoughts to the Great Creator of the universe, whose ever-varied productions, even in the inanimate part of the creation, from the minutest crystal to the colossal columns of Benmore, we proud mortals must confess ourselves unable to imitate or comprehend.

To see and admire the Giants' Causeway, the intellectual mind must accompany the eye, otherwise the visiter will be sure to go away disappointed. An Irishman, however, would be shocked to hear it slightly spoken of; there is nothing like it, he says, in the world besides. One of their ingenious countrymen, Doctor Richardson (of *Fiorin Grass* memory), was quite indignant that Mr. Pennant should think of preferring Staffa to the Giants' Causeway; and in a burst of national feeling, thus writes for the honour of Ireland: "It is mortifying to read the animated description given by my friend Sir Joseph Banks of the colonnades at Staffa, and the humiliating comparison he makes between them and the diminutive productions of human architecture. I do not wish to derogate from the beauty, nor to depreciate the grandeur of the Staffa colonnades; but as Mr. Pennant institutes the comparison, I must tell him that, while the longest pillar at Staffa is fifty-five feet, ours at Fairhead are two hundred and

fifty. The continuous colonnade at Fairhead is longer than the *whole Island of Staffa;* and the colonnade of Bengore three times as long, and one of its *two* parallel ranges of pillars equal to the solitary range in Staffa.

"Though I never saw Staffa, I may fairly pronounce our façades to be far more stupendous; for the highest point in the Island of Staffa is but one hundred and twenty-six feet above the level of the sea, while Pleaskin, scarcely higher than the rest of the façade, is three hundred and seventy, and the uniform columnar range of Fairhead five hundred and fifty".*

But, with submission to the Doctor, Staffa and Fairhead are not objects of fair comparison; the one, a vestibule surrounded with regular polygonal jointed pillars; the other, a magnificent precipice faced with irregular unjointed prisms, nearly five times the dimensions of the former.

There is a little bay to the eastward of Port Noffer, which is named on the charts *Port da Spagna*, from a notion that a portion of the Spanish Armada was wrecked on this part of the coast, having been deceived by some prominent points of pillars on the summit of the precipice called the Chimney tops. There is no authority for this. In Lediard's "Naval History of England," it is stated that ten sail of the Armada were cast away on the

* Survey of the County of Antrim, vol. ii. App. p. 19.

Coast of Ireland, among which were one of the great galleasses and two Venetian ships, the Batta and Belangara; that those who escaped the ship-wreck and reached the shore were all put to the sword, or perished by the hand of the executioner, the Lord Deputy fearing they should join with the rebels*."

* This would seem not to be the fact. On my return I had recourse to the State Paper Office, and there I found a paper of which the following is a copy.

"Our very good Lo: imedatly after the writing of or last letters to yor Lp we went wheare we hard the Spaynarde were, and mett them at S^{r}. John O'Dogherty is towne called Illagh: we sent unto them to know who they were, and what their intent was: or why they did invade any ꝑte of the Queenes Ma^{ts} domynion, their aunswer was that they did sett foorth to invade England, and were ꝑcell of the fleete wch was overthrowen by her Ma^{ts} navy and that they were dryven tether by force of wether. Wherupon we (ꝑceiving that they were in nombre above vj^{c} men) did incampe that night wthin muskett shott of them being in nombre not passing vij^{xx} men [here, in the hand-writing of Lord Burleigh, is this note, '*A bold attempt of* 140 *against* 600'] and the same night about mydnight did skyrmysh wth them for the space of ii houres, and in that skyrmysh did slay their Leuntenant of the feelde and above xx^{ty} more beside the hurting of a great nombe^{r} of their men: So as the next day (in skyrmyshing wth them) they were forced to yeld themselves and we lost but one soldio^{r}; nowe O'Donill, and wee are come wth some of them to Dongainne meaning to go wth them wthout companyes to yor Lp And therfore we humbly besech yor hono^{r} to graunte warr^{t} for victling of them and the prysone^{rs} are very weake and unhable to travaile we desire yor Lp: (yf yo^{u} shall so thinke meete) to gyve direcon for levyeyings of horses and garrans to cary them to Dublin. The best of them seemeth to cary some kinde of maiesty and hath ben

I now drove on to Bush Mills, at which place there is a tolerably good inn recently established, where travellers may remain a day or two with good accommodations and comfort; from this place it is convenient to visit the various points of attraction along this bold coast, which to a geologist must be particularly interesting. The constant alternation of white and grey limestone and basalt, the frequent occurrence of whin-dykes penetrating the former; the basaltic strata that caps the summit of the limestone, sometimes in a columnar shape; the conglomerates which appear at the base, mixed with the variously tinged ochreous clays that here and there occur; and, above all, the splendid columnar forms of the basalt which, commencing at Fairhead, extend the whole way, intermixed with limestone of brilliant whiteness, as far as Ballycastle;—such a variety of formations cannot fail to be highly interesting to the geologist, while the bold character of the coast must prove equally so to the general observer.

From Bush Mills I directed my course towards Portrush, taking the ruins of Dunluce Castle in my way, which are said to have a most imposing

governo^{r} of thirty thousand men this xxiiij years past the rest of the prysoners are men of great calling, and such as in o^{r} oppynions) were not amysse to be questioned wth all. So we humbly take our leave from Dongainne, the

xiiijth of September 1588

your most humble,

The Lord Deputy of Ireland haste.

Rich Hovenden.
Henry Hvenden.

appearance from the sea; but I cannot ascribe to them any remarkably picturesque beauty when seen from the shore. They present an unintelligible heap of ruins, interesting only on account of their antiquity and the history connected with them. Nothing, however, could be more adapted to a scene in romance than the wild position of Dunluce Castle, perched as it is on the summit of a naked and lofty rock, surrounded by the sea, and cut off from the main land, except by a narrow stratum of rock or wall, that serves as a foot-bridge over a deep gulf, through which the sea roars below with a fearful noise. Traditional stories, indeed, are not wanting of the abduction and imprisonment of beautiful virgins by some O'Neill or O'Cahan or M'Mahon, or some other *Mac* or *O*, which O'Hallaran says are affixes of dignity and meaning, by indicating the true Milesian breed, as is fully demonstrated by an old Latin pentameter—

Per *Mac* atque *O* tu veros cognoscis Hibernos :
His duobus demptis, nullus Hibernus adest.

It is universally believed by the Irish, and what everybody believes must be true, that there are no snakes, nor any kind of venomous animals in Ireland, St. Patrick having laid his ban upon the whole tribe. They have plenty of frogs, however, in their swamps and bogs; but this same O'Hallaran says they were sent as a present from England. "We never had frogs in Ireland till the reign of

King William. It is true some mighty sensible members of the Royal Society, in the time of Charles II., attempted to add these to the many other valuable presents sent from England, but ineffectually; as they were of Belgic origin, it would seem they could only thrive under a Dutch prince; and these, with many exotics, were introduced at the happy revolution." And this is History!

On arriving at Portrush, I called upon the Rev. Hamilton Maxwell, the author of that clever and most amusing book, "The Wild Sports in the West;" but found to my great disappointment that he had just left home; and as I had resolved to proceed as far as Coleraine, I was deprived of the pleasure of meeting with him.

I was much pleased with Portrush, which is situated on a sort of peninsula projecting into the sea. It possesses a small but well-sheltered harbour, which is now completing, and in which were two or three small vessels at anchor; and a very pretty little yacht, belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron, had just come in from Southampton.

Portrush appears to be much resorted to for the purpose of bathing, and some neat and comfortable houses have been erected, all of which appeared to be inhabited.

Having seen all that I was desirous to see, I went on to Coleraine, where I had arranged to pass the night.

LETTER VI.

FROM COLERAINE TO LONDONDERRY.

Town of Coleraine—The River Bann and Salmon Leap—Catholic Chapel and other Public Buildings—Pleasures of a public Jaunting-Car—The Road—Limavady—First appearance of Lough Foyle and Derry—City of—The London Society—Brief Account of the Memorable Siege of Londonderry—Commemoration of the Event—Population of the City and County.

Coleraine, 6th September.

The town of Coleraine is divided into two parts by the River Bann, the chief portion being on the right bank, and a wooden bridge across the river connecting it with the opposite part, or suburbs, which are not considerable. This small town, once the capital of Derry, still wears marks of its antiquity in the buildings, many of which are in the Elizabethan style of architecture; others have recently, as it would appear, been pulled down and modernized; and a few, though but a few, are new. The best and most tasteful building about Coleraine is a new Catholic Chapel. There is one tolerably good street, leading directly into the square, or, as it is here called, the Diamond, in the centre of which is the Town Hall. The same street continues beyond it down to the bridge.

Standing on this bridge, the spectator has a fine view of the Bann on both sides of it; that to the northward embraces, among a number of decent-looking villas or farm-houses, a very pretty mansion and grounds on the left bank, close to the suburb, called, from its owner I imagine, Jackson Hall; and the view in the contrary direction, or up the river, exhibits many neat villas, well planted with wood. Among them a parkish-looking place, on the left bank, caught my attention, and I walked along a good road, not merely to get a nearer view of it, but also to take a look at the salmon-leap, which I knew to be about the spot. This place is named Somerset, and is held at a pepper-corn rent by Captain Bruce of the navy.

The salmon-leap, or the Cutts, as it is called, is a little beyond this place. It is considered one of the most productive fisheries in Ireland; and I was told that the season had been a very favourable one, and had but just ended. It is, I believe, one of those munificent gifts bestowed by James I. on those worthy citizens of London who constitute the Irish Society of London.

It was a fine evening, and I wished to see whether an Irish salmon leaped as vigorously as a Norwegian one; but not a single fish favoured me with a specimen of its prowess. A good woman, who was living in a neighbouring cottage, came out to show "his honour" the falls, which I interpreted to mean neither more nor less than to earn a sixpence. She

appeared to be very much distressed that the gentleman should be so disappointed in not seeing a salmon leap, even if but one, assuring me that they were plentiful at all other times, and that it was very provoking that I should go away without being gratified. I found the means, however, of consoling her; and explained to her that a salmon-leap was no novelty to me, and that I was fully persuaded that an Irish salmon *did* sometimes leap, as well as those of other countries, although I was not so fortunate as to see it.

Close to the Cutts stand the ruins of a building of considerable size, which I was told was formerly a large mill, that unfortunately had been destroyed by fire. It must once have been a splendid building, and being the property of the London Irish Society, it is rather surprising they have not thought of re-building it. At a short distance, on the opposite bank, stands one of those mounds or barrows which are not uncommon in England, and which are supposed to have been the graves of distinguished persons in days of yore. It was lofty, and planted with trees to the very summit. There is a new and an old church at Coleraine, and several chapels of different persuasions, from the Presbyterians downwards; a free-school, erected by the London Irish Society, and others supported by private contributions. There is a reading-room, and two or three booksellers' shops. The population, I was told, was between 5000 and 6000 souls.

Coleraine has long been celebrated for its fabrics of all kinds of linen; but I neither saw nor heard of any large manufactures, and I should think that the establishment of those at Belfast has superseded the necessity of them at Coleraine. It is, however, a good market for all that is manufactured in the surrounding country, to a considerable distance from it, by hand-looms. In the immediate neighbourhood I observed only two bleach-greens. The superior quality of the fabric is said to have induced the manufacturers and agents of other places to mark their pieces as *Coleraines*. The port is a very indifferent one for trade; the rapid course of the Bann, and the swell setting in from the sea, have caused a dangerous bar at the mouth of the river. I saw but one vessel, a small cutter, moored to the bridge. The chief trade, I understand, is with Liverpool, which supplies them with colonial produce, barilla, flax-seed, coals, and other articles, in return for linen, salmon, both fresh and salt, salt butter, eggs, and grain.

I passed the night at Coleraine, in a tolerably good inn, at a corner of the square, and on the following morning started for Londonderry in one of the *public* cars—not Bianconi's, of whom you have no doubt heard, whose celebrated vehicles are chiefly confined to the south—but one of those self-same *outside* cars, drawn by a single horse, that carried me to Belfast, and in which I have hitherto travelled since parting with my friends at Cushendall, the same being adapted for the conveyance of

four passengers. Now, as this was to me a new mode of travelling in public, though not a new conveyance, I determined to try it, particularly as the distance is not very great, and we had the whole day before us. The fare was very low, and the conveyance bad in the same proportion. At first starting there was but one other passenger, and we got on tolerably well, but before long we took up two in addition. We had now not proceeded many paces, when snap went the spring, and down went the car, the seat resting on the wheel, and throwing off the passengers on that side, leaving myself and another perched up, on the opposite side, with our heels dangling in the air. It happened, unluckily, to give way just as we were passing a parcel of boys on the road, and we were of course fair subjects for their amusement and ridicule. My companion whispered to me that as Pat is seldom at a loss on a pinch, we shall somehow or other soon get right again; and, sure enough, our driver procured, I know not how, a log of wood, and fastening it under the broken spring, raised the car from off the wheel, so as to enable us to proceed. The little boys *hurraed* us along, and in a few minutes, greatly to their delight, bump went the car again, owing to the slipping of the wood. Again it was replaced, and again we jogged on slowly, until the harness gave way, and a third time we came to a full stop. Add to all this, the horse took it into his head to make several occasional halts, and all the swearing, and whipping, and coax-

ing, could hardly prevail on the animal to move. Indeed, several times I thought that we should never reach Derry this day.

It appeared to me that Pat himself was very much disposed to *leave us on the road;* and, in fact, on arriving at Londonderry he bundled us out of his car, on the middle of the bridge, bag and baggage, saying that he could go no farther, as he had already gone beyond his mark;—and, totally regardless of all my intreaties to be taken to an inn, the unfeeling fellow left me to trudge into the town, a couple of little boys having volunteered to carry my baggage, while I walked alongside, desiring them to take me to the first inn we should come to. I can pardon the driver, however, after having seen the town; for I am quite certain that it would have been utterly impossible for his jaded beast ever to have ascended one of the steepest streets in Europe.

I may now give you a brief sketch of the road. For some distance from Coleraine, on either side of it, were small houses of the villa kind, with gardens and orchards adjoining; and beyond them were substantial farm-houses, where they were getting in their hay, which, I apprehend, from the lateness of the season, must have been the second crop. Wheat, barley, and oats were still uncut. To these succeeded a brown heathy moor of considerable elevation, where no houses, save one at the top of the hill, appeared for a distance of

four or five miles: this moor I soon discovered to be a peat-bog, from the number of peat-stacks piled up in different spots, besides which there was little to attract attention. Beyond these the country put on a smiling appearance; and when about half-way to Derry, we arrived at Newtown Limavady, to give our jaded beast a wisp of hay and a little water. Limavady is a well-built decent-looking village, or small town, of one spacious street, consisting of remarkably good houses. It is situated on the Roe, a delightful clear stream, flowing through a deer-park, named after the river, and thence pursuing its course to Lough Foyle. Nothing can be more beautiful than the valley through which the Roe winds its course; and, indeed, the whole landscape about Limavady as far as the eye can reach. The country around is well inhabited, and every house appears to have its orchard and garden, and appropriate outhouses. Within a short distance of the village are not less than nine or ten bleach-greens, from which I conclude that a great portion of the country is employed in the culture of flax and the preparation of linen. The smell of the flax steeping in the wells sufficiently indicated this. The little cottages, no doubt belonging to the weavers, are, like those of Antrim, built of stone, and have a neat appearance; but there is this distinctive character which makes them differ from an English cottage,—that they are all open to the road in front, and want that little

paled-off garden enclosure, so common to our meanest cottages, to protect the daisies, the lilies, and the wallflowers below, and the China-roses, the woodbine, the jasmine, or clematis, that trail up their sides, and hang in festoons over the door.

At three or four miles from Limavady is Walworth-house, in the midst of a wood that cannot be less than three or four hundred acres, planted, as I was informed, chiefly on bog; it belongs to the London Society. We now came in sight of Lough Foyle and the long range of Innishowen mountains on the opposite side of the Lough, and which divide it from Lough Swilly. This ridge of hills is generally known by the name of the *Backbone*, from the resemblance, or supposed resemblance, of their summits to the vertebræ of this part of the animal structure.

The whole of this great extent of land between the two Loughs, famous, as you may perhaps have heard, for its *potheen*, or, as it is vulgarly called, whiskey, is, I am told, the property of Lord Donegal, whose character stands high in this part of the country. All seemed to agree that he was one of the best landlords in Ireland. Sir Robert Fergusson, the member for the city of Derry, whose property lies a little away from the town, is also spoken of as a good landlord.

From hence the greater part of the land, as we approached Derry, belongs to the different London companies, while the London Society has all within the walls and for three miles round

them, which are called the Liberties. We passed a large portion of this property, called Green's Hall, and I was much struck with the handsome buildings—good houses, schools, churches, all substantially built with brick, and as easily distinguished from the common run of houses, as the Ordnance buildings are in England. After a beautiful drive close to the shores of Lough Foyle, a turn in the road to the left brought us in sight of Londonderry.

The situation of this city is beautiful. In descending towards the town, the first object that catches the eye is the tall and elegant spire of the Cathedral, which stands upon the very summit of the hill, on which the town is built. Advancing nearer, the whole extent of the town, sloping down to the river Foyle, which sweeps round it, opens to the view, presenting a curious and picturesque appearance, such as is not usually met with in England. It is another Edinburgh on a small scale. The streets are so very steep that I should suppose them not accessible by a carriage; very irregular, with the exception of four main streets, which open into the Diamond, or square, in the centre of which is the Corporation Hall. Each of these streets is terminated by an arched gateway through the old city wall. There are some good shops in Derry. One in particular, kept by a fashionable milliner, with its large plate-glass windows, would not disgrace our Regent Street. There are, also,

several booksellers' shops and two reading-rooms. Altogether Derry is a clean and a pretty town. A beautiful broad walk is carried round the ramparts, which is the public promenade, and from it is an extensive and splendid view both of the Lough and the River Foyle. The suburbs are rather extensive, especially on the south-west side, where a continuation of Bishop's Street is carried beyond the wall to the distance of nearly a mile, passing a piece of ground prettily laid out, called the Bishop's Garden.

The public buildings are all of the best order. Those within the walls are the Cathedral, or St. Columb's Church, the Bishop's Palace, the Chapel of Ease and Diocesan School, the Linen Hall, and the Exchange. Without the walls are numerous chapels of all denominations of Christians—one Roman Catholic and three Methodist chapels, four seceding meeting-houses, and two schools. The Infirmary, the Lunatic Asylum, the Jail, and a free-school with its grounds, the latter built and kept up at the expense of the London Society, who, as I have said, have extensive property in and about Derry. The Lunatic Asylum stands in the midst of eight or nine acres, and will contain one hundred and fifty patients. It is appropriated for the reception of the unfortunates whose name it bears, of the three counties of Derry, Tyrone, and Donegal. About this time, there were seventy-two male and seventy-five female patients. The place is kept

exceedingly clean, and appears to be well conducted; kind treatment is alone adopted. Great use is made of baths, which are said to have proved of benefit in restoring patients, and also of affording facilities in restraining them. The medical men object to their reading religious books, or receiving religious instruction.

The Cathedral is a handsome structure, without decoration, and fitted up just as a parish church should be. The lower part of the steeple is perhaps rather too large for the body of the building; but, on the whole, this edifice appears to be suitable to its situation. The spire is one hundred and seventy-eight feet from the ground, of which the tower is ninety feet. The Court-house is a regular piece of architecture. The façade is enriched with a portico of the Ionic order, said to be after that of the Temple of Erechtheus at Athens.

I have more than once spoken of the London Society, of which you may probably be informed; but as many may not, I will briefly state what it is.

In the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign, O'Neill and several other Catholics of eminence in the province of Ulster rebelled against the crown, were subdued, and attainted of high treason; their possessions in the six northern counties, in the reign of James I., were vested in the crown, as forfeited property. This monarch, having determined to make a settlement of English and Scotch

Protestants on the forfeited lands, applied to the citizens of London to undertake the plantation, and granted them a charter, by which the Irish Society of London was incorporated. Charles I. revoked this charter; Charles II. restored and confirmed it; and under it the Society still continues to act as a corporate body. As it was necessary to raise a large sum of money for the first establishment of the settlement, the forfeited estates were divided among twelve chief companies of the City of London, but still under the paramount jurisdiction of the Irish Society, and liable to be called on, if necessary, to contribute, in common with the estates still held in the Society's hands, towards the maintenance of public works and edifices—for supporting the civil government of the City of Derry and town of Coleraine;—for repairing churches, establishing schools, &c. The Society consists of one governor, one deputy-governor, and twenty-four assistants, all chosen from among the most respectable citizens of London. The twelve companies, among whom certain lands in Ireland were to be divided, are the great companies of the City*, to each of whom are annexed a few of the inferior ones. But the houses in Londonderry and Coleraine, the lands attached thereto, and the woods, ferries, and fisheries, were not divided, but specially retained

* These companies are, the Mercers, Drapers, Grocers, Fishmongers, Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant Tailors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, Clothworkers.

by the Society for the purposes of the plantation. The Society is also a trustee for the twelve companies, who are absolute owners of their estates.

Whether the estates of the Society and the Companies are well or ill managed, I cannot pretend to say; but in a Report made by the Society in 1824 it appeared that, within the preceding eight years, the rent-roll had increased to 2250*l*. No one can look upon the public buildings of Derry and Coleraine, more especially the former, without being struck with the great superiority over those in other towns of Ulster. But still it appears to me a confused sort of tenure; and the fact is, that many legal proceedings have been resorted to, as to the rights and privileges of this mixed proprietorship, without any satisfactory result, except to the gentlemen of the long robe. My own opinion is, from a very slight acquaintance with the case, that such extensive and valuable estates in Ireland, managed by a Court of Directors sitting in the City of London, is just the very worst possible sort of absenteeism that can well be imagined; and is so much the worse as, if I am rightly informed, many of their leases are granted in perpetuity at a nominal rent.

Every body has heard of the memorable siege of Londonderry, which has scarcely its parallel in the history of sieges. But, as you may not recollect all the circumstances, I send you a summary or note of it, which I wrote out before leaving England,

in order that I might feel a deeper interest in viewing the monument of the pious, the brave, the resolute, and the indomitable Walker.

Shortly after the arrival in Ireland of that weak and infatuated monarch, James II., who left Brest to proceed thither in 1688, he resolved upon reducing the northern provinces to submission, towards which a considerable progress had already been made by General Hamilton, who had defeated the Protestants at Dromore and Hillsborough with great slaughter, and subsequently driven them to Derry and Enniskillen, which were considered the strongholds of the northern counties.

To this city, however, Tyrconnel, the King's deputy, detached the Earl of Antrim's regiment, consisting entirely of Papists, Irish and Highlanders. A body of twelve hundred men, tall and terrible in their aspect, followed by a crowd of women and children, arrived at Limavady, within twelve miles of Derry, at the very moment the inhabitants had received information of an intended massacre, which had been announced by the Popish priests to their congregations.

Two aldermen, Tomkins and Norman, consulted the bishop, who, cautious from years, preached peace and submission; some of the graver citizens concurred with him. The troops approached; two officers were already in the town; the advanced party appeared within three hundred yards of the ferry-gate. In this critical moment, nine young

men, apprentices, with an enthusiastic ardour, snatched up the keys of the city,—raised the draw-bridge,—locked the ferry-gate,—were instantly joined by numbers of their own class,—secured the other gates,—assembled in the great square,—seized the magazine, and were soon countenanced and applauded by men of better condition. The body of the inhabitants caught the same spirit, and declared for "No surrender,"—the cry of the apprentices.

The King marched at the head of his army in April, 1689; and so certain was he of success, that he determined not to press the siege, but to convert it into a blockade, chiefly with a view of exercising his new-raised men. On his approach to the town, the governor is stated to have immediately entered into secret negociations with the intent of surrendering; notwithstanding which the King was unexpectedly saluted with a heavy discharge of cannon from the walls of the city. A council of war had been held, at which it was declared that the town was not tenable, the supply of provisions being thought unequal to that of ten days' consumption. The inhabitants were therefore advised to surrender.

The proposal appears to have been received with rage and indignation; great disorder prevailed throughout the city, and the frantic people imagined that they were betrayed and sold to the Papists. In this position of affairs, a regiment of volunteers, under the command of Murray, a gentle-

man of property in the North, arrived at Derry; the inhabitants determined upon defending the city, and were greatly encouraged by Murray, who is described to have been a man of some discretion and great zeal in the Protestant cause.

But among these brave and resolute Northerns, who had taken arms against Tyrconnel and his master, was George Walker, a clergyman and rector of a parish in the County of Tyrone. He raised a regiment and commanded it—he flew from post to post, conferred with the leaders, animated the people, and then hastened to Derry. The government had been entrusted to one Lundy, who represented the place untenable, and prevented two English regiments from landing. He was, in fact, a traitor, and the people discovered it. They exclaimed against the governor, the council, and every suspected officer; they called out for vengeance against their betrayers; they slew one officer, when attempting to escape, and wounded another. They appointed two new governors, the gallant Walker and a Major Baker, that, in the event of one falling, another might be ready to take his place. By these officers the citizens were formed into eight regiments, amounting to seven thousand and twenty men, and three hundred and forty-one officers.

There is not, probably, on record a more painfully-interesting history than the siege of Derry,—one where more laudable enthusiasm was shown for the Protestant cause, more actual valour displayed, or a greater degree of pious resignation to

the endurance of almost unequalled hardships, amidst the most unpromising aspect of affairs.

The town was meanly fortified and miserably supplied to sustain a siege; it was encumbered with thirty thousand fugitives, who could give them no assistance, and assailed by twenty thousand besiegers; but the plain, unstudied, and touching eloquence of Walker gave them resolution and courage, and, with the blessing of God, a determination to stand or fall in defence of their wives, their children, and their religion. Eleven days James in person continued his assaults, with repeated mortifications, and, at the end of that time, with rage and disappointment returned to Dublin.

Disease and famine now began to thin their ranks, but the severest trial they were to sustain, and in which their trust in Divine Providence could alone have supported them, was at that period of the siege when, nearly reduced to the last extremity, a squadron of British vessels, laden with troops, stores, and provisions, was seen upon the waters of Lough Foyle, at sight of which the joy of the inhabitants was unbounded; the ramparts were crowded with the populace, anxious to make signals to pilot the vessels into Derry, when suddenly the fleet was seen to haul to windward and stand out to sea. "Faith and patience," says O'Driscoll, in his History of the Siege, "are the great foundations of the Christian religion; and though all are called upon to practise them, there have been few instances, perhaps, of a severer trial than this was to the for-

lorn citizens of Derry. Death was rapidly thinning the ranks of the heroic garrison more effectually than the sword of the enemy. Their food had been chiefly reduced to dead horses, dogs, cats, rats, and all loathsome vermin. The extremity and horror of the famine had nearly dissolved all discipline and authority."

When James, tired of the siege, had returned to Dublin, he committed the command of the army to General De Rosen, who now took measures for preventing the further approach of vessels to relieve the garrison. A boom of considerable strength, composed of wood and iron, and floated by timber, was stretched across the narrowest part of Lough Foyle from side to side. Batteries were erected upon the margin, and troops stationed close to the water's edge.

The British vessels had sailed to Lough Swilly, from whence a communication was received from General Kirk, who commanded the troops in the squadron, recommending the garrison to hold out, and assuring the inhabitants that all was going on well in England and Scotland for the Protestant cause; but the reason of his sudden departure seemed to be involved in mystery, and was severely censured by Bishop Burnet and others as unnecessary.

The sufferings of the people of Derry were prolonged for a period of six weeks by this conduct of Kirk, who, learning that it had been heard with

surprise and indignation in England, again despatched to Derry two store ships, with the Dartmouth frigate, commanded by Captain (afterwards Sir John) Leake. The above vessels were observed to approach. The enemy, from their batteries, thundered furiously upon these ships, which returned their fire with spirit. The foremost of the victuallers struck violently against the boom and broke it, but, rebounding with the shock, took the ground. The enemy, with shouts of joy, prepared to board her; on the crowded walls the garrison stood stupified by despair. At this critical moment the victualler fired a broadside, the sudden shock of which floated the vessel, the tide at the same time rising; she passed the boom, and was followed by her companions up to Derry.

"This relief," says Walker in his Diary, "arrived to the inexpressible joy and transport of our distressed garrison, for we only reckoned upon two days of life. We had only nine lean horses left, and one pint of meal to each man. Hunger and fatigue of war had so prevailed among us, that of seven thousand five hundred men, regimented at the commencement of the siege, we had now alive but four thousand three hundred, of whom at least one-fourth part were rendered unserviceable."

Yet these wretched spectres, thus relieved, had scarcely tasted food, when they had the unconquerable courage to march in pursuit of the enemy;

and some few perished by adventuring too boldly on their rear guard. The Papist forces retired dispirited to Strabane, having lost eight thousand men by disease and the sword, during a siege, which had been protracted to the extraordinary period of one hundred and five days.

King William bestowed on Walker a present of 5000*l.* and great church patronage; but nothing could induce him to lead an inactive life, while the unnatural enemy was in the field; and this brave man lost his life at the battle of the Boyne, where he fell by a cannon ball by the side of the king. The inhabitants of Derry, in grateful remembrance, have erected on the central western bastion a fluted column of the Doric order, surmounted by a statue of this distinguished man, of Portland stone, ninety feet high, of which the statue itself is nine feet. It is quite right that the people of Derry should continue, as they do, to commemorate the anniversary of "the shutting the gates of Londonderry" by the apprentice boys, when the hanging and burning in effigy of the traitor Lundy is still observed, and the standing toast is drunk, "To the glorious, pious and immortal memory of the great King William, who saved us from Popery, slavery, brass money, and wooden shoes, and left us the House of Brunswick as a legacy." So long as we think proper to commemorate the 5th of November, so long may the people of Derry be well excused for celebrating the anniversary of the 18th of December.

The increase of population is not always a just criterion of the increase of prosperity, yet it may generally, and more especially in commercial or manufacturing towns, be considered so. Judging by this rule, Londonderry would not have been esteemed for the last ten or twelve years in a flourishing condition. It appears from Marshall's tables, that the population of Derry in

1821 was 9,313
1831 „ 10,130 } increase 817,

being at the rate of eight and eight-tenths per cent. in ten years*. It is, however, admirably situated for trade, and has a fine productive country on every side of it in wheat and other grain, linen fabrics, beef, pork, and butter. Vessels of great burden come close along the quays and up to the very bridge, the depth of water being from twenty-five to thirty feet, and the rise and fall of the tide eight to ten feet.

The advantages of steam-navigation are here sensibly felt by the farmers along the whole line of coast from Derry to Dublin. Their live stock, particularly pigs and sheep, are sent to Glasgow, Bristol, and Liverpool at a very cheap rate. A firkin of butter, for instance, can be sent from Derry to Liverpool for a penny; in fact, the certainty and cheapness of steam-navigation are such, that an Irish

* According to the estimate of the late Dr. Beaufort and two others, made nearly fifty years ago, the population of Derry then exceeded ten thousand souls.

farmer, in the vicinity of a port, is quite as well off for a market, as an English or Scotch farmer at sixty miles from Liverpool or Glasgow.

The Foyle is here about a quarter of a mile in width, and is crossed by a wooden bridge one thousand and sixty-eight feet long, with a naked wooden floor, over which the rattling noise of the cars put me in mind of that of the droskies over the Isaac Bridge across the Neva with its wooden floor, to which that of the Foyle bears a resemblance. One part of the floor draws up to let vessels pass, and the Foyle is navigable by lighters and other craft of twenty or thirty tons burden as high up as Lifford, a distance of twelve or fourteen miles, and to Strabane, with the aid of a canal which joins the Foyle. By these rivers, and the Finn and the Mourne, the produce of Tyrone and of Donegal easily finds its way to Derry, receiving in return, barilla, pearl-ashes, flax-seed, deals, coals, and iron, —the trade and the manufacture of linen thus extending over the whole county. All this business is transacted by a few established houses in Derry and Coleraine, which will, perhaps, be sufficient to account for their small increase in population. If we compare the two counties of Antrim and Derry, we shall find them stand as under:—

	Population.	Acres.
Antrim . .	227,934	492,000
Derry . .	263,622	405,334
Difference	35,688	86,666

Hence it is clear that Antrim, having more land and less population than Derry, must be less agricultural and more manufacturing than Derry, and consequently more favourable to an increase of population in its towns.

The fisheries of the Foyle contribute little to the trade or the consumption of Derry. The salmon do not appear to affect this stream. In some of the branches that fall into the Lough on the right bank below the bridge there are a few taken, but of no importance. I understand, however, that there is an extensive oyster-bank in the Lough, so productive as, in the season, to be sold at from threepence to sixpence a hundred; and that a few years ago twopence a hundred was the common price, but that now they were sent, like all other articles of provision, to Liverpool.

The banks of the Foyle are not so well wooded as those of the Bann, but numerous handsome villas are seen scattered over the country both above and below Derry; and I should say, from what I have seen of the county and of this neighbourhood, that it wants nothing but more trees and some hawthorn hedges, to place it on a comparison with some of the best parts of England.

LETTER VII.

FROM LONDONDERRY TO ENNISKILLEN.

Mail-coach—Strabane and Lifford—Castle Finn—Sterile Country—Gap of Barnosmore—Mistake respecting Rapin—Donegal—View of the Atlantic—M'Swine's Gun—Ballyshannon—Salmon-leap—Specimen of Irish Travelling—Arrival at Enniskillen.

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Enniskillen, 8th September, 1835.

HAVING satisfied my curiosity in and around Derry, I took my place in the mail-coach, on the morning of the 6th, for Donegal. This being my second trial of his Majesty's mails in Ireland, I was glad to find it very differently conducted from that between Belfast and Larne. It was in all respects a well-appointed coach, and travelled at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour; but they are not so particular here about being *behind time* as the mail-coaches are in our own country.

We carried the Foyle and its pretty banks along with us nearly as far as Strabane, on the borders of the County of Tyrone, and enjoyed the prospect of a beautiful and well-cultivated country the whole way, abounding with gentlemen's houses and good substantial farms; most of the land under tillage. The mail stopped merely to change horses at Stra-

bane, so that you must not expect me to furnish you with any description of the place; but, from the roof of the coach, the houses appear of a higher order, cleaner, and in better condition, than they commonly are in towns of this class. It is, in fact, a central mart for cattle, linen, grain, and other produce, to be conveyed hence for shipment at Derry. On the whole, I should imagine it a thriving town; that it is so, may be further surmised from comparing the population of 1821 with that of 1831. In the former it was 4116; in the latter 4700, being a difference of 584, or an increase of 14 per cent. in ten years. Both Strabane and Lifford, which are near each other, and the latter of which we passed at a short distance, had much the same appearance as an ordinary small town in England.

The Foyle loses its name at Lifford, but not before it has received the waters of three considerable streams—the Finn, flowing out of Lake Finn—which, after collecting several smaller streams from the mountains of Donegal, sweeps along with considerable rapidity into the Foyle; and the Morne and the Poe from Tyrone also add their supplies to the volume of the Foyle. Our road lay along the banks of the Finn as far as Castle Finn, a village to which it is said to be navigable for small craft.

We here turned off to the westward, passed Stranorlan and Ballyhofey, when we left the river on our right, and proceeded to the southward in the direc-

tion of Donegal. Here the face of the country suffered a change for the worse; the number of peat-stacks, in the shape of truncated pyramids, denoted the presence of bogs. To the southward of Castle Finn is another small town called Newtown Stuart, behind which are seen two conical mountains, whose summits were just visible above the horizon, known by the whimsical names of Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, which I always thought were Scotch and not Irish "bonny lassies."

The appearance of the country had now not only changed its character to that of sterility, which increased as we proceeded, but all to the right, as far as the eye could reach, was one continued waving line of brown barren heath, ascending in the distance to lofty hills, which, I was told, continued to join the chain of mountains bounding the whole sea-coast of Donegal. It was just that kind of country, and I believe we passed the very spot, which drew from the Earl of Bristol the observation, "that it presented nothing curious to engage admiration, and nothing horrid enough to stare at."

We soon, however, approached an object which, though not horrid enough to stare at, was certainly curious enough to engage admiration: this is the remarkable gap, or pass, between two mountain-ranges, of which you may probably have heard, that takes the name of the Gap of Barnosmore. As we advanced towards it, I was particularly

struck with the strong resemblance to each other of the two abrupt mountainous elevations which form the entrance into the defile. Their height, on a rough guess, may be about eight hundred feet, rising at once out of the level plain. The two cheeks of the gap, as I perceived in driving through it, had an exact similarity of formation,—so very exact indeed, that one would not hesitate to say they must at one time have been united, were it not for the great width of the gap, probably about four hundred yards. The two slopes at the base exactly agree, and the inequalities of the ridges at the summits are the same on either side; the strata of the rock, where visible, also correspond; and, in short, it appeared to me that the surface of the two sides, if brought together, would exactly fit each other.

The length of this ravine I concluded to be about three miles, and at every little turning the wind howled through it furiously. A small stream of water ran down it to the northward, and here and there was the appearance of water having gushed down the two sides. In winter, I imagine, the passage of it must be peculiarly wild and dreary. The only thing that now enlivened it, even in summer, were the blossoms of the furze and the heath that grew vigorously about the bases, and up the sides in the crevices of the rock. The road through it is very good, and nearly level.

A reverend divine, who some years ago published

"Sketches in Ireland," under the signature of C. O., mentions a sort of castellated ruin near the northern entrance, in a position commanding the defile, said to have been erected in King James's war. I saw nothing of it; though at a distance, on the right, I observed something like a castle or fort on a hill. "Here it is said," observes this author, "that Rapin, one of those French Huguenots who did William such good military service, and who have been beneficial to every country where they took refuge; here, it is said, this honest and impartial historian compiled his voluminous history." I need not observe to you, that this is wholly incorrect. Rapin followed the Prince of Orange into England, went as an ensign to Ireland, distinguished himself at the siege of Carrickfergus, where he was promoted to a lieutenancy, was present at the battle of the Boyne and at the siege of Limerick, where he was wounded, and returned to England to take charge of the education of the Duke of Portland's son, and never again visited Ireland. His History was written at Wesel, in the duchy of Cleves, where he lived in retirement, and spent the remainder of his life.

After emerging from the defile, I observed rather a pretty lake on the right, though it was not set out with any very picturesque or romantic accompaniments, beyond a few patches of wood: it is called the Eask, and from it issues a river which continues its course to Donegal, and thence into the bay. On

the left, after quitting the defile, the same kind of dreary waste of heath and bog continues, as that which at the entrance presented itself to our view; but the course of the Eask took us to some distance over a beautiful country studded with villas and good substantial farm-houses.

We passed several parties on the road and, being Sunday, all appeared tidily dressed, the women wearing bright red cloaks, such as are common in Wales. They were evidently going to their several churches and chapels to attend divine service; and I am free to confess, I felt a little uneasy and ashamed at the bad example I was showing in travelling on that day, which, as you know, is not my usual custom. I had, indeed, intended to remain at Derry and to attend the cathedral service; but those to whom I carried letters of introduction were absent, and I had seen all that I was desirous of seeing.

But though the people were well dressed, and exceedingly decent in their manner, we had passed on both sides the gap some very wretched habitations, by far the most so, indeed, that I had hitherto seen in Ireland. They were built of unshapen stones, loosely placed together, without mortar or even clay to stop up the crevices, and thus but ill calculated to keep out the weather; roofed, too, in a manner suited to the walls; miserably thatched with sticks and rushes, or covered with sods instead

of thatch; some had a sort of basket-work chimney and others only a hole to let out the smoke.

It was about three in the afternoon when the mail drove into Donegal, where it had been my intention to have slept; but I found to my great mortification that the only hotel in the town was full of visiters, who usually resort hither during the summer months to drink the waters of a spa in the neighbourhood which is in great repute, and the more so, as Sir Humphry Davy, I was assured, had "analysed and tasted the water," and pronounced it to be admirable. As far as I could judge from the smell, which was quite enough, and from what I heard others say, the water of this spa is as nearly as possible of the same quality as the hepatic waters of Harrowgate.

Donegal is a very small town, so small indeed as scarcely to entitle it to any thing beyond the name of a village. They told me the population was about 900 or 1000 souls. It would seem, however, to be a little on the increase. There is a pretty-looking church and a chapel, besides two or three meeting-houses; indeed, I heard that in this small population they reckoned no fewer than nine different pursuasions of Christians. The town is evidently improving. I remarked some good houses in progress for the accommodation of the summer visiters. There is said to be a good market for grain; and that oats for Liverpool, and emigrants for America, are the principal exports. Vessels of considerable burden sometimes come up to take in

their cargoes at the very quay, but the channel is narrow and insecure, and they mostly prefer lying in the bay. At the corner of a large open street (no doubt the market-place) in which the hotel was situated, stands a very fine ruin of an old castle, said to have been the ancient residence of the O'Donnells.

I was amply repaid by strolling up a hill to the right of the town; it had the appearance of a mound thrown up by human hands, and is said to have been the place on which the kings of the O'Donnell race were crowned. From this spot a beautiful view of the sea opens out upon the spectator; and this being the first glance I had obtained of the tumultuous Atlantic since my arrival in Ireland, I was not a little transported at the sight. There is something in surveying the boundless expanse of the ocean that elevates the mind, while at the same time it appears to depress the spirits. To me, at least, it has the effect of inspiring a sort of melancholy pleasure, which I can neither explain nor account for. In the vastness and grandeur of a boundless ocean like the Atlantic,—as unlimited to the eye as the infinity of space or the eternity of time is inconceivable by the mind,—we feel the idea of the sublime, more strongly, perhaps, than in viewing any other object of the creation. My own feelings, on such occasions, are in full accord with what the noble poet has so beautifully expressed:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."

Turning the eye landwards from the point where I stood, the whole extent of the country is seen chequered with a succession of hills and valleys, while a range of broken mountains extends along the sea-coast to the northward. The Bay of Donegal is rendered the more interesting by the number of little islands scattered over its surface. In short, this hill affords as pretty and varied a panorama as one would wish to see. I am not sure whether this mound is within the domain of Mountcharles, a seat of the Marquess of Conyngham, that stretches along the heights of this part of the coast, and overlooks the Bay of Donegal, but I believe it is. Here also, on the same ridge, is a seat belonging to the Earl of Belmore.

I had hoped for an opportunity of making some inquiries after an ancient wooden house that had been discovered on the shore of Donegal Bay, at the bottom of a deep bog, and examined and described by Captain Mudge, of the Royal Navy, who had been surveying that bay, and to whom I had a letter of introduction; but he was absent. I

shall, however, get the particulars, and let you know further about this singular discovery.

I had read some wonderful account of a natural curiosity on the coast of Donegal, called M'Swine's gun, where it is said to give a report so loud as frequently to be heard twenty or thirty miles inland, when "firing Nature's signals of distress," as the writer of "Sketches in Ireland" has it; and further, that "the report announces that earth and ocean are labouring in the hurricane." This natural gun, it seems, is a perpendicular shaft, rising to the surface from a horizontal cavern under a cliff; and when the sea is forced by a storm into the cavern, up flies the water through the shaft "some hundreds of feet high, like the geysers of Iceland, with a report louder than cannon, and has been heard in the city of Derry!" How a sensible man can write such impossibilities!

Being unable, as I have said, to obtain a night's lodging, I hired a jaunting car and drove on to Ballyshannon, where I hoped to meet with better luck, as the evening was closing in. I had paid in the north at the rate of eightpence a mile for this species of conveyance, but here the demand was no more than sixpence, and both the vehicle and horse were good of their kind. The distance from Donegal to Ballyshannon is ten miles. Half-way is the village of Ballintra, near which are some fine plantations of wood belonging to Mr. Hamilton. From Donegal to this place there was an evident improvement in the cottages, which were, generally speaking, neat

and comfortable-looking dwellings; and the road is rendered interesting by occasional glimpses that are obtained of the sea; but the scenery became wild and dreary as we approached Ballyshannon; the mountains were naked, and the valleys abounded with heath and bogs.

I drove to the *hotel*, as the landlord is pleased to call it, but you must not picture to yourself a second Clarendon, for every dirty inn in Ireland appears to be equally dignified by the name of hotel; nor must you suppose that I mean to speak slightingly of Mr. Brown's establishment, where I passed the night, and which was quite as good as a traveller has any right to expect in such an out-of-the-way spot as Ballyshannon. I was sorry to hear that some of the people of the neighbourhood, on the Donegal side, are considered to be ill-disposed, and that the town itself has many bad characters in it. I was told it was not safe to venture even as far as the bridge at the foot of the street after dusk, without a brace of pistols in one's pocket; but when the narrator mentioned to me, as a grievance, that the Catholics at Ballyshannon out-numbered the Protestants as three to one nearly, I set him down for a party-man, and, as such, not much entitled to belief.

There was, however, a very suspicious and odd-looking man in the streets of Ballyshannon, who, if he had not been pointed out to me as a well-known character, might have raised a doubt in my mind how far it was safe to trust myself with him. He

was a sort of tramping beggar, (I believe they call them *buckaghs*) who had all the air and freedom of a man of the world, with

"An eye like Mars to *threaten* and command."

On observing his large eyes sternly and steadily fixed upon me, and having been told that he had marked the gentleman so as he should always know him again wherever he might chance to fall in with him, I thought it prudent, at least, to be on good terms with him; and therefore took an opportunity of sending him on an errand, for which I was careful to give him what I thought an ample remuneration, and with which he was quite satisfied. I was informed that, with all his fierce looks, he was a very gentle, good-humoured fellow; and, indeed, so I found him when sober, but at other times that one could not feel quite so safe in his company. He was described to me as merely one of those meddling busy bodies of the Dicky Gossip breed, who make it their study to know everybody and every thing that is going on.

Ballyshannon is a small town of little interest, where there is but one object of attraction—the fall of the river, or salmon-leap, to which, of course, I paid a visit. It is a fine rush of the Erne over a ledge of rocks, somewhere about the height of fourteen or fifteen feet, which, when the tide is in, may be reduced to ten or twelve. The fall is just below the bridge, and not far above the mouth of the river. I found one or two people amusing themselves with a

rod and line throwing the fly, but I did not see them land any fish. *Apropos* of this salmon-leap. It is commonly said that "there is no accounting for tastes." A sensible and travelled gentleman, who wrote a "Tour in Ireland"—'tis sixty years since,—says "the Giants' Causeway is an object which is scarcely worth going so far to see; but the salmon-leap at Ballyshannon is a scene of such a singular nature as is not to be found elsewhere, and is as peculiar to Ireland as bull-fights are to Spain."

There is but a single street deserving the name of one at Ballyshannon, in which the hotel is situated. It slopes down to the river, and at the foot of it is the narrow, ill-constructed bridge, close to which, on the right, stands the barracks. There is, however, another street on the opposite side of the river, and nearly parallel to it. The only building that attracted my attention, besides the barracks, was the church, which stands on an eminence just above the salmon-leap, apart from the town. It is a plain-looking structure.

Not far from Ballyshannon, on the sea-side, is a little watering-place called Bundoran, which they say is much resorted to; and such would appear to be the case, as no less than three cars, which passed through the town on their way to Enniskillen at different periods of the morning, were quite full. I could not, therefore, obtain a seat, and was compelled to wait till the afternoon, and then to proceed by the mail; and as it is of some importance to know

"how one travels in Ireland," I cannot do better than give you another specimen of this day's proceedings.

The Enniskillen mail was drawn by three horses, one being driven as a leader, which was not easily managed, as is rarely the case when harnessed with only one leader. He was a violent-tempered, furious *kicker,* and could only be kept quiet, as to his heels, by dint of flogging and making him do his work. Going down hill, when the traces became slack, and he felt himself somewhat at liberty, he was particularly unruly; and the driver was therefore compelled to flog him into a gallop, at which frightful pace we descended the hills. Just as we had reached the foot of one of them in safety, and were ascending the next, we stopped to receive a bag of letters, and at this very moment it was discovered that the fore axletree was broken in two, holding together only by a splinter, and the fore wheels spreading out on either side; the coach was so disabled that it could not even be moved, but was obliged to be left in the midst of the high road. The guard mounted one of the horses, and rode away towards Enniskillen with the mail, while the coachman, as we afterwards found, mounted another, and went back to Ballyshannon to procure a fresh coach; it being absolutely necessary that one should be at Enniskillen to bring away the mail the following morning.

It was no small consolation to find that I had

escaped with my limbs unbroken, and I may say with something more serious; for, being seated on the box, if the axletree had broken one minute sooner when galloping down the hill, both the coachman and myself must inevitably have been thrown between the horses: of this I can speak from experience, having when a boy, as you know too well, been thrown from the box of your carriage by a similar accident, when both wheels passed over me, and I narrowly escaped with my life.

Leaving our baggage in the coach, three other passengers and myself decided to walk on to the nearest place, where we hoped to procure a car. This was the little village of Belleek, between three and four miles from Ballyshannon. We went to a decent-looking house, a sort of inn, where we had been told that a car was likely to be obtained. It is true there was one; but in vain were our entreaties for the use of it, as it was unfortunately engaged for a certain hour of the afternoon, and could not be parted with. The good woman of the house seemed, as I thought, to waver, and I used all my persuasive eloquence with her daughters, two fine bouncing girls, to assist us in our difficulties, but with no success. It happened, luckily, that one of our passengers was well known in those parts, and through his activity we got a car, and not without great difficulty a horse, one that, by much persuasion, and a valuable consideration, we prevailed on the owner to take out of a cart, in which the

poor creature had been worked, so at least we suspected, all the morning, and on we jogged at a very slow pace towards Enniskillen.

We were not suffered to remain long in making the discovery, how hopeless a case it was that the animal could ever reach Enniskillen; but, after halting on the road to feed him, we contrived to get as far as the place where the mail was to change horses. Here we found two horses, the guard having ridden on with one, and we all used our utmost endeavours to get possession of another; the ostler, however, was determined against us, and argued that if the mail should come up and find only one horse to draw it, he should never hear the last of it, while we, on the other hand, endeavoured to quiet his conscience, and to assure him that there was no chance of the mail coming that evening; in fact, we were not then aware that the coachman had gone back, after we left him, for another coach. However, in the midst of the argument up drove the coach, greatly to the amusement of the ostler, who had the laugh against us; and quitting the car we proceeded on to Enniskillen, where, driving along the shores of Lough Erne, a noble lake, of which I must endeavour to give you some account in my next, we arrived some two or three hours after our time, about sunset.

LETTER VIII.

ENNISKILLEN AND LOUGH ERNE.

Meet with an Old Friend—Description of Enniskillen—Of the Upper Lough—Of the Lower Lough—Its height above the Sea—Soundings—Nature of the Shores—Objects of the Survey—Castle Coole—Florence Court—Lord Enniskillen's Race-ground — Devenish Island — Round Tower and sculptured Human Head—Ruined Church—Ely Lodge—Lough Derg and view of—Take leave of my Friends—And of the Province of Ulster—General View of—Advantages over other Provinces.

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Enniskillen, 9th September, 1835.

IMMEDIATELY on my arrival at Enniskillen I learnt from the waiter at the inn, that frequent inquiries had been made after me by my friend Lieut. Beechey, who, in conjunction with Lieut. Wolfe, both of the navy, were employed during the summer months in making a careful survey of Lough Erne. Enniskillen was of course their head-quarters; and on proceeding to their lodgings, I thought myself most fortunate to find them at home, especially as I understood that they were often away for three weeks together in their cutter towards the lower extremity of the lough.

It is a great pleasure at all times to fall in with an old friend, more particularly so when tra-

velling in a country where one has few or no acquaintance, which was here my case. You will, therefore, readily imagine the delight I felt on shaking hands with so old a friend as Beechey, nor was the pleasure on my part wholly disinterested. I anticipated from his kindness the advantage to be derived from his local knowledge of this part of the country, and had no doubt of a day's amusement on the splendid lough now under my lee. With these two officers I passed an agreeable evening, and having made our arrangements for the following day, I returned to the inn at which I had taken up my abode.

The property of Lord Enniskillen is derived from a grant of certain town-lands, with a third part of the island, which was made to William Cole, Esq. (ancestor of the present Earl) by James I., "in fealty, and on condition (as is expressed in the charter) of paying every Easter and Michaelmas 20*s.* current money of Ireland, in half-yearly instalments, &c., and of bringing twenty persons, English or Scotch, chiefly artificers and mechanics, to construct a town, also to build a church, with cemetery, a market-house, prison, and public school, with court and garden to the said school adjoining."

A long principal street of brick houses, with some good shops, runs the whole length of the island, which is connected with the main by a stone bridge at each end. The public buildings

are a small church, a town-hall, a market-house, a jail, an infirmary, and a barrack barely sufficient for one regiment, all built of stone. There is also a small Catholic, a Presbyterian, and a Wesleyan chapel. The town is said to be improving in wealth and external appearance. Its population is not much short of 8,000, two-thirds of whom are Protestants. A market is held every Monday, and on the tenth of each month a fair in the main street, chiefly for horses, cattle, and pigs; also good stout canvass and coarse linen cloth, made from the flax which is cultivated, spun, and woven in the surrounding country, besides clothing and various other articles. Every Monday and Tuesday butter and eggs are brought for sale in large quantities, which are sent to Derry or Newry for exportation to England. At these markets and fairs public auctions are held in the open street.

Enniskillen is situated between the upper and the lower lough, on an island in the Channel which connects them, but much nearer to the latter. The name signifies 'Island of the Church.' The upper Lake is so crowded with islands, that the Irish will tell you they amount exactly to three hundred and sixty-five, being one for every day in the year, a proof, by the way, that they know nothing about their number. These islands are, in fact, so thickly crowded together that all the water which is visible, and which constitutes the lake, consists entirely of a multitude of narrow channels, twisting and winding

round the shores of the several islands, in such tortuous meanders, as must, I should suppose, set at defiance all attempts to navigate this lake; and will completely puzzle, or at all events put to the test, the patience and skill of Wolfe and Beechey in their attempt to make an accúrate survey of it. In fact, the spectator from the shore can see no more of the water than parts of two or three of the channels nearest to him, all the rest being concealed by the numerous islands that overlap each other, and quite destroy any appearance of a lake.

The lower Lough Erne is of a different character; and though it is clustered with a great number of islands, to the extent of six or seven miles from the extremity nearest to Enniskillen, which is the narrowest part, yet where it expands its waters, beyond these islands, to the width of five miles, it becomes a fine broad sheet of water, interrupted only here and there by a small island. Our surveyors had ascertained that the elevation of the water of the lower lake, at its lowest state, is one hundred and forty-eight feet above the low-water level of the sea; and also that it has been known to rise to one hundred and fifty-six feet, when it overflows, and occasions damage to, the adjacent land, producing the same inconvenience that I mentioned with regard to Lough Neagh.

The soundings of this lower lake are remarkable for their great irregularity. The surveyors found frequent variations of twenty to thirty feet in depth

occurring in the distance of as many yards. In one place the depth of one hundred and fifty feet was diminished suddenly to twenty-eight feet. In another the depth was extended to two hundred and eighty-eight feet. The rivers that empty themselves into this lake are three or four very small ones on the northern shore; on the southern none. Both shores are, generally speaking, low, but are waved by small eminences, and abound with those artificial mounds known by the name of Raths, or Danish forts; the lower parts contain a great deal of bog. On the southern shore, however, and opposite the broadest part, is a fine detached mountain, overhanging the lake, and casting its deep shadows on the surface, called Poola-fooka, which rises nearly a thousand feet above the level of the water. This range of table-land is the only grand and imposing object on the immediate shores of the lake. The cliffs are chiefly of limestone, in which, my naval friends told me, are found fossils of various kinds, but principally of shells and coral formations.

On the northern side are two villages, Kish and Pettigo, the latter pretty extensive, and may contain from two to three hundred persons. On the southern shore, and not far from it, there is only one village, named Church-hill, which is almost deserted, in consequence of a new line of road from Beleek to Enniskillen, which avoids it. The distance is above twenty miles, along which, so Mr. Wolfe

told me, there was not yet a single village. Miserable hovels, however, abound along both sides of the lake, at almost every one of which, even the meanest, the favourite beverage of the Irish, *potheen*, may be had cheap enough.

There is very little traffic on this fine lake; the only boats upon it, called *cotts*, are, like our coal-barges on the Thames, square at each end, flat-bottomed, drawing little water, and rigged with one large gaff-sail; and seldom exceed the burden of ten or twelve tons. The natives who manage them are miserable sailors, who, with the least breeze that blows, may be seen skulking under the lee of one of the islands. Their chief employment is carrying turf from the bogs near the shores of the lake to Enniskillen, stones and sand for building, and slates and coal from Beleek, which have been imported at Ballyshannon.

I had heard it asked, before I set foot in Ireland, what the object could be of making a survey of Lough Erne? The reply is obvious enough,—to open a navigable communication from the eastern to the western coast of Ireland. From Beleek to the port of Ballyshannon in Donegal Bay is only four miles, along a river that may easily be made navigable; from hence to Enniskillen twenty-three miles; from this to Lough Neagh under forty miles; and from this lough there is already a canal to Belfast. It is, therefore, supposed that an easy canal and lake communication may be carried directly across

the island from east to west, connecting the two ports of Belfast and Ballyshannon. Such a communication, however, appears to me to be attended with some degree of difficulty, at least one that will require a considerable extent of locking. Thus, Lough Neagh is forty-eight feet above the level of the sea, Lough Erne is one hundred and forty-eight; consequently there is a rise of one hundred feet between these two loughs; and one hundred and forty-eight feet in the short distance from Beleek and Ballyshannon. The project, however, is feasible, but will require a very considerable capital to complete it; and I understand they have already commenced at Lough Neagh.

With regard to the upper lake, if it can be made practicable at all for the purposes of navigation, it would be, I conceive, by feeding a canal from its upper corner at Belturbet, to be carried to Dundalk, or into the bay of that name on the eastern coast, the distance being about thirty-five miles. To effect this, I apprehend, from the general flat surface of the country, there would be little or no difficulty; and it would thus open another channel of communication between the eastern and western shores of Ireland, to the very great benefit of both.

According to our arrangements, Beechey and I walked to Castle Coole, the noble mansion of the Earl of Belmore, situated about a mile to the eastward of the town. It was infinitely the finest building I had seen in Ireland, and I should say there

are not many noblemen's seats in England superior to it. The façade is grand and imposing, the entrance is by a handsome portico, and an arched corridor connects the offices on each side. It is built entirely of Portland stone, which must have been conveyed thither at a great expense. The entrance-hall is on a grand scale, and there are some fine apartments, furnished in a good substantial manner. In one of the rooms there appeared to be a valuable collection of paintings, but I had not time to pay much attention to them. The grounds are extremely well laid out, and have all the requisites of wood and water to make the landscape agreeable. Some of the timber is remarkably fine, more particularly that of the beech, of which there is an avenue, such as I have rarely seen surpassed, even at Up-Park. I was rather surprised to see a quantity of wild geese, wild ducks, cranes, &c., on a piece of water on the domain, many walking about the lawns apparently perfectly tame, and not in the least disturbing themselves at our approach. I was told, indeed, that Lord Belmore is very particular in not allowing them to be fired at, nor in any way molested.

In the afternoon my friends accompanied me in a jaunting-car to Florence Court, the seat of the Earl of Enniskillen, which is also a splendid mansion, and in point of situation far more desirable, in my opinion, than Castle Coole. It is distant about seven miles to the south of Enniskillen, and stands at the foot of a range of bold mountains, which form

a fine background. The grounds are beautiful and well wooded with beeches, oaks, sycamores, and other forest-trees, and may, probably, occupy about one thousand acres, one-half of which is covered with these noble woods in great masses. Everything seemed to be kept in high order; and nothing to be wanting but a sheet of water, an element of which there is none deserving of mention. In the park are several rising eminences of two to three hundred feet, all covered with wood. The grounds beyond the park, and those belonging to the domain, may be said to extend to Lough Machain, a lake more beautiful than Lough Erne. I observed no deer in the park, but several peacocks were disporting themselves upon the lawn in the front of the house. We went through the principal apartments, in which was a tolerable collection of paintings; among others, several of Dutch masters, Rubens, Teniers, &c.; and in the dining-room was a portrait of the great and good King William.

Lord Enniskillen bears the character of a most amiable, affable, and kind-hearted nobleman, and, as far as I can learn, is, as he ought to be, universally beloved by all parties, which is not a very usual circumstance in Ireland. Having partaken of lunch with him at Florence Court, we returned to Enniskillen, where, just without the walls of the town, the race-course was pointed out to me, on which I observed one or two horses training. I was not a little amused to hear that the two favourites at

last year's races were named '*Daniel O'Connell*' and '*Protestant Boy;*' that the Protestant Boy beat Daniel, an event that was quite enough in this pugnacious country for what followed,—a grand row; and the consequence of this was, that the military were obliged to be called out, before matters between the combatants could be amicably arranged, and a treaty of peace signed and sealed over a keg of whiskey.

As Wolfe and Beechey were about to sail to the lower end of the lough to prosecute their survey, I remained another day at Enniskillen We embarked on board the Eagle cutter, a small vessel which had been used by Captain Mudge in his surveys of the coast of Donegal, and conveyed overland from Ballyshannon with no small difficulty, and launched upon the waters of Lough Erne. We proceeded at once to Devenish, a small island about a mile and a half below the town, being about a mile long by a third broad, and having a waving surface of rounded hills, and destitute of wood. On this island stands one of those round towers, the venerable relics of olden times, of the use and origin of which no memorial has been handed down to later days, and concerning which, as I have before told you, so many various opinions have been held. I found it to be precisely similar to that which I had seen at Antrim, and about the same height, namely, eighty-two feet. I understand the upper part was rapidly falling into decay, owing partly to

the rooks building their nests near the summit, the twigs of which occasionally took root, and the birds picked out the mortar: the consequence was, that the stones were loosened and constantly falling. It is now in excellent preservation, having been repaired in the course of the present summer, by the aid of a subscription raised by the noblemen and gentlemen in the neighbourhood. Like that of Antrim, the summit is now crowned with a modern cone, close below which, on a cornice carried round the building, were discovered the figures of four human heads sculptured in the stone, facing the four cardinal points of the compass. A kind of band, or chain, was carried round the cornice, connecting the heads; they are about the size of life: the beards were curiously plaited; but the following sketch will convey to you a better idea of these antient monuments, than any description that

Sculptured Head on Devenish Round Tower.

I can give. There was no possibility of getting into the interior without the aid of a ladder, the door being at a considerable height from the ground, which would seem to imply that one of their uses was as places of security, and perhaps also of attack and defence, like our Martello Towers.

Close to the tower, which is placed on the sloping side of the small island, stand the ruins of an old church or abbey, the architecture of which appears to have been of a much more recent date than that of the tower. An inscription, in the old Saxon characters, was pointed out to me, but it was too much defaced to be made intelligible; part of the date would show it to have been built in the fifteenth century, the figures 14 . . being legible enough. Many of the stones of this ruin are said to have been carried away for the use of buildings in Enniskillen, but the bishop of the diocese (Clogher) put a stop to it. Several tombstones of modern date are strewed around the sacred ground.

Having satisfied my curiosity—not, however, till Beechey and I had each made a hasty sketch of Devenish round tower and ruined church—we again embarked in the cutter, and dropped down to Ely Lodge, on the west side of the lough. It stands on a small island, and the grounds are laid out with much taste, and kept in neat order. The adjacent grounds, as well as the park, are well clothed with wood, and the views or *peeps* of the lough through some of the

openings, with the neighbouring islands and distant mountain, are perfectly beautiful. The house is only the ordinary villa of a gentleman, such as may be seen in all parts of England; but the situation is most enchanting, and fairly entitled to be called a little Paradise. Lord Ely was not at this time residing on his property, but he is frequently domiciled upon it. I understand he is fond of boating, and I observed a smart little yacht at anchor off a small and neatly-finished quay, or jetty, which Lord Ely has constructed; and under a shed near it was a sort of half-decked vessel, and a large well-built barge or cutter for rowing.

I here took leave of my friends with much regret at parting so soon, but you know how limited my time is, and consequently how rapid my movements. They again embarked in the cutter, intending to sail for the lower end of the lough, while I trudged into town on foot, a distance of about five miles. Walking through the grounds of Ely Lodge, at a short distance from the house, I came to a bridge across the small stream which separates the island from the main; and about half a mile from this is the entrance-lodge leading into the public road.

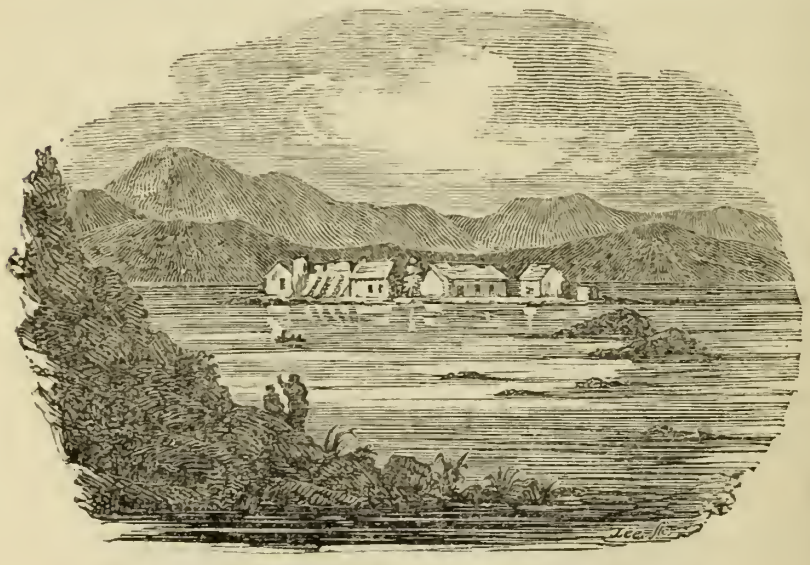
Had time permitted I would gladly have made an excursion from Enniskillen to St. Patrick's Purgatory, which is situated in an island of Lough Derg; but this would have cost me a day; and Lieutenant Beechey assured me, with little to re-

ward a toilsome journey, beyond my being enabled to state that I had actually trod the shores of

> ——————— "that dim lake
> Where sinful souls their farewell take
> Of this vain world, and half-way lie
> In death's cold shadow ere they die."

From Mr. Beechey's "Sketch Book" I can, however, give you an idea of the present appearance of this far-famed spot; and extraordinary it certainly is, that an island in a small lake of a remote corner of Ireland, and which island is stated to be not more than one hundred and twenty-six yards in length by forty-four in breadth, with seven or eight insignificant hovels or cells upon it, should be renowned throughout Europe.

The legend of St. Patrick's Purgatory, of the awful ceremonies which must be performed before



View of St. Patrick's Purgatory, on Lough Derg.

entering the cave, and of the portentous wonders which were supposed to be seen there, appears to have been first promulgated about the middle of the twelfth century, A.D. 1153, in the story of the descent of a knight named Owain, or Owen, the history of whose adventures became immediately so popular, as to be translated from the Latin original into nearly all the languages of the west of Europe. I have been informed by Mr. Wright, of Trinity College, Cambridge, who has laboriously investigated this subject, that there is no legend of so frequent occurrence in early manuscripts; and there are abundant proofs of the great influence which it, as well as the other popular legends of purgatory, at that period fashionable, exercised upon the superstitions, and even upon the literature, of the middle ages. St. Patrick's Purgatory was soon famous throughout the civilized world, and was crowded by visiters not only from England, but from Germany, from France, from Spain, from Provence, and from Italy, until it was solemnly demolished on St. Patrick's day, 1497, by an order of Pope Alexander VI., who doubted the precise locality. Its attraction, however, was not destroyed, and another Pope, Benedict XIV., not only preached, but published a sermon, in celebration of the virtues of Patrick's Purgatory. When Popery had been displaced by its opposite extreme, Puritanism, attempts were made by the civil authorities to root out this nest of superstition, and to disperse the pilgrims who flocked to the "dim lake," as Moore calls it, in the hope of expiating their sins

in this life, and anticipating the pains of an intermediate state. But the order of the Lords Justices of Ireland had only its temporary and partial effect, for Lough Derg continues to be as zealously visited, by Irish pilgrims at least, as ever. I was assured that, during the last year, the number of persons who had taken what is called "their rounds" at the purgatory, was between nineteen and twenty thousand.

The government, in my opinion, ought to put down such an abomination, as the lords justices once did, and as it was also once done by order of the Pope Alexander; but, no—not the government, for that would be called persecution. It is the head of the Church of Rome that ought to use his influence to abate a nuisance of this kind, which confers no honour on the Catholic religion, and, I believe, is not in accordance with the Catholic ritual, but one of the mere tricks of monkish priests to fatten on the credulity of the lowest, the most distressed, and most ignorant, of the Catholic population. But what is to be said of the proprietor, who raises a revenue of 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year by renting this spot? Does he never consider, when he looks upon the wretched objects that flock to this place from the extreme points of the island, what pain and misery they undergo on their long journey—what sufferings they entail on their starving families at home? How many of them actually perish on the journey? If he does, I should think the income he derives from such a source cannot afford him much gratification.

In taking leave of my friends at Enniskillen, I was fully aware of the change for the worse I should have to encounter after leaving behind me the province of Ulster—a province to which, I may with great truth declare, I know not that country in Europe, excepting England, that deserves to be accounted, taking it all in all, as superior. In the little intercourse I have had with its inhabitants, I met with nothing but urbanity, civility, and kindness, from the highest to the lowest. The peasantry are, for the most part, decent in their clothing and well-behaved; the females particularly so. I neither heard of, nor witnessed, any riots or disturbances, except that unfortunate out-break of the moment at Belfast, a few weeks before my arrival. The objects of distress that occurred on the road were scarcely more numerous than would be met with in travelling the same distance in England; but I am bound to say, that many of them were far more deplorable cases than ever came under my observation in any other country through which I have travelled.

It is true the same degree of neatness and cleanliness, either within or without, did not prevail in the cottages, which it is the pride of our English housewives to display; nor were their gardens, where any, kept in that neat order as with our peasantry. The land occupied by the more considerable farmers was not in that high state of cultivation to which, by skill and industry, and, above all, by capital, it is brought in every part of England, where the price of labour is nearly double of what it is in

Ireland; but the low price of provisions in the latter, as compared with those in the former, may be nearly in the same proportion; besides, an Irish labourer will not (I believe it may be said *cannot*) do more than half the work of an English labourer in the same time. The want of trees and quickset hedges to mark the divisions of property, and the several enclosures of estates, and the substitution of rude stone walls, or clay and sod ditches, are no doubt unsightly to an English eye; but plantations are in progress in many places, and another generation will witness a great change in the appearance of the country, and in the state of its agriculture.

It is quite obvious that a general desire prevails, on the part of parents, to obtain for their children the inestimable benefit of education, and schools are met with in every village, even by the road-side frequently, where a few scattered cottages only are to be seen; but it was stated that the portion of learning acquired amounted to very little. I did not understand that in this province there was much interference or disputation between the Protestant clergy and Catholic priests, as to the books that should or should not be read in the schools; and that, in some, the Protestant clergymen consented to waive the use of the Bible for the sake of conciliation,—in consequence of which the children of Protestant and Catholic parents were allowed to mix kindly together; but it was also stated that this concession had in some instances been abused.

The poorest cottier or day labourer was equally desirous that his children should be instructed to read, but he could ill spare his sons and daughters from assisting him to weed, to plant, and to dig his potatoe-ground; or to look after his cow and his pig, when he was fortunate enough to possess them, which is, I believe, with few exceptions, the case in this province.

But the linen manufactory is the great source of employment in Ulster. The cultivation of the flax; the pulling, beating, stripping the fibres from the stems; steeping, heckling, combing, spinning, and, lastly, weaving, afford labour for every branch of a poor man's family, old and young, male and female. If we regard the population of Ulster, we shall find that with a smaller territory than two of the other three provinces, it exceeds them all in numbers, and very greatly that of Connaught.

		Population.	Acres.
In 1831	Ulster had	2,286,622	4,041,627
„	Munster	2,227,152	5,210,472
„	Leinster	1,909,713	4,270,213
„	Connaught	1,343,914	3,660,451

From whence it may be concluded that it is more a manufacturing province than the others. Happy, indeed, would it have been for Ireland if the humane plan settled by James I., and confirmed by William III., had been extended to the other three provinces. A brief abstract, drawn by Hume from the work of Sir John Davies, will show the beneficial

effects in Ulster. The whole province of Ulster having fallen in to the crown by the attainder of rebels, a company was established in London for planting new colonies in that fertile country. The property was divided into moderate shares, the largest not exceeding 2000 acres. Tenants were brought over from England and Scotland,—the Irish were removed from hills and fastnesses, and settled in the open country,—husbandry and the arts were taught them,—a fixed habitation secured,—plunder and robbery punished,—and by these means Ulster, from being the most wild and disorderly province of all Ireland, soon became the best cultivated and the most civilized.

Such were the acts by which James introduced humanity and justice amongst a people who had ever been buried in the most profound barbarism. Such were the measures of a monarch, of whom his panegyrist has said, somewhat equivocally, that "all his qualities were sullied by weakness and embellished by humanity."

But the subsequent troubles of England—the treasons, the plots, and conspiracies which were hatched in Ireland—the succession of a weak, misguided, and traitorous monarch, had reduced Ireland nearly to its pristine state of barbarism, when, fortunately for both countries, the Prince of Orange landed in England. At this period (in 1689) Popery held the complete ascendant in Ireland. All vacancies in the public schools were supplied with Popish

teachers. The allowance to the University of Dublin was cut off. The Vice-Provost, Fellows, and scholars were expelled; the furniture, plate, and public library were seized. The king's officers converted the college into a garrison, the chapel into a magazine, and the apartments into prisons. A Popish priest was appointed Provost, another made keeper of the library, and the whole foundation changed into a Catholic seminary.

Luttrel, the governor of Dublin, published an ordinance by beat of drum, requiring the farmers to bring in their corn for his Majesty's horses within a certain day, otherwise he *would order them to be hanged before their own doors.* Many other enormities were ordered and committed, and had not William III. subdued the priest-ridden king and his French allies, and put an end to the rebellion by the battle of the Boyne, the total extirpation of the Protestants must inevitably have followed. Can it, then, be matter of wonder—ought it to be considered as criminal,—that the grateful Protestants should keep alive, and hail the festival of the glorious memory of William III., who rescued their lives and property from certain destruction? Let them only enjoy the anniversary of their deliverance with moderation, and lay aside those ostentatious displays which are calculated only to rouse the angry passions of two-thirds of the population, and all reasonable men will applaud, rather than condemn, the observance of it.

LETTER IX.

FROM ENNISKILLEN TO SLIGO, BOYLE, CASTLEBAR AND WESTPORT.

A Hurricane—Effects of it on Lough Erne—Poverty of the Cottagers—Sligo—Hazlewood and Holywell—Excellent Road—Ballisadere—Division of the Waters—Loughs Gara and Key—Boyle—Rockingham House—Route towards Castlebar—Ballaghaderreen—A Funeral Procession—Mud Cabin—Difficulty of obtaining a Conveyance—Swineford—Gentleman's House on a Bog—Miserable Lodgings—A Cart for a Car—A Pig-driver—The Carter—Castlebar—Westport.

Westport, 13th September, 1835.

On the morning of the 10th I left Enniskillen for Sligo in a public car, which I had all to myself. The wind had blown a hurricane during the night, and much rain had fallen. The weather was somewhat improved when I stepped into the car, and I flattered myself that the day would yet prove favourable for the journey; but I had not proceeded far when it became pretty evident that I had a rough day's work before me, as the clouds seemed to be gathering in all directions—the wind increased, and soon blew a hurricane—and the rain descended in torrents. I may truly say—

> "Such groans of roaring wind and rain I never
> Remember to have heard."

It was, in fact, a regular *south-wester*, blowing with all its fury across the Atlantic. The poor horse harnessed to the car could scarcely be prevailed upon to "keep his head to wind," as a sailor would say, and ever and anon backed into the gutter on the road-side.

I had often anticipated, but I had now the full experience of, the misery of an Irish car in a storm; and I can, without hesitation, pronounce it to be the most wretched of all possible modes of conveyance; I certainly never was before so exposed to such drenching rain: M'Intosh's cloak, and the water-proof boots, which I purchased last year at Tronyem, totally gave way to the merciless storm with which I was so piteously pelted. I thought of my naval friends on the Lake of Enniskillen, upon which I had heard them say the rain comes from the Atlantic through the Bay of Donegal as through a funnel*. The wind was so violent, that we were

* On my farther progress to the southward, I received the copy of a letter, written by Beechey to his brother, of which the following is an extract:—

"*Eagle—Hard-and-fast, bumping on a lee shore off Roe Island* (*Lough Erne*), 11*th Sept.* 1835.

"Here we are with all our traps packed up, ready to fling them and ourselves ashore as soon as she goes to pieces, which, if the weather gets worse, we may look out for in a short time. Thank God, she is devilish strong and can stand a good deal—but oak timbers cannot stand a long hammering on hard rocks. In this state we have been for the last twenty-four hours, and are getting

several times obliged to take shelter under the lee of the cottages by the road-side, and once under

a little cool and accustomed to it, as you may see by my sitting down by way of diverting my thoughts in writing to you, for I believe there is no danger of losing our lives. Wolfe is very anxious about the work and the instruments of course, and they are all in readiness for the first chance. We came on shore, dragging two anchors at two o'clock yesterday afternoon, blowing a perfect hurricane, the surface of the water being carried up like smoke. The rain came down in torrents, and, wet through, we were obliged to sit up all night. The old craft jumps about so I can write no longer. I am afraid you'll never get this.

"8 P. M. Thank God, we are all right! Upon my soul I never saw such a variable climate as this! We had just parted with John Barrow at Ely Lodge yesterday in the most delightful weather imaginable, after which we made all sail for this place, being at the same time almost calm. We had about eight miles to go. On our passage we remarked a very unusual murmuring, rumbling sort of noise, in the direction of a range of mountains called the Poola-fooka, similar to that of a waterfall, which none of the boatmen could account for—the weather became darker and darker with rain—the wind shifted to the S.E. (opposite direction from the sound) and freshened very much. It was now quite dark, and we could scarcely discern where we were running for, and not a little anxious, for we had to pass some very nasty rocks, with which this lake abounds. However, I went to the mast-head, and by keeping a bright look-out, we succeeded in getting to an anchor, where we laid snug for the night. The next morning (yesterday) about twelve o'clock the wind freshened up to a perfect hurricane (having shifted in the night to N.W. off the mountains.) The spoondrift, or, in fact, the whole surface of the water, was carried right up in the air, and we could, literally, hardly show ourselves above the deck. We had two anchors down (our all), masts and yards down, &c., as snug as we could make her, but all in vain. Away she went, shouldering her an-

that of a peat-stack, standing upon an extensive bog, out of which it had been dug, and across which the road was carried; and I remarked, in passing over it, that the ground had an undulating motion by no means unpleasant. On entering any of the cottages to take shelter, at times when the wind and rain was so bad as to render it difficult to get the poor animal onwards, the general remark was, "Dear, dear, what a day to be out in!"

As far as I could see, which it must be admitted was no great distance, the first part of the drive, passing between Loughs Nitty and Macnean, and not far from the planted and cultivated grounds of Florence Court, would have afforded a pleasant prospect in fine weather; but the remainder of the journey, excepting, perhaps, near the little town of Manor Hamilton, of which I could see nothing, would have possessed little interest, however fine the weather might have been; bogs and peat-stacks and wretched cabins being the prominent, if not the only, objects for the eye to rest upon.

Into one of these cabins the rain was pouring through the thatch, increasing the puddles on the earthen floor. Near the embers of the turf fire,

chors, as if we had none—we could not run for it, for we were land-locked. In this state we packed up all the instruments, charts, &c., and only looked out for saving them. We soon reached the shore, but by putting over several spars, and with the cables ahead, we managed to keep her head to the sea. In this state she remained all night, till four o'clock to-day, when, as I have told you, we luckily got her off."

the only dry spot, the inmates were seated on the ground, and among them a very old woman, who they said was ninety-five years of age: the only word or wish she uttered was for a piece of tobacco to make her comfortable, of which I regretted extremely I had none in my possession. She was the mother of a middle-aged woman, whose husband rented the cottage. Miserable as was the abode, they all appeared quite happy and contented, if cheerfulness be any indication of contentment. The rafters supporting the roof, and stretching from side to side, are in these cottages invariably black and glossy, presenting an appearance as if they were tarred over; an effect produced by the smoke of the turf, which generally fills the apartment, forcing its way slowly through every part of the thatched roof,—the small round hole at the end of the roof, over the fire, and intended to serve as a chimney, being totally insufficient to carry it off.

I was simple enough to ask whether the rafters had not been smeared with tar. One of the women answered me by saying, "Ah, Sir! it isn't often your honour has been used to be in a cabin." After this I found by their looks that I was no longer considered to be a Milesian, but a Saxon, and was surveyed from head to foot; and then the good simple folks seemed to wonder where I had come from, and whither I could be going in such miserable weather. There was here neither chair nor stool; but some of the cottages I entered could

boast of a solitary low wooden chair of rude construction; and whenever this was the case, as if proud of their furniture, I was earnestly entreated to make use of it.

Though the weather was *foul,* it happened to be a fair-day at Enniskillen, and the road in the early part of the journey was thronged with people trudging towards the town. We met several droves of horned cattle, a great number of horses, a few sheep, and a fair proportion of pigs. Each animal of the latter species seemed to have his own peculiar proprietor,—his own driver at least—who walked steadily after him, holding in his hand a twist of straw or hay-band tied to one of the hinder legs of the animal, which he twitched every now and then as occasion required. The red-kirtled damsels were hurrying on, with their lower clothing tucked up, most of them wrapped in large cloaks; they did not appear to have any goods for the market, with the exception of one young maiden, whom I observed to be nursing a duck under her arm, tied up in a smart-coloured handkerchief, with as much care and anxiety as if it had been a new-born babe.

The bad weather did not seem in the smallest degree to ruffle the temper of my driver, who was good humoured throughout the whole way, and had something to say to every one we passed; and some of his private remarks, which were uttered in Irish, to me an unknown tongue, seemed to excite great merriment. To one party of damsels, who were

walking through the puddles bare-footed, my loquacious companion exclaimed with no small touch of the *brogue*, "Good morning, girls, good morning! Why haven't ye got your shoes on this fine morning?" "Becase we hadn't your advice in time," retorted a pretty-faced, bashful-looking damsel, which, for an off-hand answer, was smart enough.

In this journey I had to pass through portions of four counties—Fermanagh, Cavan, Leitrim, and Sligo. Of the town of Sligo, where I did not stop, except to leave the car and get into a coach which was about to start for Boyle, I can give no account. Being thoroughly wet, I concluded that by continuing my journey I could not be in a more wretched plight. I saw nothing except that it was situated in a low flat valley, a position that appeared to me to be favourable to agues. Indeed I was told that, at this very time, the typhus fever was raging in the town; and that whenever an epidemic visits Ireland, Sligo is almost sure to be the first to sustain the attack. The cholera is said to have made sad havock when this dreadful scourge made its way into Sligo. With these drawbacks, however, it is a large and improving town, as will appear from the extraordinary increase of population in the course of ten years, from 1821 to 1831. In the former the Parliamentary Returns give only 9,283; in the latter, 15,152; increase 5,869, or 63 per cent. on 9,283, in that interval. It is the chief

market for export from the counties of Leitrim and Sligo. The houses in the main street appear to be good, many of them built of stone, and roofed with slates.

There are two *show* places close to Sligo, called Hazlewood and Holywell, which from all accounts are very beautiful; and I am told that Lough Gill, on the borders of which they are situated, is perhaps one of the prettiest little lakes in all Ireland. This made me the more regret that the weather and want of time would not allow of my visiting them.

I found the road from Sligo to Boyle, in the county of Roscommon, excellent, notwithstanding the quantity of rain that had fallen, and I know of none that M'Adam has made in England to surpass it. Indeed all the great roads in Ireland, or nearly so, are as good as good materials, well broken, can make them; and here I may mention what I was told to be the fact,—that the late ingenious Mr. Edgeworth contrived the iron ring for measuring the size of the stones when broken, with which to cover the roads, many years before M'Adam came forward with his plan, for which, if I recollect rightly, Parliament voted him two thousand pounds. But though the road was good, the country was not of an interesting character. Perhaps, however, the continued dirty weather had rendered me unfit to receive a favourable impression of surrounding objects. At a little distance

from Sligo the road lies along the banks of the river Arrow, which flows in a north-west or contrary direction to that in which I was proceeding, out of a small lake of the same name, and empties itself into the sea at Ballisadere, near which there is a fine waterfall, or rather cascade, over a succession of limestone ledges. The approach to Boyle, after crossing the Curlew mountains, affords a pleasing prospect. This ridge of mountains may be said to divide the northern from the southern waters; those from its southern side flowing into Lough Key, make that lough, in fact, one of the sources of the magnificent Shannon; its defluent stream uniting with that branch of the latter at Carrick which flows out of Lough Allen. The town of Boyle is situated on the banks of the Lung, a small stream which, passing through Lough Gara, falls into Lough Key. On the banks of this latter lake is Rockingham-house, the noble mansion of Lord Lorton.

The approach to Boyle is very pretty: the town itself stands on a slight eminence surrounded with trees, and the old ruined abbey, close to it, forms a picturesque object, particularly when seen from the bridge. The ivy-mantled walls, the old tower broken down to half its original height, and the tall trees within and without the ruin, compose a group highly deserving the pencil of the artist; and, in my opinion, a view taken from or near the bridge would make a splendid picture. The town of Boyle is small but neat, the streets cleaner than usual,

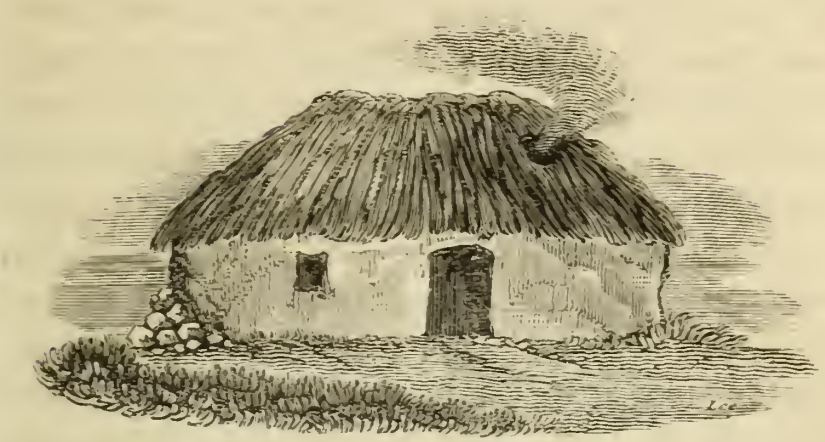
but this may be owing to the drenching they got the day before. I found the inn, the only one, I believe, in the town, very comfortable.

Having seen all that this little town afforded, I procured a car to visit Lord Lorton's beautiful estate about four or five miles off, and found myself amply repaid for the journey. In the park stands a solid, well-built mansion of limestone, of so fine a texture as to have been called marble, on an eminence from which a verdant lawn slopes down to the shore of the beautiful lake Key, studded with numerous wooded islands, on one of which is a small castle, so placed as to form a pretty object from the house. The grounds are well wooded, laid out in good style, and appear to be kept in high order. I saw nothing remarkable in the interior of the mansion, except that the apartments are spacious. They told me in the town that Lord Lorton is considered a kind and indulgent landlord, who lets his land on fair and equitable terms, and was never known to drive for rent, nor to eject, but will give a tenant fair notice to quit if, after a reasonable time, he is unable or unwilling to pay his rent.

Finding that there was nothing to detain me at Boyle, after seeing the old abbey and Lord Lorton's seat, I made my arrangements for proceeding to Westport, through Castlebar, which lies nearly in a western direction. I now learnt that, in order to perform this, it would be necessary for me to return

nearly as far back as Sligo, about twenty miles, and from thence to proceed by a circuitous route through Ballina, which, if I had had time at my disposal, would have been all well enough; but having neither the time nor inclination to retrace my steps, and being besides desirous of going off the beaten track, and especially through the county of Mayo, (respecting which I had procured some memoranda of what occurred in the famine of 1831,) I at once made up my mind that I would work my way straight through the country to Castlebar. I was strongly recommended not to make the attempt, as the chances were greatly against my succeeding, the route being one rarely, if ever, travelled; that in all probability I should find no conveyance, and be forced, after all, to return to Boyle. Unpromising as all this was, I had made up my mind about it, and that was quite enough to induce me to turn a deaf ear to all that was said. Accordingly a car was forthwith ordered to be got ready, and I was *en route,* bag and baggage, for Ballaghaderreen, a name, you must admit, enough of itself to frighten a man of weak nerves.

Ballaghaderreen is the end of the first stage, and our road to it was by French Park, so called, I believe, after the family to whom the property belongs. I saw little or no cultivation, and the cabins I passed were for the most part wretched mud hovels, many of them worse than I had yet seen either in Donegal or Fermanagh.



Common sort of Mayo Mud-Cabin.

The whole country wore a sad appearance of poverty; and yet, on driving into the above-mentioned little village with a long name, I was much surprised to find the street full of people attending the fair, all well dressed, the men, generally, i light gray-coloured coats of home-manufactured frize, with large metal buttons; and the women wearing large cloth cloaks with hoods covering the head, some of which were thrown back, and displayed a clean, tidy-looking muslin cap.

On the way hither we overtook a numerous party attending a funeral: in the procession were two carts, in one of which was the coffin, and in the other a woman and two sheep. Between them were a party of men and women walking two or three abreast, and there were also a few pedestrians in front of all; and the rear was brought up by a large party of men on horseback, carrying in their hands small twigs of green willow. These latter

quite blocked up the road. My man was for driving past them, but finding that he could not keep his horse quite clear whilst lolling in his seat, I made him dismount and lead the animal. This, I have since learnt, was little short of an insult, and that I might think myself lucky not to have got into a scrape by it; the usual custom being to follow a funeral for a short distance, and to turn round on meeting one; which I suppose may account for the presence of the woman and her two sheep in the procession.

I drove up to the inn, which was neither more nor less than what in England we should call a hedge-alehouse; and I had to pass my way through the tap or bar, which was well crowded with people, in order to get upstairs into a little sort of parlour. It was a very miserable place, and feeling sure that I could not fare worse by proceeding farther, and might perhaps better my condition, I resolved to push on, if possible, and sleep at the next little village in my route, called by the more easy but not more elegant name—Swineford.

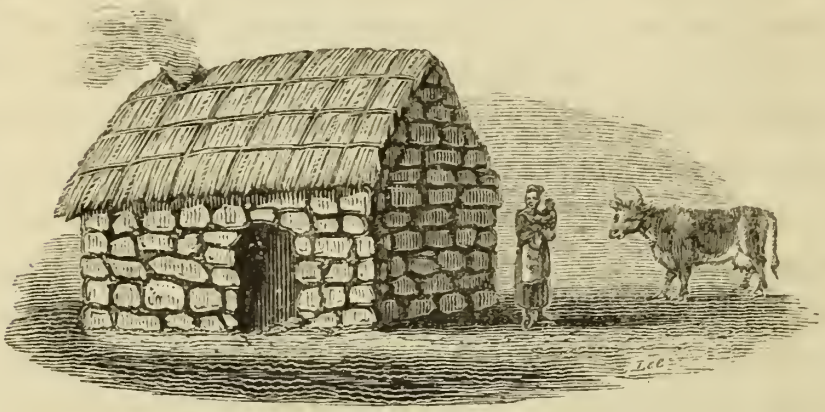
I now found the truth of what I had heard at Boyle,—the difficulty which I should experience in getting a conveyance. At first I was positively told that they had no means of forwarding me on; but after a long conversation, in which I learnt that a few days previously "*Mr. Brady* had lost a valuable horse which had fallen down on the road, but still had a pony at disposal," I expressed a

desire to become acquainted with the said Mr. Brady. He proved to be the landlord, a short, stout, ruddy-faced, busy-looking body, whom I found stuck up in a sort of sentry-box in the middle of the market-place, surrounded by a number of people, all apparently eager in the sale or exchange of their various produce, over which he appeared to have some control, perhaps as clerk of the market; though I rather think, from what I saw farther on, that he was an auctioneer.

On his return home I prevailed upon him to lend me a small gig, or pony-chaise, not without some difficulty, as I was encumbered with a portmanteau and carpet bag, which the good folks were unanimously of opinion could not be stowed in the small gig. However, I was positive, and of course admitted no difficulty. The gig was brought round to the door, the baggage stowed, in I jumped, and after receiving some monitory advice from Mr. Brady, "not to be out *late* at night," to my great satisfaction off we drove,—a little cramped for want of room, it must be admitted.

The country we now passed through was wretched in the extreme, and the land bore a very stony and barren appearance, except where we came upon an enormous extent of black bog, whereon was not a blade of grass or any living thing, animal or vegetable, for the eye to rest upon. This bog was infinitely the largest I had hitherto seen. The cabins, which were wretched-looking hovels, were generally

built of stones loosely heaped together, without mortar, or even clay. You must not suppose they were either Cyclopean, Pelasgic, or Etrurian, though, like the latter, they were polygonal, but composed of such polygons as nature or accident had made.



Worst sort of Mayo Stone-Cabin.

Some of the inclosures of the fields were of the same construction, which is of so convenient a fabric, as to render any kind of gate unnecessary, an article of rare occurrence in Ireland. If a cow or a cart is to be driven in or out, it is only by pushing down a gap in the wall, and piling up the stones again in any fashion. Altogether, this part of the country presented a more general appearance of poverty than I had hitherto met with; and the turf dykes, clay ditches, and stone walls, did not contribute to improve a view, which in itself was sombre and melancholy in the extreme.

It was late in the afternoon when I left Ballaghaderreen, and I had reason to think we should not

reach Swineford before it was dark; and this opinion was corroborated by the driver observing that "he would not return to Ballaghaderreen that night for a good deal." I remarked, also, that the friends he met on the road, apparently returning from their work, asked him, one and all, "how far he was going, and whether he meant to return that night?" which, to say the least of it, looked as if Mr. Brady had some reason for his advice, "not to be out *late* at night." The fellow too, by way of comforting me, was kind enough to point out a spot, in a very dreary part of the road, where a poor man was not long before murdered.

The only place I saw that looked like a gentleman's abode was between Ballaghaderreen and Swineford, which I was told belonged to Mr. Phillips: it was situated in the midst of a bog, well covered on every side with thriving plantations, but all around it presented to the view as miserable an aspect as can well be conceived. My driver told me that game was abundant; it is to be hoped so, as I can imagine no other attraction in so dreary a spot. For my own part, I would as soon live upon one of the desert fields of lava in Iceland, as on an Irish bog. The only relief to the dreary appearance of so much heath and bog is that afforded by the distant mountains, but these were not remarkable, nor, indeed, near enough, to create any interest, except two to the westward, rearing their summits

above the horizon, which I knew to be the cones of Nephin and Croagh Patrick.

It was just dusk when we reached Swineford, and I was driven to a grocer's shop, which answered the purpose of an inn, though I afterwards discovered that there was another house in the village that had more pretensions to that character. I was glad to get housed anywhere, and was shown into a good-sized, comfortless room, with three or four wooden-bottomed kitchen chairs, and a substantial table to match. The floor had no carpet, and the walls were plaistered, around which were hung some gaily-coloured portraits of men and women, but such daubs as might have been the work of children. Out of this apartment was another smaller one, which answered the purpose of a bedroom.

Immediately after partaking of a dinner, such as my good landlady, who was a civil little body, was able to provide, I requested to be favoured with a few minutes conversation with her, in order to see what arrangements could possibly be made for my proceeding on the morrow to Castlebar. Accordingly she entered the apartment, a short, sturdy, high-complexioned, little woman, whom, had she been at Ballaghaderreen, I should have at once set down as the wife of Mr. Brady. She very plainly told me that the only way she could see of my reaching Castlebar (distant about fourteen miles) was to proceed in the mail-car, which

would leave at an early hour in the morning for Ballina. I had heard of this being a sort of fashionable watering-place, and a very thriving mercantile town, situated in a north-west direction; and from thence she said I should have no difficulty in finding a conveyance by coach to Castlebar, but it would make a circuit not far short of forty miles. This, of course, would not suit the plans of one so limited for time, however desirable it might otherwise have been to see Ballina. The good lady endeavoured to console me by observing that if I travelled with the mail, I was then a sort of recognised individual, but if I travelled all alone in a car, in so unfrequented a part, and the car should happen to break down, as they sometimes do, I might be placed in a "mighty awkward situation:" all of which I felt to be true—but nevertheless pleaded the absolute necessity of my getting into Castlebar on the following day; and after strongly urging my good hostess to exert herself to the utmost to procure a conveyance, I retired to rest.

Early next day I again inquired, with no little anxiety, what success attended me, and was duly informed that a car could be procured, but no horse.

"A horse, a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

quoth I to myself—but, alas! my prospects seemed little better than King Richard's. However, as a last effort, I begged that it might be made known, without loss of time, throughout the village of Swineford, that a gentleman desirous of proceeding

on important business to Castlebar, would pay no less a sum than 10*s.* for the hire of a horse. This I thought would be an irresistible appeal, and so it fortunately proved; for just as I was making up my mind to step into His Majesty's mail-car, the driver of which being only the bearer of despatches, condescended to wait about half an hour on the chance of picking up a passenger for Ballina, it was announced that a horse had been procured. A car, I had been told, was in the house, which made all smooth, and I congratulated myself on the idea that I should travel the last stage in state; for, let me tell you, that a gentleman travelling in a jaunting-car alone is an object of general admiration and respect. The car was announced to be ready, the baggage put on, and, having settled my bill, out I went, rejoicing at my good fortune; but picture to yourself my horror, on seeing my portmanteau perched on the bottom, not of a car but a *cart*, with two tall wheels,—without sides and without ends. The mail was gone, and I saw that there was nothing left for me but to proceed in this extraordinary conveyance. My portmanteau served for a seat, but so low a one, that my knees came in close contact with my chin, and being besides rather full and round, it was very unsteady, and I found that it was as much as I could do to balance myself to prevent tumbling backwards on any sudden jerk, of which there were not a few in the course of the journey: the horse's tail, too, came in such close contact with

SWINEFORD CAR.

the vehicle as to prove an unwelcome visiter. The driver took his seat upon the shaft:—but I must give you a sketch of a Swineford car, for no description of mine can convey a correct idea of it.

When all seemed ready I mounted the cart, with a feeling that I looked very much like one of those gentry who formerly used to take a morning's drive to Tyburn in some such vehicle, though I was not like them, "loth to depart." But the landlady, who I have already hinted dealt largely in groceries, having numerous commissions to be performed in Castlebar, called the driver into the shop to give her directions, in which she seemed to be so much interested, as entirely to forget all about me. At last we got under way, and there I sat

"Aloft in awful state,"

to the evident amazement of a gentleman who happened to be at Swineford, at the inn hard by, collecting his rents.

The country I had now to pass over began to put on a more favourable aspect; the cabins were decidedly of a better description; the land was mostly under cultivation, but in some parts—indeed generally speaking—appeared very poor. We travelled on slowly and steadily at the rate of three or four miles an hour; and I beguiled the time by conversing familiarly with my driver, who I found had seen something of the world, and had been more than once as far as London in the capacity of a pig-driver. He told me that forty pigs was the most he

had at one time escorted, but that he once chaperoned only twenty, which just paid his expenses, but did not leave him much profit. Forty, he said, paid handsomely. Thus we jogged on; and you may well imagine the joy I felt on first obtaining a view of Castlebar, which is seen on this road at some distance. It happened to be market-day, and we overtook a great number of parties hurrying into the town. The driver met with an acquaintance on the road, who, with my permission, was accommodated to a seat in the cart. On approaching the town, the pig-driver and his friend dismounted, and of course I followed the example, not only to relieve the poor horse, who seemed to be little used to perform so long a journey, but also to escape from the foolish figure I was conscious of cutting on such a vehicle, by being dragged up the long street which runs through the heart of the town, and which was literally crowded from one end to the other. The pig-merchant's friend, however, hinted to me, that it would gratify the poor fellow very much to have the honour of driving me in his *car* through the town, which would give him some importance in the eyes of his countrymen. Of course there was no withstanding this, and I for once consented to sit in state and be gazed at, wrapped up in my cloak, for it was, as usual, a showery day, and looking for all the world like a wounded soldier in a baggage-cart. I proceeded about halfway up the crowded street, through which we had to force our passage, and then,

without saying one word, scrambled out, and walked the remainder of the distance to the inn, which is situated at the top of the street. Having finished my luncheon, and taken an affectionate farewell of the pig-driver, I found a coach just preparing to start for Westport, on which I secured a place.

Castlebar is a pretty town of one street, which runs up the gently-sloping side of a hill, with narrow cross streets on each side; the houses good, and evidently inhabited by a respectable class of merchants and shopkeepers. Being the capital of Mayo, the quarter-sessions are held at this place. There is a church in a recess called the Square, though it has no pretensions to that name. It is an improving town; the population in 1821 was 5404; in 1831 it was 6373. There is a linen-hall at Castlebar, but it was said there was "nothing doing" at this time. Just outside the town, on the road to Westport, stands a very handsome jail, the finest building of the sort I have hitherto seen in Ireland. The town seemed, as is usually the case, to abound with beggars, who surround every carriage of any description that drives into it, imploring charity with great importunity, but taking a refusal with much good humour. Provisions appeared to be very cheap at Castlebar. I saw two fowls (alive) sold for fivepence—one, to be sure, looked more dead than alive, but the other was a fine bird. Turkeys and geese sold in the market for tenpence;

bread was twopence a pound, and potatoes one shilling a hundredweight.

The distance from Castlebar to Westport is about ten miles, but we were a long time in going over the ground, as the coach was miserably horsed. The approach to Westport is quite beautiful; the view of the town, which suddenly bursts upon the sight as the coach arrives at the summit of the last hill, is really enchanting—at least I thought it so, after traversing the dreary flats of Mayo. The bold mountain of Croagh Patrick, with its conical summit half buried in a cloud, rising immediately above the town, gives a striking effect to the landscape which, together with the finely-wooded park of Lord Sligo, and the dark-blue waters of Clew Bay, with Clare Island rising boldly out of them, forms a picture equal to any I have seen in the Green Island.

We drove up to the hotel kept by Mrs. Robinson, where I found myself comfortably lodged, and of which I shall speak more in my next.—Adieu.

LETTER X.

WESTPORT.

The Post-Office—Visit to Mount Browne—the Inn of Westport—Lord Sligo's Demesne—*Extempore* preaching—Lord Sligo's Mansion and Park—Miserable Hovels—Excursion to the summit of Croagh Patrick—View from thence—Bob of the Reek—Representations of Famine and Disease not always accurate—Mission of Sir John Hill to afford Relief to the Poor of Mayo and Galway—Wretched System of Land-letting—Miserable State of the Peasantry in consequence thereof—Deplorable Condition of the Labourers—their Hovels.

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After my arrival at Westport, the first visit I made was to the post-office, where I had the gratification to receive all your letters, and those of introduction which accompanied them; but I am afraid most of the latter will share the fate of those I carried with me from London, of which I have thus far made little or no use. Much as I should wish to avail myself of the advantage which I am aware would be derived from frequent intercourse with Irish noblemen and gentlemen, whose kindness and hospitality to strangers are proverbial; yet I know that the consequence of such indulgences would occasion a delay, that would entirely frustrate the plan and execution of a tour I have laid out, and which must be accom-

plished within a certain time. I have already, on two or three occasions, lost time by deviating from my direct road, and not finding the gentlemen at home to whom I was the bearer of introductory letters. Pray, therefore, do not trouble yourself to procure or send me any more, having already in my possession a greater number than I see the least prospect of delivering.

One of your letters to me has, however, accidentally been the means of introducing me to a very valuable acquaintance. A gentleman, calling at the post-office for his letters, mistook the name of Barrow on the address for Browne and, breaking open the seal, found that it was not intended for him; but, observing to the postmaster that he knew the person to whom it was addressed, or some of his family, he left with him a message, that he should be very happy to see me at Mount Browne, about two miles from Westport, when I should make my appearance there. I had made up my mind, however, not to accept the invitation, for the reasons above stated. The next day (being Sunday) I attended church, where, on Mr. Browne being pointed out to me, I thought it right to introduce myself, and thank him for the civility of his kind invitation. He now again repeated it, and pressed me so strongly to go and dine with him the following day, that I deemed it proper to accept.

Accordingly I took a car to convey me to Mount Browne, and had a very pleasant *tête-à-tête* with

Mr. and Mrs. Browne, who were quite alone; and I leave you to judge how interesting this visit must have been, to *me* at least, when I tell you that I did not get away till midnight.

I need not say how much valuable information I obtained from a person of Mr. Browne's intelligence and knowledge of the country, On mentioning to him my intention to visit Connamara, he kindly gave me a letter of introduction to Mr. Martin of Ballynahinch, whose father was generally known as 'Dick Martin of Galway,'—and also one to the Dean Mahon, the only two gentlemen proprietors between Oughterarde and Ballynahinch.

I told you in my last letter that I would give you some account of Mrs. Robinson's excellent hotel at Westport; and as it is altogether different from, and far superior to, any I have seen in Ireland, I need make no apology for speaking of it. What suites of apartments it may boast of for the accommodation of families, I know not; but, from the great extent of the building, and from the excellent rooms for the reception of single gentlemen, I have no doubt of its possessing every required convenience. *My* apartment was of course the coffee-room, but it was as unlike what these generally are as it is possible to conceive. It was, in all respects, well and handsomely furnished, and the walls hung round with a collection of good paintings, such as would be considered an ornament to any gentleman's drawing-room. There was, besides, a pianoforte in the room, and everything wore

the appearance of a private dwelling. I was informed that the family who reside in it have it rent free; that it was built and furnished by Lord Sligo; and that the only return he requires of them is, that the guests shall be treated with attention, and the charges be moderate; and I must do them the justice to say, that I found the conditions fully acted up to in both respects. The attendance was good, and the "culinary department" in all its branches, as far as my experience went, well conducted. I have no hesitation in pronouncing Mrs. Robinson's hotel at Westport to be one, where the most fastidious could scarcely fail to be pleased, unless indeed he chanced to be of one of those unhappy dispositions which are never pleased at anything.

The situation of the hotel is one not of its least attractions: it is very near to the gates of Lord Sligo's park, the entrance to which is at the end of the main street; and through the middle of this street flows a clear transparent stream of water, banked in on both sides by quays, on which are planted rows of trees, bearing a close resemblance to a street in a Dutch town, with this exception however, that the houses want the height and gable-ends, and the walls are white, instead of being red; the water, too, is in a very different state, being in rapid motion and beautifully clear, instead of that olive-green which marks a stagnant Dutch canal.

My first ramble on the morning following my arrival was into Lord Sligo's domain; and, being

Sunday, I attended service in the little church, the only Protestant one in the place, which stands in his lordship's grounds, situated in the midst of trees. Before the regular service began, the church was full of children, receiving religious instruction under the superintendence of the clergyman, who appeared to be very zealous in the performance of this duty. The service is, of course, or rather ought to be, the same as ours; but this is not always the case; and I observed that here the congregation neither stand up nor sit down, according to the directions of the Rubric; but, what is of much more importance, some of those *extempore* preachers, who are generally called Evangelical, make no ceremony in omitting such passages in the service as may not suit their taste,—a flagrant instance of which is mentioned by the right-minded and intelligent author of the "Angler in Ireland," where the very clergyman who read the service in the cathedral church of Tuam, in presence of the venerable Archbishop, "totally omitted the prayers for the Lord Lieutenant, for the Parliament, and for the Queen; and also would not call his Majesty religious and gracious;" and he adds an opinion, to which I fully subscribe, "thus to mutilate the appointed Liturgy of the Church, of which he was a public minister, in the presence of his diocesan was, I thought, *un peu trop fort.*"

In the church of Westport a collection was made before the sermon, as usual, for the poor, and not

at the door, as with us. I hope you will not think that I am treating the subject with levity, when I describe to you the tray, in which the money is generally collected throughout the churches, as bearing a close resemblance to a warming-pan, thrust into the pew—the readiest mode, I admit, that could be adopted, though it looks odd to a stranger.

The sermon here was delivered, as I believe it mostly is in Ireland, *extempore;* it was certainly very impressive, but not altogether such as I have been accustomed to, or such as, for my own part, I much admire. It is not that I object to it as being what is generally termed Evangelical, but because in this kind of preaching there always are and must be frequent repetitions, and sometimes what appear to be little short of contradictions. An extempore discourse is always delivered with much energy and earnestness, and no doubt would have great weight upon the minds of the lower class in Ireland; but I don't believe that the very best of them, if printed as delivered, would *read.* On the present occasion I certainly could not but admire the earnest sincerity and zeal of the clergyman, who was a man highly respected and beloved in the neighbourhood.

I had endeavoured in the morning to obtain an entrance into Lord Sligo's mansion, but was informed that no one was allowed to go over the house on Sundays. Upon the steps of the door stood a poor beggar in very rags and tatters, such

as are rarely to be seen even in the lowest state of destitution in England; but in Ireland, alas! are common enough. One or two of these miserable objects may frequently be observed at the threshold of the stately mansions, waiting to receive the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table, or whatever the housekeeper may be charitably disposed to give them.

The service being ended, the influence of Mr. Browne gained me admittance to the house. The entrance-hall is spacious, and there was in it a very curious old Spanish gun, which had been picked up off the island called Innis-Bofin, situated at a short distance from the entrance to the Killery Harbour. It had undoubtedly belonged to one of the vessels of the Spanish Armada that were wrecked on different parts of the coast of Ireland, and some of them not far from the neighbouring shores of Connaught. A noble pair of antlers of the *Cervus Megaceros*, the fossil deer of Ireland, decorated the hall: these antlers were said to have been found on the estate, but are common enough in many parts of Ireland. In one other nobleman's mansion (I think the Earl of Enniskillen's) I saw a similar pair in the hall; but at Dublin, I find from a little pamphlet, there is an entire skeleton of this noble creature. There was little in the house to attract attention, and, as the family were not resident, all was in disorder; but I was greatly pleased with the collection of paint-

ings which, though small, was valuable. There was a portrait of Lord Howe, painted by Gainsborough, which is considered one of the best of that artist in the line of portraiture; and there were one or two other pictures by the same artist. I also observed one of Rubens, and two or three of Canaletti, and other specimens of celebrated painters.

There are some noble trees in Lord Sligo's park, and much seems to have been done, by artificial means, to produce cascades and cataracts in the little river which flows through it, and opens out into a large piece of water or lake, which is again contracted at the further end next to the bay. It answers the double purpose of embellishing the grounds, and as a canal for the conveyance of shelly-sand, sea-weed, limestone gravel, and other articles for agricultural purposes, and for returning the produce of the estate to the shipping-place at the head of the Bay of Westport. I am no great admirer of these artificial waterworks, and would rather see the river flowing uninterruptedly through the grounds in its natural bed, than see it forced up so as to form a lake, or its level raised by means of wooden dams and the insertion of troughs and water-spouts, to give it the appearance of a cascade. I understand Lord Sligo's farms are in a good state of cultivation, and the land productive. The late Lord was said to be a humane and liberal land-

lord; he gave long leases at moderate rents, and the result is obvious.

I walked down to the quay, about a mile from the town, and quite at the extremity of Lord Sligo's grounds. It is a solid and well-finished piece of work, running out, like a jetty or pier, into the sea not less than a quarter of a mile in length. Vessels of two or three hundred tons are able to approach close to the quay, but none of a greater draught of water. The approach to the little inner harbour is difficult, on account of the multitude of rocks and islands which fill Clew Bay, and which I was more than once very gravely informed amounted exactly to three hundred and sixty-five, that being apparently the usual noun of multitude when nothing distinct is known. I had here the pleasure of making an acquaintance with Captain Shallard, chief officer of the Coast-guard Service. In taking a drive in his car to the foot of the Reek (as Croagh Patrick is familiarly called), we passed some of the most miserable hovels that I have yet seen, even in the flats of Mayo,—so bad that, without having convinced myself of the fact, I should scarcely have supposed them to be habitations of human beings, but rather as sheds for the cattle, the more certainly so, had I seen the head of a cow, or some other four-footed beast, peeping out of the doorway, which I understand is no uncommon occurrence. Many of these cabins are built of stones, loosely heaped together, with no window; and the only place for the light to come in at, and the smoke to go out, is

through a small hole in the miserably-thatched and sometimes *sodded* roof, at all times pervious to the rain, and through the doorway. No picture drawn by the pencil—none by the pen—can possibly convey an idea of the sad reality. The inmates, as may be supposed, are wretchedly clad in rags and tatters, and the children almost in a state of nudity.

Hovel near the foot of the Reek.

A visit to the summit of Croagh Patrick was irresistible, and I considered myself fortunate in prevailing on Captain Shallard to accompany me on this expedition. You will, perhaps, remember that this is the same officer who so gallantly opposed and, by his determined conduct, defeated a large party of smugglers in their attempt to force a landing of contraband goods on the coast of Sussex, on

the night of the 12th of November, 1831, when during his walk he fell in with them, and was cowardly deserted by the only two of the blockade men who happened to be with him, and who ran away, probably thinking, with honest Jack Falstaff, that

"Discretion is the better part of valour."

Captain Shallard defended himself manfully, but was of course overpowered, being so wounded with sabre cuts across the head, and having received such violent bruises in different parts of his body, that he was left on the ground as dead; not, however, before he had severely wounded some of his antagonists, and is supposed to have killed one of their number, whose body was carried away before the morning. For this gallant conduct, the Admiralty, you will remember, gave Captain Shallard his promotion.

The morning turned out most unpropitious for our ascent; it rained incessantly, and threatened a continuance throughout the day. It was just that sort of weather which is almost daily expected here at this season of the year. This, indeed, is pretty much the case on all western coasts. On the west of England wet weather is proverbial; on the west coast of Norway, when I crossed the several inlets of the sea in the summer of 1833, it rained almost incessantly; and I was there told that they seldom experienced a fair day in the autumn. But the west coast of Ireland, exposed as it is to the direct influence of the westerly and south-westerly winds that blow across the

Atlantic, is perhaps subject to more wet weather than most other coasts. Thus, Lieutenant Wolfe on Lough Erne experienced, in July, nineteen days of rain; in September twenty-two days; in October twenty-two days; to which may be added, at least two days more on the mountains of the coast, where it commences and continues at least a day sooner and a day later than in the interior. These mountains condense the vapours taken up on the sea, arrest the clouds already formed on the broad Atlantic, and pour a deluge of rain on the neighbouring country.

Towards mid-day the weather began to improve; and as there was every chance of a fine afternoon, we started off in a car as far as to the foot of the Reek, the weather still improving; the sun was, in fact, occasionally out, and the summit of the mountain free from clouds or mists; but the flying clouds in the atmosphere cast a succession of "gleams and glooms" across the broad sides of Croagh Patrick, which not a little added to its grandeur.

Having procured a guide, who emerged from a small *shibeen* or whiskey-shop at the foot of the mountain, we commenced our arduous ascent, somewhat vigorously on the outset, but were soon reminded that—

"To climb steep hills requires slow pace at first."

It was one o'clock when we began to ascend, and it took an hour and a half to reach the summit, the

height of which is ascertained to be two thousand five hundred and thirty feet. The path is well marked out along the side of a ravine. On arriving at the summit we found a poor woman, barefooted and barelegged, her clothing coarse and scanty, trudging seven times round the outer edge of the level summit, which is about an acre, strewed over with small sharp stones, telling her beads as she hopped along. I happened to be the first to reach the top, and the poor soul stopped short and, looking hard at me, as if wondering what had brought me up there, exclaimed, "God save you, Sir!" Besides the old woman there were two stray sheep on the summit of Croagh Patrick, who had selected a very bad pasture, as there was not a blade of grass, so that they too were performing penance as well as the poor woman.

The two grand days for Croagh Patrick are the annual *Pattern* day, (quære patron?) for which I was just one week too late, and Garlic Friday, as it was termed by my informant. The last is the principal one, and on that day thousands are said to flock hither from all parts of Ireland, where they flatter themselves, I suppose, that by the loss of a little blood from the feet and knees, and the mumbling over a certain number of *paternosters* and *ave-marias*, they gain the good-will of the saint—wipe off all old scores, and begin afresh. "I suppose," I remarked to the guide, "many of them get

gloriously drunk after they have performed their stations." "Och, by my *sowl* they do, Sir!" was the reply.

I much regretted not to have been here on the Pattern day, when I am told it is a very extraordinary sight to see the poor creatures winding their way up the mountain; many of them, old and infirm, crawl round the summit once on their bare knees, or, if they prefer walking on the bare feet, seven times—in both cases over the sharp stones and broken bottles (the remnants of jovial parties) which form the pathway. I was told by a gentleman at Westport that, on viewing the mountain from thence on such a day, it appears as if the whole side of it were in motion, though too distant to distinguish the objects with the naked eye.

The top of Croagh Patrick is of an oval shape. It is flat and, as I said, may perhaps contain about an acre of level ground, although, when viewed from the bottom, it appears to come quite to a peak. The cone itself is composed of loose stones, on which little or no heath or grass seems to grow. On the summit, heaps of stones have been piled up in different places, to serve, probably, the double purpose of altars and sheltering spots from the wind; they are of three sides, open at the top and in front. Under the lee of one of these we took our lunch. These stones are chiefly of quartz, mica slate, and serpentine.

It happened on my first reaching the summit to be very fine and clear, and I enjoyed an extensive and beautiful panorama. On the north rose the majestic Nephin, of two thousand seven hundred feet in height, with its branching offsets, and its *little* namesake, the Nephin *beg*. On the north-west was seen the noble headland of Achill, braving the Atlantic wave, and in the same direction the *three hundred and sixty-five* islands scattered over Clew Bay, at the mouth of which stands the large Clare island, like "a sentinel watching over the rest." Immediately before me, on the bold promontory that lies between Westport and the Killeries in Connamara, were the towering mountains of Furnmagan and Muilrea—the former of the height of two thousand five hundred and sixty, and the latter two thousand seven hundred and thirty-three feet.

The wind was very bleak on the summit, and a cloud came suddenly over us, producing a thick mist or fog, which in a moment completely obscured the splendid panorama we had just been enjoying; but it passed over without any fall of rain. We descended by the opposite side to that which we went up, as this was the invariable practice, by the guide's information, but wherefore he could not tell us.

I had heard much of one *Bob of the Reek*, as he was familiarly called, who is said to have lived for the space of fourteen years at the summit of

Croagh Patrick (where he now lies buried), having, as some assert, been first excommunicated, and then sentenced by the Church to pass the remainder of his life in this airy situation, while others will tell you that he was a man of weak mind (of this there cannot be a doubt in either case) and condemned himself in expiation of some crime, known only to himself, to this high estate. His residence was pointed out, but it was in so dilapidated a state, as scarcely to be distinguished from the rest of the several recesses of which I have spoken. I have conversed with those who were personally acquainted with poor Bob. They all describe him to have been a cheerful little man, and that he wore a long beard. He used occasionally to come into the town, but not often.

This mountain is held in great veneration, perhaps more so than any other in all Ireland. I was duly assured that St. Patrick gave himself the trouble to ascend the Reek, ever since which it has taken the name of Croagh Patrick—that from this elevation, stretching out his hand, he blessed the surrounding country; and, it is added, that it was in this spot the Saint bestowed his curses on all venomous reptiles, so that from thenceforth they should never more infest the Emerald Island. On noticing this to our guide, in a manner that implied a doubt on the subject, he replied, "And sure your honour believes that St. Patrick could *asily* do all this, and

a mighty *dale* more." To be sure, as is confirmed by the song :

"'Twas on the top of this high hill, St. Patrick preach'd his *sarmint*
That drove the frogs into the bogs, and bother'd all the *varmint*."

I cannot take my leave of Westport without recurring to the very distressed situation of the small farmers and labouring peasantry of Mayo, particularly in those seasons of scarcity that so often occur. Although the representations that are so frequently made of famine and disease, and the appeal to England for relief, are almost always grossly, and sometimes intentionally, exaggerated, yet there is but too strong ground to believe that, if the charitable contributions from the British Government and the people of England were withheld on such occasions, many thousands would perish of actual destitution. A very general complaint is prevalent in Ireland, whether true or false is not for me to say, that neither the wealthy landlords, the gentry, nor the great farmers, are willing to contribute anything for the support of the poor; and that if it were not for the humane and kindly feeling of the small tradesmen and shopkeepers, and for the feeble assistance which the poor are ever ready mutually to give to the utmost of their power to each other, instances of death from absolute want of food would more frequently occur than they are known to do. It is also pretty well known that the charitable sub-

scriptions of generous individuals, and of the Government of England, have been shamefully misapplied.

When the Government, therefore, in 1831, decided to relieve the starving population in the west, they sent out Sir John Hill, the Superintendent of Deptford Victualling Yard, to Mayo and Galway, to manage the funds, with instructions to purchase and distribute meal and potatoes among the starving inhabitants, at the very lowest cost price they could be procured; and in addition a large sum of money to be dealt out to such as were absolutely destitute. He found very little disease prevailing, and no general scarcity of food; but he did find that cargoes of oats were shipping off from Galway and also from Wesport—that provisions were locked up and made unavailable, with the view of raising the prices of articles of the first necessity. I do not suppose that such conduct is peculiar to the Irish traders, but that it differs only in degree from what sometimes happens in England. They are all, according to Johnson's definition, "men long used in the method of money-getting;" one of which methods, by no means unusual, being to create a scarcity in order to enhance prices.

On the present occasion every artifice was made use of, through some of the Irish newspapers, to create an alarm of famine, by fabricated accounts of disease and deaths by starvation, which were eagerly brought forward at the meetings, called by Sir John, of the principal inhabitants and clergy of the coun-

ties of Mayo and Galway, the former of which was held at Castlebar, and the latter at Galway. Attempts were made to get possession of the public money thus sent, and to purchase provisions at high prices, to which they had been factitiously raised. But Sir John was too well conversant in matters of this kind to suffer himself to be duped. He had laid his plans in Liverpool and Dublin, to obtain meal and potatoes, and ship them off quietly to the western ports; and as these supplies dropped into Wesport and Galway, the result of their importation was, that the price of oatmeal was immediately brought down from 18*l.* to 12*l.* a ton, and the hoarded meal was now brought to market. On one occasion, when from the state of the weather the provision ships could not enter the bay, a cargo of Indian corn or maize was purchased, but Sir John Hill was told that the poor would not eat it, as it was not adapted to Irish constitutions.

The Irish are, it must be said, a singular people. As soon as it was understood that Government had sent an agent with money to purchase provisions, they considered themselves relieved from any further thought about the poor; and the very persons, who had been fed by the bounty of the public, assembled in crowds, attacked the meal-carts, and carried off the booty, so that no Government supplies could be sent into the country without a guard; and even this was not enough. In vain did the troops, who were called in, endeavour to prevail

on them to desist; the consequence was, that two or three were killed, and as many wounded. The Catholic Archbishop of Tuam (not the present Dr. M'Hale, but Dr. Kelly, a very different character) made it known, that one of the wounded aggressors on his death-bed declared that he was not in want, and lamented that he should have been engaged in so unwarrantable a proceeding. The peasantry seemed to think that there was no wrong whatever in attacking and plundering the public property; and the proof that they acted on this principle is, that in the midst of all these riotous proceedings, private property of every description, even provisions of various kinds, passed through the assembled multitude without the slightest molestation.

The extent of the famine in 1831 may be inferred from the fact that, in order to aid the poor to purchase potatoes and meal, the sum of sevenpence a-week was allotted to each individual of 225,680 persons, and these mostly, say 220,000, were inhabitants of Mayo. Now, as the population of Mayo, as taken in that same year, was only 366,328, it follows that five-eighths of the whole population of the province were in a state of destitution.

If, then, for this scanty pittance of sevenpence a-head per week, 225,680 persons can be rescued, during the months of famine, from death by starvation, is it not a reflection on the great landholders of this county, and still more so on the absentees, that they will not only not contribute to

relieve a temporary distress, but endeavour to prevent, as far as in them lies, any legal provision being made for the maintenance of the poor, no longer able to support themselves? but it must come to this,—humanity will not for ever suffer such an outrage to continue.

It will be asked, whence proceeds this deplorable condition of so vast a portion of the population of Mayo? It is true there is an unusual quantity of bog-land, uncultivated mountains and moors; but, from all I can learn, the causes of the frequent recurrence of famine and its dreadful consequences lie much deeper than want of land for an overgrown population. The soil is not, generally speaking, an ungrateful one, nor are there wanting wealthy landlords; but the tenure on which the lands are let, sometimes to agents or middlemen, or large farmers, who split their holdings into small parcels, let out at enormously increased rents to tenants-at-will, is ruinous to the poor peasant who ventures to take them. This wretched system, however, is said to be on the decline. The same thing happens in the case of long leases: the father of the family dies, or frequently before his death he partitions the farm into as many portions as he has sons; and these again, in their turn, divide their portion among their sons; so that, before the lease expires, the original holding is split into parcels of an acre or two each, and the whole family reduced to the lowest ebb of distress; the male part to become common labourers, for whom little or

no employment is to be had more than five or six months in the year, at the daily pittance of eightpence to tenpence a-day.

Another cause is, the practice pursued by agents or speculators in land. One of these, for instance, will hold a farm on a long lease of two hundred acres, of which he splits one hundred into small parcels of two or three acres, at a greatly advanced rent, so as to keep the other hundred in his own hands rent free. There is little risk of losing his rent: if the poor tenant cannot pay, he immediately distrains both on the crop and the stock. It has truly been said that, by tenures-at-will, short leases, and tithes, "the harvest of the poor man's life is reaped in his old age by his priest or his landlord."

The consequence of this ruinous system is, that whole families are reduced to a state bordering on starvation, and take refuge in the miserable hovels, as daily labourers, with which Mayo, and I understand most of the middle and southern counties are strewed over and disfigured. It is most melancholy to look into one of these abodes of wretchedness, to see a whole family worn down by disease and famine, —not a chair nor stool to rest their wearied limbs upon; not a bed to lie down upon, except a little straw, often wetted with the rain that drips from the roof; and a blanket, and that not always—sometimes an old tarpaulin—thrown over the whole family, to serve as a substitute for bed-clothes. From the almost constant rain that falls in this climate, the floor of these hovels is generally broken into mud-

holes; a pool of water stagnates before the door and, after a heavy shower, enters the hovel, there being generally a step *down* from the door. A few cold potatoes frequently serve as their daily and only food; for many of them are unable to purchase a constant supply of turf to cook them at such times as they may be wanted. This is the melancholy and, I believe, true picture of a family reduced to the condition of labouring cottiers, who are satisfied to take such employment as they can get, when famine and disease have not yet reduced them to a state of weakness which disables them from work altogether.

Even while the small farmer is able, from his surplus produce, to pay his rent, his condition is far from enviable, but might with a little management be improved. If he can afford to keep a cow and a pig, he generally admits both to be partakers of the same apartment; and though his cottage may be a degree better than that of the labourer, yet it is kept equally filthy; everything within it being soiled with smoke and soot, and the puddle and the dunghill invariably found before the door. The rent of such a cottage, if built by the landlord, may be about 2*l.* a-year; turf, 30*s.*; the man's clothing, 40*s.*; the woman's, 30*s.*; and four children, say 30*s.*; making altogether 8*l.* 10*s.* The rent, say of three acres and a cow-grass, 9*l.* The routine of his crops is, potatoes, barley, and oats. The barley is sold to be distilled into whiskey, and

this and the pig contribute to the payment of rent and fuel; and the potatoes, the cow, and the oatmeal, supply the family with food. The females are employed in spinning linen and woollen yarn, and in knitting worsted stockings; of the woollen yarn is manufactured a kind of frieze, druggets and flannels, the common wear of the peasantry: after supplying the family clothing, the surplus helps to pay the rent.

There is still another class of paupers, the most destitute and helpless of all—the aged, the sick, and the infirm,—dependent wholly on the charity of the neighbouring poor, and on the alms they, or their younger companions in misery, are able to raise from passing travellers. In some few places a scanty fund is raised for the sick, but wholly inadequate, "the gentry and landlords seldom subscribing." These poorest of all poor creatures find their only shelter from the weather in the most wretched of hovels, made of sods, stuck generally by the side of the public roads, thatched over with heaths, shrubby branches, rushes, or anything they can get, but which are so wretchedly constructed as to be, in every corner, pervious to the rain; and even hovels of this kind are frequently demolished by some heartless farmer, on whose grounds they intrude. How these unhappy creatures contrive to subsist, or even to drag through the winter season a miserable existence, is quite inexplicable,—the fact is, they die unnoticed, disregarded, unregretted,

INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE BETTER KIND OF IRISH COTTAGES.

and no inquiry made about them. There is no other country on the face of the earth where such extreme misery prevails as in Ireland. The negro slave, if only from interested motives, is well taken care of,—even the American Indian, the Esquimaux, the Hottentot, live and die in luxury, compared with this description of Irish paupers; yet, notwithstanding all the misery the peasants suffer, their numbers go on increasing to a frightful degree: one would almost be led to conclude, that the nearer the approach to a state of destitution, the more favourable is it for an increase of population.

LETTER XI.

WESTPORT TO TUAM AND CLYDAGH HOUSE.

Road to Tuam, through Castlebar—A Four-horsed Coach—A singular Character — Tuam — Roman Catholic Chapel — Dr. M'Hale—Achill Mission—Attempted Destruction of, by M'Hale —His Letter to the Bishop of London—Extract of a Letter, describing M'Hale's Visit—Description of the Mission, and Character of Mr. Nangle—Proceed to Clydagh House, by Headford.

Clydagh House, Lough Corrib, 15th September, 1835.

My intention on leaving Westport was to proceed by the direct road to this place, passing between the lakes Mask and Carra, through Ballinrobe, Cong, and Headford. Of the caves of Cong I had heard a great deal, but my taste, I confess, leans more towards lofty mountains than damp and dark underground chambers: even my friend Crofton Croker's legend of the fair lady changed into a white trout, which inhabits one of these caves, could not turn me out of my projected route, not though one traveller has vouched for the pallid whiteness of the trout of the cavern—I suppose from the same cause,—privation of light,—which had changed the colour of a miserable gold fish in

the catacombs of Paris to a deadly white : the poor thing was swimming in a small well or basin, at the foot of a wall of skulls and cross-bones.

The truth is, I had made up my mind to see Tuam and the new Catholic chapel, which is now in progress at that place, and of which so much has been said. I therefore took my seat outside a four-horsed coach, and out we started for Castlebar, where the road to Tuam turns off in a south-east direction. I think it would have astonished one of our four-in-hand whips to have seen us on our road to this town. The poor animals were so miserable in appearance, and so weak, that their united efforts could scarcely drag the coach up some, not very steep, acclivities of the road. The coachman first enlisted a parcel of ragged boys into his service, who were evidently on the look out for the coach, to trudge alongside, and by shouts and blows to urge the animals up the hill. Finding this to fail, he dismounted from the box, handing over the reins to the passenger who was seated next to him, and, with whip in hand, ran up the hill along with his cattle, flogging them all the way with his utmost energy, until he had got them to the summit, when he resumed his seat :—all this, too, happened at first starting, so you may suppose our progress towards Castlebar was by no means rapid, and our prospect of reaching Tuam not very encouraging; and yet, bad as this is, travelling in Ireland has no doubt wonderfully improved of late years: we now hear

no more of that horrid practice of putting wisps of lighted straw under the bellies of the poor animals, nor does that equally horrid practice of ploughing by the tail, as I understand, any longer exist.

Immediately after leaving Castlebar we came to a part of the road which was under repair, and left in such a state, that I should have supposed it next to impossible to cross it. Every one dismounted and walked on, as it seemed a general opinion that the coach must of necessity be overturned—notwithstanding which they contrived to get it safe over, somehow or other; more, I believe, good luck than good management.

A very singular, wild-looking character got upon the roof of the coach at Castlebar, and seated himself next to me. Fierce as his aspect was, he had much the air and manner of a gentleman, though shabbily dressed. Resolved to enter into conversation with him, I commenced by talking of Croagh Patrick, which just then reared its proud head in the distance, and observed, that I had yesterday ascended to the top, which required some little exertion. As yet my friend had not opened his lips, but now, in a voice of thunder, and in a very abrupt manner, he exclaimed, with extreme rapidity, "D——d nonsense, exerting oneself to get up a hill—exert yourself to get on in life, that's *something*." How pregnant is the remark of this Cynic! thought I to myself. He now began to open in right earnest, commencing with an extraordinary and quite unin-

telligible account of the services he had rendered to Government, and how ill they had been requited; and winding up with a vociferous shout, "Wasn't *that* pretty treatment—Eh?" which was the burden of his whole discourse, and the winding up of every grievance. I wished him at the d—l (excuse my saying so): but he only went as far as the first stage—I mean of our journey. I remarked to the coachman that I thought him tipsy, who said it was lucky for me that I did not throw out any such hint, as nothing irritated him more, being conscious of his failing, and that he certainly would have struck me with the awful *shilelah* he carried in his hand, and which he, ever and anon, brandished about in the most approved fashion of the Emerald Island.

The country between Castlebar and Tuam is generally flat and uninteresting, but well cultivated; and there appeared to be more private gentlemen's seats, and large farm-houses, than I had yet observed since entering Connaught. Among the former we passed that of Lord Clanmorris. At Roundfort is a good house belonging to Mr. Blake, surrounded with plantations; and not far from this, Mr. Lindsay had built a large house, which we passed pretty near, intended, I understood, for a school of agriculture, but the speculation seems to have been a failure, as few pupils ever attended it.

Tuam is a small, ordinary-looking town, with

some few good houses, and apparently a place of some activity: the streets seemed full, and every one bustling about. It is, in fact, a *central* spot, from whence great turnpike-roads branch out in all directions to every part of the island, and is in a direct line from the north-west coast to Ballinasloe, where the greatest cattle-fair is held in all Ireland. In consequence of this, coaches and cars are constantly passing through the town; and I am told that, at an early hour in the morning, the horns of the mails are as frequent and noisy as in any central town in England.

Tuam is the residence of His Grace Power le Poer Trench, one of the Protestant Archbishops of Ireland, who is also Bishop of Ardagh,—a venerable, humane, and charitable man. He resides much on the spot, in the old palace, the grounds of which are pretty, and kept in good order. The cathedral is an old Gothic building, small, and has nothing in its architecture to recommend it. But there is another in progress, superintended by another archbishop, at least one who assumes the title, by name M'Hale, of whom I shall have something to say presently. *His* cathedral is the lion of the town, and that which brought me to it. It is certainly an extremely elegant building, in the Gothic style of architecture. It is not on so grand a scale as I had been led to expect, but is infinitely the finest and most tasteful building I have yet seen on my travels in Ireland. The columns and the lofty

ceiling are very striking. At one end, and immediately behind the altar-piece, is a large painted window, but, as there was a quantity of scaffolding in front of it, I could not obtain a sufficiently good view to enable me to judge of its merits. I saw, however, that it was full of armorial bearings, chiefly, I was told, of subscribers, among whom are reckoned some liberal Protestants. The altar is entirely of Italian marble, of various descriptions: it was made at Rome, and sent as a present from the Pope, carefully packed in boxes. Four spiral fluted columns support the canopy, which is also composed of marble. The workmanship of the whole is exquisite. It had just been placed in its situation; and I could not help thinking that they had been in too great a hurry in putting it together, as there were several workmen employed about that part of the chapel, and, as I have said, a quantity of scaffolding was still remaining, which came in close contact with the altar-piece. This splendid chapel, I understand, has been built partly by small subscriptions, even so low as a penny, and by gratuitous labour. A place is left, and the foundation finished, for the reception of a steeple, which the Catholics are determined to have on many of their chapels,—aye, and bells too, and carillons into the bargain; and why not? Since the emancipation there ought to be no alternative but this,—to give the Catholic as full, as free, and as unfettered

rights as the Protestant has; or, if he abuses them, put his shackles on afresh.

I shall now give you some account of the person under whose auspices this chapel has been built. You have no doubt heard, or you soon will hear, much of the titular Archbishop of Tuam, Dr. M'Hale, a man who has always shown a most inveterate and deadly hatred to the very name of Protestant, but yet apparently so meek, so mild, and so humble;—his dwelling is so lowly, just at the foot of the gate leading to the archiepiscopal palace, that the stranger cannot avoid remarking on the contrast between the splendid mansion of the Protestant and the mean dwelling of the Roman Catholic Archbishop. But, as the poet says,—

> ——— There are some that use
> Humility to serve their pride, and seem
> Humble upon their way, to be prouder
> At their wish'd journey's end.

From all accounts, and from that I am about to give you, such a person as the poet here describes is Dr. M'Hale. Whether his character be estimated truly in Tuam, of course I know nothing; but a ragged boy, when conducting a friend of mine to the schools, said that Dr. M'Hale was "the bright star of Ireland;" and he also said that "the Bible was a bad book." If such be the instruction given to children in the schools

under the Doctor's superintendence,—from which we know the Bible is excluded,—instead of a "bright star," Dr. M'Hale may be considered rather as an *ignis fatuus*, to seduce his flock into the bogs and quagmires of error and the releave them.

You may perhaps have heard of an island named Achill, part of the county of Mayo, but removed to the farthest west, where its rugged and lofty front braves the blasts and the billows of the stormy Atlantic. It is about thirty miles in circumference, part of its surface being mountain and rock, part heath and bog, and the rest fit for pasture and cultivation. Its inhabitants are said to be from 3000 to 4000: and to support themselves by planting potatoes, rye, barley, and oats; some few possess a cow and a pig, and some, in addition, a few sheep; but they are represented to be miserably poor, ignorant, and of course superstitious. In 1831, when relief was sent from England, most of them were in a state of starvation, many hundreds subsisting chiefly on sea-weeds, mostly on the *fucus saccharifera*, known in Ireland by the name of *Sloke*, —and the typhus fever was raging among them. Almost the only collection of cottages, or hovels, that deserves the name of a village, is Dugurth, situated close under the lofty, bleak, and barren mountain of *Slieve More*, where the eagle builds his aërie, and whence he frequently pounces on his prey, be it poultry, fish, or a young lamb.

The attention of certain humane and benevolent persons had for some time been called to the lamentable condition of the poor inhabitants of Ireland who in insular and remote situations were left without any spiritual comfort; and subscriptions were raised to a considerable amount for the establishment of home-missions, whose chief objects were to endeavour to confer the benefits of religious instruction and civilization on these poor, neglected beings. Two or three clergymen of the Church of England, with as many Scripture-readers, who understood both the English and Irish language, undertook to establish a mission on Achill, the object being to instruct these poor people, not only in the word of God, but to teach them a better mode of cultivating their land, and how more successfully to carry on the fishery; to construct their cottage in a better, cheaper, and more comfortable style; to open schools for the education of their children; and, in short, to conduct this home-mission pretty much upon the plan of a Moravian establishment.

Mr. Nangle, a most respectable clergyman, undertook this mission. A lease of ground was procured; buildings were erected; three or four schools were opened, and children flocked to them from all quarters of the island, to the number of from 300 to 400; the inhabitants attended at each other's houses, to hear the reading of the Bible in their native tongue; and the utmost harmony prevailed;

when, in an evil hour, a certain priest thwarted the benevolent views of Mr. Nangle: he denounced the schools from the altar, the consequence of which was, that about 130 of the pupils were withdrawn; but Mr. Nangle was too much for him, and the pupils were gradually returning. The priest, however, is supposed to have aroused the alarm or the jealousy of Dr. M'Hale, who determined to make a personal visitation to Achill, and, by his presence, to crush at once, if he could, this charitable and humane establishment. To do this more effectually, he is said to have put himself at the head of some fourteen of his priests, proceeded to the island, marched into the village in grand procession, with music playing and banners flying, and, clothed in all the pomp of his splendid pontificals, directed his satellites to fulminate those denunciations, the consequence of which the most ignorant of the Catholics full well understand. No angel, it seems, stood in the way of this modern Balaam; no compunctious visitings of nature arrested his progress; no misgivings of conscience at the unholy proceeding he was about to exercise, troubled his mind; and, instead of one Balak, a whole host of them attended his will, loaded with curses. Did not his heart smite him when he beheld the comfortable dwellings that had risen among the wretched sod-huts of the poor islanders, which he was about to destroy? Did not the feelings of our common nature, as he beheld the pleasing prospect from the Pisgah

of Achill, touch his heart, and bring to his recollection that beautiful apostrophe of Balaam of old? "How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee." Ah, no! his heart would appear to have been incapable of relenting; the schools and the children were denounced and dispersed, and a "flaming sword" was brandished through the whole island.

Having thus discharged the full vial of his wrath against the mission and the poor islanders, this proud prelate, flushed with his ignoble victory, coolly sits down to address a letter to the Right Rev. Dr. Blomfield, Lord Bishop of London, dated "Achill Island, Nativity of the Blessed Virgin*." The style and tone of the letter is as indecorous and insolent as the spirit of it is vulgar and vindictive. Dr. Blomfield, in his place in Parliament, had observed on the growth of Protestantism in Ireland, and this roused the wrath of John Tuam.—"As for your churches," he says, "so far from being any evidence of the growth of the Protestant religion, their steeples, like the London Monument, are

* The reverend prelate thus commences with something very like a fiction to produce *an effect*, by making the anniversary of the Blessed Virgin coincident with the coronation of William IV. The coronation of William IV. was on the 8th September. I know just as little as Dr. M'Hale does *when* the Nativity of the Virgin happened—but I do know that he was *not* in Achill *Island* on the 8th September: he arrived on the 2nd, and left the island on the 5th of that month.

so many tall and lying bullies." He pronounces the exertions of the Achill Missionary Society "abortive"—asserts that it could make no advances in this island—that in vain was it attempted to seduce the people from the faith of their fathers—that they treated the pretensions of these "ignorant fanatics with contemptuous scorn"—that "the Achill Mission is already another tale of the numerous failures of fraud and fanaticism"—and that "its buildings, now unfinished are, like the Tower of Babel, a monument of the folly and presumption of their architects*."

His malicious and insulting sneer at the poor plundered clergy of Ireland is disgraceful to the character he assumes. "Already the parsons," he says, "are commencing the practices of the Catholic religion; fasting is become a favourite observance—nay, hateful as celibacy appeared to the Protestant churchmen, they are beginning to agree with Malthus that it would be unjust to be burdening society with an unprovided offspring."

One part of his letter is amusing enough. Having, as I have observed, made the anniversary of the coronation of William IV. coincident with that of the "Nativity of the Blessed Virgin," he thus takes the opportunity to contrast the two great performers on the occasion—one in Westminster Abbey, and the

* These falsehoods are exposed in the two letters contained in the Appendix.

other in the Vatican. "A discourse on the respective duties of the assembled auditory formed a part of each of these solemnities. The one was delivered by a prelate of exalted rank and supercilious bearing, whose full and corpulent frame, unwasted by fasts or vigils, attested the sincerity of his belief in the superstition of such practices. It was Dr. Blomfield, the Protestant Bishop of London; the other by a capuchin, than whom nothing could more strongly contrast with the former figure. The feet, almost bare, were bound by a few latchets to their scanty sandals; a coarse, dark, flowing garment was wrapped by a leathern girdle round his emaciated body; the sinews upon his attenuated wrists and fingers were seen to rise like reeds upon a column; and the fulness of the tonsure, which his downcast head had rendered visible, manifestly revealed how completely he had got rid of all the vanities of the world."

It required no small degree of impudence on the part of this Dr. M'Hale to venture on this contrast, evidently intended as the personifications of pride and humility, at the very moment when, with unparalleled pride and meanness, he had exhibited himself, not like the capuchin with his bare feet, his downcast head, and his coarse garments, not as one having "got rid of the vanities of the world," but in all the pomp of pontifical tawdry, to astonish and terrify an ignorant and wretched population,

and to destroy that pleasing prospect of happiness which was on the point of being realized.

What followed this undignified, disgraceful, and inhuman exhibition, which any other titular prelate of Ireland would be ashamed of, I learned from an accomplished lady who visited Achill very shortly after M'Hale's departure. She left that extraordinary man, Mr. Nangle, nothing cast down, nor in any way disheartened; on the contrary, he had no doubt that the schools would in time be re-opened. With the permission of this intelligent lady I will give you an extract from a letter, written by her soon after to her sister, *currente calamo*, which describes so admirably the firm, the undaunted, yet meek and placid character of Mr. Nangle, that it ought not to be hidden under a bushel. She first relates her journey to Achill, and thus proceeds.

"At Ballycroy we were detained four days by a hurricane, living all this time in the coast-guard watch-house and the cottage of the chief boatman. At the end of this time, Mr. Nugent took us over in his galley to the Bull's Mouth Station, in the Isle of Achill, whence we proceeded to the village of Dugurth, the seat of the Rev. Mr. Nangle's new Missionary Establishment; where, if we had not had a letter of introduction from Mr. Nugent, we should probably have been equally well received. In fact, no one can visit, or, at least, no one can sleep in Achill, without either going

to Mr. Nangle's or to the humble cottages of the coast-guard men. I had never heard of Achill or Mr. Nangle till I saw Mr. ——— at Dublin.

"Like another Luther is Mr. Nangle in Achill, preaching twice every day against Popery, exposing the craft of the priests, and holding up to ridicule their arch-mystery, the converting a bit of paste, boiled in their own sauce-pan, and clipped with a pair of scissars, into the body and blood of Christ, their Creator and God! Day after day does Mr. Nangle's household, consisting of Protestants, converted Catholics, and some few Catholics not yet converted, listen to this astounding proposition, comparing it with *the* only one all-sufficient sacrifice of the cross. The convert weeps, the unconverted Catholic smiles, and likes to hear the doctrine of the wafer thus presented to his understanding. Perhaps before he smiles, he rages; for this, with those who care for their faith, is the natural and first effect of the doctrine thus preached to them. Yet there is some attraction to the Irish mind in the very *daring* of the proceeding; he *likes* the boldness of it; it rouses and interests him. You may reason with and try to persuade and conciliate him, and use delicate and measured language for ever. He appears to agree and is not impressed; but to hear his priest called, as I once heard Mr. Nangle call him, "a ruffian priest;" to hear the awful Bishop M'Hale called a man like themselves, who, like

themselves, was a few years ago running barelegged over the bogs, is what seizes their imagination and rouses their interest.

"Much, therefore, as I reasoned with Mr. Nangle against the imprudence, if not the impropriety, of this mode of proceeding, I am notwithstanding convinced that, with the ignorant and enslaved Irish, this is the only way to do anything. And is it not the way in which Luther went to work? Mr. Nangle is another Luther in boldness, but not in violence of temper. He is in his person and manner the very *beau ideal* of a missionary, as much so as Mr. Malan of Geneva. He appears about thirty-five years of age, very tall and thin, pale, and dark, with finely-formed features, and an expression so mild and so pensive, that you would think he could not utter a harsh word, or raise his voice beyond the breathings of a prayer. Yet, when animated, the most extraordinary fire lights up in his eyes, and the sweetest smile plays upon his countenance; his voice is always subdued and gentle—he scarcely ever laughs. How can a man laugh who believes that thousands of his deluded brethren are perishing around him in their sins and their errors, and that he is a minister of God to save a few and only a few? Far as I am from agreeing with him, or any of his brethren, in this particular view of things, I believe it is nothing less than a motive of such overwhelming

force, that can lead a man not only to risk his personal safety, but to devote his whole soul, his every energy, to sacrifice his health, and to persevere through good and evil report, through persecution and calumny, fatigue and privation of every description, without looking back or fainting in his course. I have seen many missionaries in many countries, but never any one so devoted, so pure and high-minded, as Mr. Nangle.

"I wish I had time to tell you more of our visit to Achill; how we ascended its highest mountains; and how we *missionized* along the road, I mean how our two guides and the Scripture-reader, who accompanied our horse's steps, dropped a word here, and another there, got the country people into conversation, and sowed the seed of their missionary doctrines by the way-side, in the hope that it might some day spring up again. It was a curious scene; but it may be more interesting to tell you that Mr. Nangle's colony consists of five stone slated buildings of two stories, a thing never seen in Achill before; that he has now ten acres of land producing potatoes, and will soon have a great many more—is building eight cabins for the converts, not better than those of their neighbours, in order that they may find shelter, but not anything which could be called bribery; that the amount of his converts since his arrival in Achill a year ago is thirty-one individuals; and that Dr.

Adams, a rich physician of Dublin, is about to come and devote his fortune and medical talents to the colony. If Achill and Mr. Naugle have excited as much interest in England as they appear to be doing in Ireland, you will be glad to have heard of them—if not, you will wish I had left Achill sooner. We did not do so till after four days, and then crossed the Sound of Achill to sleep at one of our coast-guard cottages, and proceeded through the mountains of a district called Curraan, to Newport."

I entirely agree with the amiable and intelligent writer of this letter, as to the imprudence and impropriety of throwing ridicule on sacred subjects, however contrary, or even repugnant they may appear, to our principles of faith. It is no excuse to say that argument is of no avail; if neither this nor persuasion will make converts, I do not think we have any right to push our endeavours farther. The mysteries of religion are not fit or fair subjects for derision. A man's religious opinions is an affair between God and himself; and so long as they do not interfere with the peace and the welfare of society, it appears to me that, to unsettle a man's mind by endeavouring to draw him away from the religion of his fathers, can hardly be called a legitimate proceeding. But if, by reading and expounding the word of God—by setting the example of a sober, righteous, and holy life—by imparting

the benefits of education to the youth of both sexes —and by instructing adults in the useful arts and the beneficial employment of time, Roman Catholics may be converted to the Protestant faith—if these be the sole objects of the Achill mission, the endeavours of Mr. Nangle and his coadjutors must be considered as worthy of all praise.

Having procured a car I proceeded direct for Clydagh House, where I now am, the seat of our excellent friend, Sir George Staunton, situated on the eastern shore of Lough Corrib, about thirteen miles from Tuam. We drove through the little town of Headford, the chief proprietor of which is Mr. St. George, who is the nearest neighbouring gentleman to Clydagh. Headford is certainly a more tidy-looking little town than any I had passed through since leaving the province of Ulster. In lieu of the eternal dunghill before the door, some of the cottages could boast even of a piece of ground in front, with roses climbing up the side of the walls. Another unusual feature in this town of Headford is the enormous square chimney-stacks, rising out of several of the thatched roofs, apparently of ancient structure, and sufficiently numerous to give a peculiar character to the place. After leaving Headford, the road passed over a dreary, desolate-looking country, portioned off into small patches with high stone walls, loosely placed together, which continued until I approached a wood sweep-

ing down to the shore of Lough Corrib, upon the bank of which stands Clydagh House.

I was not sorry to find myself comfortably housed and most kindly welcomed by Mrs. Lynch, whose husband you are aware is unfortunately absent from home, so that I shall be deprived of much valuable information, which his long residence in this part of the country would have enabled him to afford me.

LETTER XII.

CONNAMARA.

Cross Lough Corrib—Oughterarde—Martin's Gatehouse—Flynn's half-way House—Miss Flynn—Arrival of Company—Failure in getting up a Dance—Ballinahinch—Roundstone and Biterbuy Bays—Mountains of Maam Turk and the Twelve Pins—Clifden—Journey to Lenane—The Killery—Residence of Big Jack Joyce—now a Member of a Temperance Society—The use of Whiskey necessary—Address to—Singing party—Trait of kind feeling in Joyce—His anxiety to give his children a good education—Origin of the Joyces—Joyce's Kitchen—Detention by the Weather—Further Conversation—Departure for Maam Lodge—Wretched State of the Peasantry—in their Dress and Hovels—Recross Lough Corrib from Maam Lodge—Arrival at Clydagh.

Clydagh House, 19th September, 1835.

I HAD arranged with Mrs. Lynch to set out early in the morning for Connamara; and accordingly she had kindly ordered the four-oared boat to be ready to cross Lough Corrib, and to remain at my disposal. The weather was as usual wet, "very" (as Fanny Kemble would say), and unsettled till towards twelve o'clock, when it began to improve a little. I therefore walked down to the water-side, taking with me nothing but a carpet-bag, containing such things as I might want for a two days' absence.

The distance across to Oughterarde may be about seven or eight miles, which our boatmen pulled in about an hour and a half, the wind being against us. I acted as coxswain on the occasion, and acquitted myself so well, that I only scraped her bottom once by taking her over a sunken rock, in consequence of keeping too near a reef which ran out from one of the small islands. Oughterarde is well situated on the banks of a small river or creek, about a mile from the shore of the lake: it is navigable by boats to within a few hundred yards of the town, through which it passes in a clear, limpid, gurgling stream, issuing from a chain of small lakes, and falling in a succession of rapids to the plain. At this spot, on a green slope of the right bank, stands the church, which the rapid stream appears to be undermining, and likely, ere long, to sweep away. Here, too, on the opposite bank, stands a little lodge, built by the late Dick Martin of Galway, as he was familiarly called, and in which he spent much of his time. It is known by the name of the Gatehouse, at which his property commences, and whence one may drive six-and-twenty miles on end to Ballinahinch Castle, the family seat, without passing out of it. It was the boast of Martin, or it was said perhaps for him, that "the king's writ would not run in Connamara;" but if such was ever the case, the cause of its lameness has long ceased to exist.

There is an excellent barrack at Oughterarde, at present, however, unoccupied. There is also a neat little Catholic chapel, built of limestone, which was erected by subscription; and no less than three *hotels*, the interior of none of which did I see, as I proceeded direct to the residence of Mr. Boyce, who is married to a sister of Mr. Lynch. The family pressed me kindly to pass some time with them, but I was compelled to make my usual excuse of want of time. Mr. Boyce exerted himself to get me a good horse and car for Ballinahinch, but I believe there was but one available horse to be had in the town; at least, notwithstanding all his intercession, it was a sorry brute that was at last brought out for me; and the car, judging from its rickety state, had, like the poor animal seen better days: they were somewhat akin to the king's writ—they would not *run*. As I intended, however, to go no farther that night than to Flynn's, the half-way house, I concluded they would serve my turn. The two sloping sides of the hills, between which the first part of the road was carried along the enclosed valley, were extremely barren, but their wild and lonely character, and the idea of this route being but little frequented by strangers, gave to the country an interest which otherwise it could lay no claim to. But as I journeyed onwards, I hailed the delightful prospect of soon entering among the mountains of

Connamara, to which I had looked forward with great interest, even before my departure from England.

The only human beings I had to encounter in the course of the route were two or three small detached parties employed in making or mending the road: the rest of this evening's journey was performed without meeting another creature. This part of the country, indeed, appeared to be uninhabited; at least I did not remark any houses, or even cabins, on either side of the road. I was not sorry, therefore, when towards the close of the day I drove up to the door of Mr. Flynn, who keeps the half-way house between Oughterarde and Ballinahinch. This name of Ballinahinch reminds me of a story I have heard you tell, concerning the late Lady Macartney's first visit to Ireland, when once, on observing the girl at the inn, who acted as chamber-maid, to be very dirty about her neck and arms, her ladyship said, "My young woman, do you never wash yourself?"—"Wash!" exclaimed the girl, as loud as she could vociferate, "is it wash you *mane?*—the devil a wash since Ballinahinch fair."

But I am just entering Mr. Flynn's house. On making my bow to the inmates, being somewhat moistened by the rain, I walked forward into the kitchen, which I found full of people of various descriptions, who had collected there in consequence of being employed on the repairs of the road. This

party were, under the direction of a superintending engineer, blasting the rocks, and preparing materials close to Mr. Flynn's house. They too being wet were clustered round the fire, but most civilly and immediately gave place, on observing that I was a stranger; I did not, however, long enjoy my position as, on looking up, I saw suspended just over my head a whole regiment of hams and flitches of bacon, whose solid fat, feeling the effect of the fire, began to

——————— melt,'
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,

which dew was dripping plentifully upon my shoulders; I therefore, without further loss of time, decamped from the kitchen, which was immediately on the right of the entrance; opposite to it, on the left, was a small narrow apartment, with two beds placed head and foot together, and completely occupying one side of the room, the fire-place being opposite. These appeared to be the only rooms on the ground-floor, but there was a story above them.

Mr. Flynn, I had heard, was formerly Mr. Martin's coachman. I found him an exceedingly respectable and civilly-disposed man, and his wife no less obliging. You have read Inglis's book —so had I—you may therefore suppose that the first object of my curiosity was to get a sight of that "magnificent creature, the daughter of the hostess, with a fine expressive, and somewhat aris-

tocratic face, and a form of perfect symmetry;" in short, the finest specimen of an Irish girl he had seen in all Ireland. What can I, having now seen this paragon of perfection, say more? Only this, —that I do not much like the word *magnificent;* I think it, as Polonius says, "an ill phrase" when applied to a beautiful young woman, and is better fitted for some middle-aged *embonpoint* duchess-dowager;—*majestic,* in the present case, I take to be more appropriate—

> ——————— In her face
> Sat meekness, heighten'd by majestic grace.

Miss Flynn is, in simple truth, a very fine and beautiful girl; tall, yet extremely graceful; possessing one of the most amiable expressions of countenance I almost ever beheld; and yet, with all her beauty, and all the praises that have been lavished upon her, and of which she has no doubt heard something, she appeared to be perfectly free from all vanity, willingly and good-humouredly going to her work, assisting her mother to cook the dinner, lighting the fire in the apartment I was to occupy, and serving up the dinner when ready: her dress was plain and neat, not put on for the occasion apparently, but of every day's wear. She has a younger sister, who is also a pretty, good-humoured, pleasing-looking damsel, and promises to be no less remarkable than, though probably not so fine a figure of a woman as, her sister.

Whilst dinner was preparing for me, I made an

attempt to ascend a hill at the back of the house, but after trudging some distance over a bog, and finding myself a miserable hand at bog-trotting, being constantly above my ankles in wet *sludge*, as they call it, I gave up the pursuit. It is rather remarkable, as I afterwards found, that all the hills and mountains of Connamara have large patches of bog, like so many plaisters, on their sloping sides.

I had not been long at Flynn's before another traveller, on a little ambling poney, rode up to the door; and Mrs. Flynn whispered in my ear, with a little degree of consternation, as I thought, that it was the *gauger*. There was a time when no such person ventured to pass the Gatehouse. About the beginning of the present century, Martin of Galway entertained the Lord-Lieutenant, who, having tasted some very superior claret, inquired of his host the price, and where he got it. Martin answered the former part of the question, mentioning something very low, on which his guest observed, "*That* surely is exclusive of duty." "Duty, my lord!" said Martin, "we know nothing of duties in Connamara." It would seem the king's gauger at that time could no more *run* beyond the Gatehouse than the king's writ.

Almost immediately after the gauger came a third gentleman, in one of the usual jaunting-cars of the country; both from the direction of Oughterarde. Now, as there were only two beds and one room, at least below stairs, it was evident that, even

if I were lucky enough to be the occupier of one of the beds, I should have the pleasure of a companion in the other. As both of the newly-arrived parties appeared to be well known to Mrs. Flynn, I began to dread that it would fall to my lot to wrap myself up in my cloak, and sleep on the floor, a mode of passing the night which, though pretty well used to in my northern rambles, is not to be coveted. On expressing some doubts as to the arrangement that could be made, Mrs. Flynn at once put me at my ease, by quoting the old proverb of "first come, first served," and giving me the choice of beds. The gauger however occupied the second, and I heard Mrs. Flynn tell the third gentleman that she would give up her own bed to him; but whether he was ungallant enough to accept the offer I know not, as I saw nothing more of him.

My friend the gauger asked permission to join me at dinner, to which I readily assented. I found him an agreeable, well-informed man: he had commenced life in the Commissariat Department, and was attached to the army of occupation at Brussels. He seemed to take pleasure in the recollection of those days, and entered freely into conversation. Dinner being dispatched, we both agreed that the best way of passing the evening would be, if possible, to get up a little dance; accordingly we took an opportunity of communicating

our wishes to Miss Flynn, who seemed to be of the same way of thinking, and entered with great cordiality into our views. I now began to look forward to the pleasure of being her partner in the dance, and anticipated no small degree of satisfaction at the idea of witnessing the manner in which so fine a figure would acquit herself; but, alas! there was no fiddler at hand, and the night was so stormy and wet, that this important personage could not be sent for, and, if he were summoned, in all probability would not have come. I bore up against the disappointment with that becoming fortitude which I have long since learnt to display on such occasions; so, bidding good night to the gauger, I tumbled into bed with the determination of falling fast asleep and forgetting my disappointment.

Having previously engaged the car in which I came from Oughterarde to take me on to Ballinahinch and Clifden, I was up at daybreak, and started off on my journey. For my own part, nothing delights me more than to be up at early sun-rise, when "the repose of night is yet upon the earth, and the calm of the early morning is more perfect and unbroken than that of evening." We were now getting fast into the midst of the mountains, which became bolder and loftier as we advanced, the road lying mostly over the bogs at their feet, which were quite elastic, bending under the horse's feet at every step he took. A succession

of small lakes continued on our left, some of them very pretty sheets of water, on the banks of one of which is situated the house of the Dean Mahon, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Browne, but did not make use of it. On a river issuing from a lake near the Dean's, there was good fishing with the fly. I had passed a dwelling called the *Recess*, belonging to Mr. Steely, the contractor for keeping the roads in repair, where travellers may find accommodation for the night.

Not far from the Dean's is Ballinahinch Castle, a large, plain-looking building, situated close to a lake, from which a rapid salmon-stream descends to the southward, into Roundstone Bay; here Mr. Martin has built, or rather Mr. Nimmo has built on his ground, a small village, with the view of making the bay an export and import station. It is one of those numerous inlets that intersect Connamara, just outside the Bay of Galway: it has depth of water enough for large vessels, but at present there are said to be some rocks which must be removed before it can be considered perfectly accessible and safe. It appears well sheltered from the westerly winds, as it opens directly to the southward. The neighbouring Bay of Biterbuy, which is contiguous, is reported equally good, and more extensive. I was the bearer of a letter to Mr. Martin; but, as my usual ill-luck would have it, I heard that he was absent, but expected daily. His family however were residing there; and, had

my time allowed me to stop, I have no doubt I should have shared that welcome and hospitality for which they are so well known.

The mountain-range of Maam Turk was on my right the whole way from Flynn's to Ballinahinch; and an inferior range of hills on the left, casting their sombre shadows on the intervening valley, from one side or the other as the day advanced: but at Ballinahinch I found myself amidst the splendid mountains called the Twelve Pins, situated on the right, their conical tops rising to the height of from two thousand to two thousand five hundred feet; the loftiest bearing the name of *Lettery*. A good deal of this mountain-tract belongs to Mr. Martin, who has opened marble quarries, which are said to produce a beautiful light-green steatite, and a bottle-green serpentine.

Having started from the half-way house at a very early hour, I was not sorry to arrive at the *hotel* of Chifden, a small town situated about six miles to the west of Ballinahinch, in time to take a late breakfast, for which the mountain-air had given me a keen appetite. Clifden is a very neat town, quite new, as its adjunct of Newton (which is often used in Ireland) implies. Indeed, some twenty years ago, not a house was seen where the town now stands, but only a few straggling cottages, whose inhabitants were mostly employed in digging turf out of the bogs for exportation to Galway. The houses are good, and it has a considerable

coasting trade. The population is estimated to be from 1500 to 2000. The liberal terms on which Mr. D'Arcy lets his land have given great encouragement to those who may desire to build: it is evidently a thriving place, and, having a tolerably good harbour in the Bay of Ardbear, the trade is likely to increase along with the town.

I walked by the side of the river on which the town is built, down to the harbour, from whence at a short distance is the castellated house of Mr. D'Arcy, very delightfully situated on the slope of the hill at the entrance of the bay, which it faces, and sheltered from the westerly winds; the plantations on this account seem to thrive remarkably well. On returning by the upper road, a charming view is afforded of the little town of Clifden, with its white houses backed by the high, broken, and denuded mountains of the Twelve Pins of Benabola, on the broad and rocky sides of which the light and shade were beautifully playing, as the clouds flitted across the sun.

It was not without some difficulty that I procured a vehicle to carry me on to Leenane, the abode of Big Jack Joyce, on the left bank of the *Killery Harbour*. A jaunting-car was now no longer to be procured for the road on which I had to proceed; and, anticipating the nature of the country through which I was to pass, it would have been a piece of foolish pride to reject a conveyance of any

description: the one I obtained was such as in England would be called a butcher's cart. I had the satisfaction, however, to find an excellent little horse attached to it; but was told at Clifden that I must not expect to reach the house of Joyce before dark, as the road is almost impassable, so that in many parts we should scarcely proceed beyond a walk. Judge of my agreeable surprise then on finding it, in most places, as good a road as one could wish to travel on. The fact is, my informant must have alluded to the old road, which I understood to be as bad as it had been described. The new one was only finished this year.

Shortly after leaving Clifden we came upon a part of the road in an unfinished state, where a party of some dozen remarkably fine-looking fellows were busily employed. Two of them, in perfect good humour, placed their spades across upon a level with the horse's breast, and brought us to a stand-still, declaring that we must pay toll. It so happened my pocket was encumbered with coppers, which I threw out amongst them, but these Connamara boys seemed mightily displeased; at least they did not even deign to pick them up, but allowed me to pass on, without making a single remark of any kind, though they were evidently disappointed, which I was sorry for, but consoled myself by thinking they were, at all events, not in a state of destitution.

The road leading to the residence of Joyce proceeds northerly at first, along the coast, and passes close to the bay and village of Ballinakill, a small fishing place, where the people seemed in very poor circumstances, the children being wrapped in pieces of blanketing, thrown loosely over them. The mouth of the little harbour is directly exposed to the wide Atlantic. From hence we turned off to the eastward, leaving on our left the high precipitous promontory of Renvyle, on which is situated the dwelling of Mr. Blake, a gentleman to whom, and to the members of his family, the public is indebted for those beautiful and amusing "Letters from the Irish Highlands."

We now doubled the extreme westerly base of the Twelve Pins, leaving this fine cluster of mountains on our right. The scenery here is bold, wild, and solitary; and for this I like it the more. A stray cabin here and there appeared in the recesses of the mountains, with now and then a solitary female hanging over the wicket of the door. We soon came in sight of the Killery harbour. This is a singular inlet of the sea, running up eight or nine miles into the heart of the mountain, like a narrow, deep canal, in which the largest ship of the line may find water enough, but the width is not more than three-quarters to one-eighth of a mile. It is hemmed in on one side by the base of the mountain-peaks of the Pins and their branches, and on the other by

the Muilrea, and the mountainous promontory of Morrisk. It thus bears a nearer resemblance to a Norwegian fiord than any other inlet I have seen out of that country,—far inferior, however, to those noble fiords of Norway, so many of which I crossed two years ago. The Killery is not much frequented by salmon, but the multitude of cranes, curlews and gulls seemed to indicate the presence of other kinds of fish.

This inlet is in the very heart of Joyce's country, of which Big Jack is considered to be the chief, and representative of his gigantic family. His habitation is nearer the upper than the lower end, and on the south side of the harbour. It was just getting dusk when I drove up to the door in my butcher's cart. Big Jack himself, a stern-looking man, of enormous muscular power, with an arm like Hercules, came out to receive me; and on my asking if he could accommodate me with a night's lodging, he at once said yes,—begged me to alight and walk in. I saw by his manner that he was very civilly disposed, and the first indication of it was, his intercession with Mrs. Joyce to prepare something for me to eat. Bacon and eggs, my old Norwegian diet, were the bill of fare; and a plentiful supply of potatoes accompanied the dish to table. My large host entered into conversation unreservedly, and I asked him to be good enough to give me his company at dinner, but he civilly de-

clined, saying he had already dined. On the *potheen* being produced, I hoped he would not oblige me to drink alone, but it was not without much entreaty I could prevail upon him to take a single glass, which he did only, he said, to welcome my arrival. "*Tempora mutantur,*" thought I, and some of us are changed with them; for it was scarcely a twelvemonth since Inglis visited him, when "room was found on the table for a double-sized flagon of whiskey, and water appeared to be a beverage not much in repute." The mystery was soon unriddled, by his telling me that he—Joyce, of all men in the world—had become a member of a temperance society! and had taken a vow (on three months' trial) not to drink spirits, save and except on such an occasion as the present, and when necessary to do so *medicinally*. He, however, gave me to understand that he had taken his fair share of potheen in his day, and was nothing the worse for it.

It is to be hoped that this honest fellow will not endeavour to prevail on his poor neighbours to forego entirely this necessary beverage; absolutely necessary, as I am assured by a medical gentleman of great eminence, to prevent scorbutic habits in those whose chief or sole food is the potato, which Cobbett not improperly called "the root of poverty." Rice has not much more nutrition in it than potatoes, and yet the millions of India and China feed upon little else; but they never eat it

alone; it is either dressed in the shape of curries, or highly seasoned with pepper and other hot spices, which answers the purpose of whiskey. The big Joyces may safely abstain: their beef and mutton, their bacon, eggs and butter have supplied, and will continue to supply, them with a covering of solid muscle. A man who can boast of possessing ninety head of bullocks, besides milch-cows, six hundred head of sheep, with pigs and poultry in abundance, may make a virtue of abstinence from spirituous liquors, but the poor labouring potato-eater requires something to qualify the poverty of his food; something, were it of no other use than to create an exhilaration of spirits, and cause a momentary forgetfulness of his deplorable condition. "Blessings on the man," said Sancho Panza, "who invented sleep! it covers one all over as with a blanket." Blessings on the man, says Pat, who invented potheen; it brings one's heart into the mouth; it's better than an outside coat*; it makes one spake out, and care not a fig for the Pope, the priest, or the devil.

* The following is a stanza from an Irish Bacchanalian song, "Why! liquor of life?" addressed to whiskey:—

"Many's the quondam fight we've had,
And many a time you made me mad,
But while I've a heart, it never can be sad
When you smile at me, full on the table;
Surely you are my wife and brother—
My only child—my father and mother—
My *outside coat*—I have no other—
Oh! I'll stand by you, while I am able."

After dinner Joyce and I had an agreeable *tête-à-tête* conversation. One of the first subjects he discussed was the dread that our countrymen seem to have of travelling through Connamara. He said he really believed that all who had gone through his country (speaking of strangers) expected to have their throats cut, and asked me if I had entertained no fears myself. I told him none whatever, but admitted that my friends in England had cautioned me not to enter his country alone. This amused Joyce amazingly, observing that he supposed the people of England thought them all savages; but he hoped now that, for the last two or three years, the ice had been broken, his countrymen would be better known. I found that in the present year one of my friends, the Rev. Edward Stanley, and in 1834 another, Mr. Greig, had paid him a visit; he spoke in high terms of both these gentlemen, and said he should always be proud of receiving Englishmen in his house. I can only say, from the short experience I have had, that in no part of the country have I hitherto met with people more harmless or better disposed; and on his questioning me closely as to the treatment I had experienced, and what I thought of his countrymen, I told him they appeared to me an uncommonly fine race of men, very good-humoured, and extremely respectful and polite in their behaviour to strangers; that all I had met, few enough it must be admitted, moved their hats as they passed me

on the road, a mark of respect rarely paid (as I have observed in every country through which I have travelled) in the neighbourhood of large towns. Joyce seemed to think it odd that these parts should so long be held in such ill-repute, and supposed it could only be owing to certain parties wishing to keep folks away from it, by giving it a bad name; but he was glad to find that a change was fast taking place.

Time passed very pleasantly, and I could have sat up talking with mine host till a late hour, but he would not allow me to do so, observing that I had done a hard day's work in the way of travelling, and must necessarily be fatigued, and therefore he sent me off to bed to get a good night's rest. I had not been in bed many minutes when I heard in the kitchen, hard by, some comic singing going forward in a man's voice; he seemed to have some humour in him, and succeeded at least in affording much amusement to his audience, whom he kept in a roar of laughter, and I fancied I could particularly distinguish the stentorian lungs of Jack Joyce himself. If I had been somewhat less fatigued, I should have almost felt disposed to leave my couch, and join the merry group; but as it was I remained quiet, listening to what was going forward. After two or three songs all was suddenly still, and, falling into the arms of Morpheus, I heard no more.

The following morning, however, I questioned

the younger part of the family, and learnt that they had engaged a man to come from a distance to sing a few comic songs to make them laugh; and that the reason of their merriment so soon ceasing was, that Mr. Joyce, fearful I should be disturbed by the noise, would not allow them to hear more than two or three songs. However flattered I might be to learn this trait of kind feeling, on the part of this worthy man, towards a perfect stranger like myself, I was extremely hurt to find that I should have been the cause of depriving the young people of their amusement, to obtain which had very probably been an arrangement of some days in this remote neighbourhood.

Joyce's family consists of his good lady, who speaks no English, a quiet person, apparently not in good health, four sons and a daughter, the latter a well-grown girl of about thirteen or fourteen, who promises to be good-looking and intelligent. One of the sons, I was informed, is married and living away from home, but the second son was residing with his parents—a young man of immense stature, certainly not under six feet four or five inches, formidable enough in his person, but of mild features and manners; an alliance was reported as about to take place between him and Miss Flynn—"pares cum paribus facillimè congregantur." The other two sons are mere boys, both good-looking, but not remarkably so. In addition to these, there

were under his roof two poor orphan boys, the nephews of Mrs. Joyce, and I was much gratified to learn from the eldest of these, a smart lad of about fifteen, that nothing could exceed the kindness of their uncle towards them—that they were in all respects treated as his own sons. This is certainly highly creditable to him; and when I tell you of the anxious attention he bestows on the education of his family, and that he has a tutor in the house to instruct them, you will agree with me that he is no ordinary man. The tutor is Mr. O'Connor, a lineal descendant of Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, and of all Ireland, as I was duly informed by Mr. Joyce, when he introduced him to me. Mr. O'Connor appears an intelligent, unassuming young man, and pays great attention to the instruction of the younger part of the family, who, on the morning following my arrival, were busily employed for four or five hours together in their various studies. Mr. Joyce told me that every branch of his family had learned *something* in their time, himself the least of all, and that some of them knew Latin. He expressed himself exceedingly desirous of knowing something more of the world than he did; and I told him that, on my arrival n England, I would send him a book or two that might afford him both amusement and instruction. This pleased him much, and he expressed

himself in terms of thankful acknowledgment for my intentions*.

In the course of conversation, I asked him if many of those Irish amusements called *Patterns* (Patrons)—which we should call fights, as they generally end in—were held in his country, as Inglis gives an account of one he had witnessed not far off. On my mentioning the name of Inglis, he told me he had read his book; that he thought he was a very well-meaning man, and, as far as he could judge, took a right view of things, but that he had made too much of him (Joyce), as he was not so great a person as Inglis gave him out to be. With regard to my question respecting the Patterns, he said that they were held now and then, and that at the last Saint-day a great *row* was very nearly taking place, in which the contending parties were on the point of proceeding to a deadly conflict. Joyce said he thought it right to interfere, but they were not much disposed to listen to him at first.

* On my return, I sent him "Goldsmith's Geography," and some of "Pinnock's Catechisms," for which he wrote that he was "mighty thankful, and greatly admired them," expressing a wish for a "Pantheon."—I have sent him "Hort's," admired he says, in expressing his thanks, by every one who sees it. "The peasants," he says, "have a very bad prospect for this year (1836) as there is no take on fish here, that being the chief means they had of making their rent. The tithes are collecting in the County Mayo rapidly; and the parsons are threatening to file a bill in the Court of Exchequer against this county (Galway), to bring them in for two years tithe, which, if it takes, will bring them down to the lowest state of indigence."

"However," said he, "I soon frightened them into it. 'Will you behave?' says I; 'if you don't, I'll have the gangs out, and give both sides of ye a mighty good walloping.'" The word it would seem was enough—the combatants took the hint, and laid down their shillelaghs. No wonder—a gang of the Joyces, judging from what I saw of them, must indeed be a formidable body to encounter.

"He was not so great a person as Inglis gave him out."—From this modest remark I conclude he is not at all acquainted with his pedigree. In point of fact, the Joyces are an old Galway family of English descent. Hardyman says, in his "History of Galway,"—"Thomas Joyce came first to Ireland in the reign of Edward I. His wife brought him a son on his voyage from Wales, whom he named *Mac Mara*, 'Son of the Sea;' and from him were descended the sept of the Joyces, a race of men remarkable for their extraordinary stature, who, for centuries past, inhabited the mountainous district called, from them, *Joyce's Country*."

Sir William Beetham, who is well informed in all that relates to Irish history, corroborates this in a letter to a friend of mine. "The Joyces," he says, "having elbowed out some of the O'Malies or O'Flaherties, possessed themselves of their territories; they were originally merchants of Galway, and obtained lands by purchase, to which their name was attached afterwards. They probably acquired their country about the time of

Edward III. or Richard II., that is in the fourteenth century. The whole of Connaught threw off the English authority and law about the end of the fourteenth century, and the town of Galway was governed by the mayor *under the civil law*, the proceedings of which commenced in the name of the Holy Trinity. The Joyces have been always considered as one of the twelve tribes of Galway Town*."

As yet I have said nothing of Joyce's dwelling, which is a good substantial sort of farm-house. On the left of the entrance is the kitchen, on the right a little parlour, which was my sitting-room, and from this was partitioned off a small apartment, answering the purpose of a bed-room. Beyond these was the school-room. The kitchen answered the double purpose of a sleeping apartment for the family, and around it were placed three or four huge bedsteads, each, I should think, capable of holding nearly half-a-dozen people if occasion required. A large chimney, with a glo-

* Sir William Beetham states that he finds in one of his MSS. under the name of *Joyce*, as follows :—"Dominus *Thomas Joyes* ex stirpe Regis Britanniæ sive Walliæ aut Angliæ appulit in Hiberniæ Tusmoniensi; duxit in uxorem *Honoram O'Brien* ex semine illustrissimi Domini O'Brien istius provinciæ principis. Inde classe sua trajiciens mare, in occidentalem partem Connaciæ habuit, ex ea super mari natus fuit *Mac-Marah*, id est filium maris nuncupavit. Hic loci istius principatum tenens, varias terrarum partes istius provinciæ occupavit, quas ad hæc usque tempora posteri ejus hereditarunt."

rious fire, pretty well occupied one side of the kitchen, and a large iron pot, full of potatoes, seemed to be in constant demand. But besides the culinary apparatus, there were one or two weaving machines in the room, and some half-dozen girls, whom I suppose to have been occasional labourers; these were variously employed, some in combing and preparing wool (the greater part of which was black) for the spinning-wheel, others in spinning it by the wheels, which were in constant operation, making a buzzing noise not unlike that of a large blue-bottle fly—so that the kitchen was the whole morning a busy scene. A dog and cat seemed to make themselves quite at home, but not so the pig; whenever he intruded his nose within the doorway, he was unceremoniously kicked out again; the ducks too were sent waddling off in double quick time; the cocks and hens however were on better terms, and frequently paid me a visit in the parlour. Immediately in front of Joyce's house, on a stump stuck into the ground, was a small sun-dial, with the figures cut upon a piece of black slate, the handywork, I have little doubt, of Mr. O'Connor.

It was my intention to have proceeded early in the morning on my way to a small hotel, called Maam Lodge, near the head of an inlet of Lough Corrib, where I had appointed Mr. Lynch's boat to be in readiness to receive me; but the clouds appearing in the morning to hang in dense

masses upon the mountain tops, and shroud their summits from the view, rolling down their sides and thickening in their descent, sufficiently portended an approaching deluge of rain, which soon commenced, and continued till midday. I thought of Washington Irving's "Stout Gentleman," as I stood leaning over the half-door, watching the drops of rain trickling from the straw of the thatched roof into the puddles below, "in one dull continued monotonous patter-patter-patter;" and I could not but envy the noisy ducks, the only creatures that seemed to take any enjoyment in the weather.

As it was impossible to move out without running the risk of being drowned, I remained quietly in-doors, conversing with mine host, who every moment gained upon me, and satisfied me that he was a strong-minded as well as a strong-bodied man. The subjects we touched upon were—those of all others I dislike most—politics and religion,—both of which however are almost unavoidable in Ireland. Big Jack was a great admirer of Lord John Russell; nay, he even thought him one of the finest characters of the age. With regard to religion we agreed, that it would be most desirable the Protestants and Catholics would shake hands and be friends; and, at all events, that the less one party interfered with the opinions of the other the better; that every man should adhere to that religion in which he was brought up, provided he saw no con-

vincing reason for changing it. There was no danger of our differing on these points. We next passed on to geography, and Joyce desired me to tell him something of the different countries in which I had travelled; and when I had done he expressed his surprise that so young a man as I appeared should have seen so much. He talked to me of Lord Mulgrave's visit through various parts of Ireland: said he was in Connamara, and passed through Joyce's country, but did not stay at Leenane, contenting himself with merely paying his respects to the sovereign thereof, but promised to spend a day with him next year, and to bring Lady Mulgrave with him. Joyce said he saw a great likeness between Lord Mulgrave and myself, which of course was highly flattering to be thought to bear even a very distant resemblance to the Lord Lieutenant, the greatest man in the country—next to big Joyce.

The weather having cleared up, and the afternoon proving fine, Joyce provided me with another butcher's cart, similar to the one I had already travelled in, remarking, that next year he hoped to have a proper *jaunting-car*, as he found that the visits of travellers were likely to be increased, and he also talked of enlarging his house for their better accommodation. The eldest of the boys (of whom I have spoken) drove me. The horse was refractory, and stopped at every peat-stack on the road. It was with great difficulty they could get

him to move from the stables. The animal was good but obstinate, and the boy told me that he knew he should have as much difficulty in holding him in, on his return, as he had to make him move a step with his back turned from home.

The road from Joyce's continued through a wild country, with lofty mountains on either side, without trees, or even brushwood, but clothed with grass and beautiful heaths, of which, besides the common species, there is one peculiar to Ireland, and a tall one bearing clusters of clear white flowers. A great number of horned-cattle and sheep were browsing on the mountain-sides, the former often perched on the edges of the cliffs, just as I have seen them in the mountains of Norway, appearing as if they might at any moment tumble over the ledges of the rock.

The whole of Connamara, of which Joyce's country is only a narrow slip, separated from the rest by the Maam Turk Mountain, affords good grazing, particularly in the defiles of the mountains. The farms are generally large, many from five hundred to one thousand acres, well stocked with cattle and sheep, producing butter and wool for export, sufficient for the payment of their rent, but they make no cheese: it is, indeed, remarkable that in none of the dairy-farms along the mountainous coast is any cheese made, as far as I can learn, nor can I recollect to have seen this article in any one of the hotels or inns at which I have put up. The young women

employ a great part of their time in preparing the wool for the wheel, in spinning it, and in knitting stockings, which are much celebrated for their neatness, softness, and warmth. The men weave a sort of warm, grey frieze cloth for clothing and blankets; the women have it dyed red, for their cloaks and petticoats, which is almost the universal colour in Connamara. Their usual dress is a red jacket and red petticoat, without stockings or shoes.

Fish are in great abundance on the coast, but the inhabitants are very inexpert in taking them. The kelp, made from the sea-tangle, brings in a large revenue; and the fucus, when used in its natural state, is an excellent manure for potatoes, barley, and oats: the barley is said to be mostly distilled (*privately*, where it can be done) into whiskey, in the retired recesses of the mountains and the islands. On the mountain-sides and in the valleys is abundance of bog; and turf and worsted stockings are considerable articles of export, by the way of Lough Corrib, to Galway. On the whole, I should conceive that Connamara, including Joyce's country, is capable of being converted into one of the most fertile and productive districts in Ireland; and that, by means of the multitude of lakes, or tarns, as we should call them in the north of England, an easy water-communication might be made from every part of the district with Lough Corrib, and from thence to Galway. At the same time, by thus uniting the chain of lakes into one navigable canal,

the whole of the great valley and its recesses would be drained. Were this once accomplished, population would soon flow into this remote district. Indeed, I have heard that a branch of the Trappists are making an arrangement to establish themselves in Connamara, as they have done in the east, and their superior skill will be productive of a great deal of good.

At present, however, there appears to be misery enough in this line of country. The cottages I passed were few and wretched, of a construction so humble, as scarcely to be discernible at the shortest distance,—the people ragged in their dress, and the children almost in a state of nudity. Painful as it is to see these little naked urchins, yet it is sometimes ludicrous to look at the queer figures which some of the larger boys exhibit; to see a lad with one decent leg of a trowser, whilst the other has disappeared from the thigh altogether; and one of these lounging lads is rarely met with without having some portion of the body left bare which is usually covered. Indeed, it would be impossible for any one, who has not travelled in Ireland, to form a just conception of the rags and tatters which are hung upon men, women, and children. I believe there is nothing like it in the world besides. If by any possible chance a whole coat occurs among these trampers, it is carelessly thrown over the shoulders, with the empty sleeves dangling by the side. Old regimental coats, once

red, but from wear and tear, age, scouring, and long exposure to the air, now reduced to a dark, dingy brown, with many a patch of a different-coloured cloth, are often exhibited to the eye of the traveller on the king's high road. Could you but see the strange-looking characters that have found their way into these coats, carelessly trudging along with a short tobacco-pipe, commonly called a *dudeen,* in the corner of their mouths; the big shilelahs sloped across their shoulders, and all their worldly possessions tied up in a dirty bundle, suspended at the end of it—except, perhaps, some half-dozen brats, one of whom rides *pick-aback,* while the mother brings up the rear with the other five,—you would indeed be astonished how they drag out what must appear to every one but themselves so miserable an existence.

We passed a few cottages on our route, which were very wretched; some were built, or rather cut into the sloping of a hill, so that one wall in front, with the roof, was all that was required for their completion. The road side to Maam is excellent. An hour or two before sunset we drove up to the hotel, kept by Mr. Rourke, a neat, comfortable house, built by Mr. Nimmo, for the accommodation of the engineers who were employed in making the roads. Here I found Mr. Lynch's boat waiting for me, according to appointment; but it was too late to think of setting sail for Clydagh that night; and having a couple of hours of daylight,

I determined to employ them in ascending the hill, or mountain if I may so call it, at the back of the hotel. I have often mentioned the word *mountain* in writing to you, but you will bear in mind that the highest in all Ireland does not exceed three thousand six hundred feet, and that is at a short distance from the Lakes of Killarney. The boatmen followed my steps, but the ascent was steep, and as it was necessary almost to *run* up to save daylight, my followers soon got tired of it, with the exception of the coxswain, who was a fine active fellow, and he fairly beat me. However, we both gained the summit in about forty minutes, and I thought myself well repaid by the very extensive view we obtained over the whole of Lough Corrib, (an extent of surface about fifty thousand acres,) and the fine range of the Maam Turk mountain stretching in front of us, with the mountainous district of Morrisk behind us to the northward.

The situation of Maam Lodge is well chosen; and more particularly as affording good sport, both for shooting and angling. Grouse are said to be plentiful, and so are wild ducks, on this corner of the lough: of the latter I can myself bear witness. Eagles too are reported to be abundant on the highest crags; but these, I imagine, would come under the head of "wild sports." Grey crows (which also frequent the mountains of Norway) and magpies are very common throughout Connamara, and now and then a large sea-eagle (*ossi-*

fragus) may be seen hovering over the summits of the mountains. The hotel of Maam is not only comfortable in all respects, but the fare is good and the charges reasonable. I had hare-soup, fish, a joint of meat, with all the *et ceteras;* tea, bed, and breakfast—all for six shillings.

On the following morning I started in the boat for Clydagh House, a distance of twenty-one miles, which, after rowing down the creek, we ran under sail in little more than three hours. The weather was boisterous, and the lough much disturbed, the wind coming down the ravines of the mountain with tremendous force. This it is that renders boating on mountainous lakes so extremely dangerous. For my own part, I did not at all like our situation, but the stronger the puffs came, dashing us through the waves, and nearly driving her bows under water—"That's *iligant,*" quoth the coxswain, "that's iligant!"—and all seemed so delighted, that I was loth to make them *lower away,* till I thought we were on the point of capsizing.

We reached Clydagh, however, in safety; the men fell to their oars, and soon brought the boat to the shore. Thus ended my short but pleasant journey through Connamara, a district of Connaught hitherto not very much frequented.

LETTER XIII.

CLYDAGH TO GALWAY.

Description of Clydagh—Cargin Castle—The Cargin Property—Tenure of Land—Education—Maynooth Clergy—Power of the Priesthood—Ross Abbey—Galway—Appearance of—Population—Presentation Convent—Bay of Galway—The Fishery—Schemes for Rail-roads to Black-sod Bay, Galway, and Valentia—Shipwrecks on the West Coast—Note on the wrecked Ships of the Spanish Armada.

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Galway, 21st September, 1835.

The last letter I addressed to you contained a sketch of my visit to Connamara. I shall now give you a short account of the property of our friend, Sir George Staunton, where, on my return, I resumed my quarters. The situation of Clydagh House is admirable. It possesses all the attractions that wood, water, and mountain-scenery can contribute to make a residence agreeable. It is embosomed in a dense wood, partly of young growth, and from the windows is a beautiful view of Lough Corrib, to the borders of which the grounds descend with a gentle declivity. This splendid lake is about twenty-five miles long and of various width, containing not less than fifty thousand acres, and is chequered in every part with small islands, some of naked rock,

and others of rock mingled with brushwood; on some may be seen the humble abodes of fishermen, and on others a few sheep pasturing. Like other loughs of Ireland, Corrib abounds in fish. The salmon ascends to it by the rapid stream that conveys its waters into Galway Bay, a distance of four or five miles below the lake. This fine piece of water is not always safe for sailing vessels, on account of the squalls from the mountains, and the numerous rocks just below the surface. Along the shore, immediately before Clydagh House, and for some distance on each side of it, I observed a vast quantity of dark grey stones (black when wetted) of various sizes, full of cavities and round holes, as if perforated by some gigantic *teredo*. They appear to be one of the varieties of mountain limestone, of which there are several on the whole of this coast of Ireland, containing chert nodules.

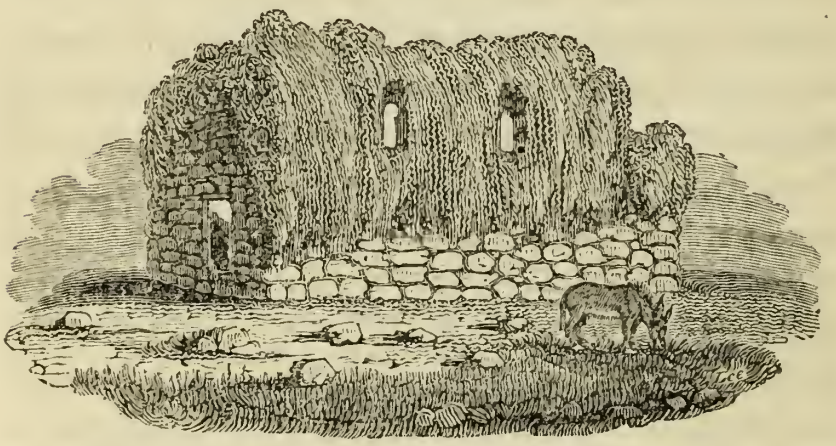
The House of Clydagh is surrounded by about one hundred and eighty English acres of wood, sixty of which are of younger growth. The underwood is almost exclusively composed of hollies, which grow naturally in the greatest abundance, and afford the finest cover for game, every variety of which abounds on the eastern shore of Lough Corrib. I was told that forty-two couples of woodcocks were shot in one day in the wood of Clydagh in November, 1834. Clydagh is only three miles from the town of Headford, where is a good market, and a daily post; it contains about 1400 inhabitants, and, as

I have already told you, is the property of Mr. St. George, whose possessions in this part of the county of Galway are not less than from 4000*l.* to 5000*l.* a year, let chiefly, if not wholly, to Catholic tenants, to whom he bears the character of being an excellent landlord. Here we have Mr. Lynch, of an ancient Catholic family, and Mr. St. George, a Protestant and Conservative, with their Catholic and Protestant dependents and tenants, living and mixing together on the most friendly terms, undisturbed either on account of political or religious opinions—and why? because agitation has not found its way into this part of the country*.

Though the dwelling-house in which Mr. Lynch resides is called Clydagh, the name of the estate is Cargin, so called from one of those numerous old castles, now in ruins, which are generally

* Mr. St. George is a fine, noble-spirited gentleman. He has recently made to his tenants a present of a reduction of 25*l.* per cent. from their rents. not that they were too high, but because in his absence those very tenants, though Catholics, drove away out of the parish the harpies who had beset the chapel doors for the purpose of extorting "tribute" for the maintenance of the Great Agitator. His father, Colonel St. George and Mr. Jasper Uniacke, were murdered by a popish banditti, in the rebellion of 1798, at Arraglyn in the County of Cork, in the house of the latter, by order of one Burniston, a sanguinary wretch, one of the most active members of the Union at Cork. To this murderous villain the leader of the assassins wrote thus:—"Citizen Burniston, your order has been obeyed. and St. George and Uniacke are no more; twenty-seven persons have been taken in Arraglyn, on account of their death; if you wish it they shall be rescued."—*Sir Richard Musgrave's Memoirs.*

found standing on slight eminences, overlooking a great extent of country. Such is the case with Cargin; it is one of those strongholds, which in feudal times enabled the chief of the clan and his followers to defend themselves from any sudden attack of a neighbouring chief, with whom he might not be on terms of good fellowship, the duration of which, even where it existed, was generally of an uncertain and precarious tenure. The Castle of Cargin is now a complete ruin, covered with ivy, as the annexed sketch, which I took from the shore of the lake, will show.



Cargin Castle, from the shores of Lough Corrib.

It stands alone, without tree or shrub near it, overlooking the broad lake, and the mountains of Connamara beyond it; but all to the east and south is an endless plain, terminated only by the horizon, over which the eye sees only a succession of

stone walls, gradually diminishing from the sight as they recede in the distance.

This moderate estate of Cargin, belonging to Sir George Staunton, is under the excellent management of Mr. Lynch, who, being a near relative, takes so great an interest in all that concerns it, that Sir George can scarcely be deemed an absentee. The property consists of between eleven and twelve hundred English acres. They are of an excellent quality, partly arable and partly pasturable. On this property there are three large farms, held by opulent graziers residing thereon; and a considerable part is let to an industrious and respectable class of peasantry, who reside also on their respective little farms, not exceeding from ten to twenty acres of land each. On every farm is built, by the proprietor, a neat and comfortable dwelling, with some detached offices; and in front of each house, flowers and shrubs are planted, indicating the comfort of the tenant and the fostering care of the landlord. There are thirty of these dwellings, built at the expense of Sir George Staunton, and the cleanliness of their appearance is maintained by premiums bestowed on the most deserving. Every tenant has his own farm, distinct and separated from his neighbour, and all who can spare time from the management of their land, get employment in the varied improvements making on the estate. The rents of the farms vary

a little, but they average about fifteen shillings an acre. The tenants, when employed, are paid eightpence a day all the year round, which is the highest rate of labour in this part of Ireland. They are contented and independent—and any permanent improvement of the land, which is agreed on by both parties, is paid for by the landlord. The tenantry are never permitted, on any account, to subdivide their farms or share them between the different members of their families. The father may will his land to whichever of his sons he pleases (should his character be unobjectionable), but the rest must be portioned off. As no leases are granted, this rule is strictly enforced, and the independent state of the tenantry, caused by constant employment, enables them to adhere to it. Thus is Sir George Staunton here, no less than he is at Leigh Park, a benefactor to the poor. This is as it should be; and if landlords in general would adopt the plan of Sir George Staunton and Mr. St. George, we should hear no more of the wretched tenantry reduced to beggary by the vile system so much followed by many landlords and land-jobbers.

There are, however, among the landlords, and it would be surprising if there were not, many who act up to the principles of liberality and justice which they profess. From one of these I received much information, when at Westport, on the state

of Ireland generally, as regards the landed interest, tithes, and poor-laws. He purchased, he said, some twenty years ago, from four to five thousand acres of land in a neighbouring county, most of the long leases just then about to expire—the land good, but in the worst possible condition. He had it valued, and let it at low rents, in farms of ten to one hundred acres, the tenants being both Catholics and Protestants. He took upon himself entirely to settle with the rector about the tithes, and only stipulated that there should be no splitting nor subletting. The farmer, thus relieved from the payment of an odious, if not unjust, impost on improvement made at his sole expense, set about making the most of his farm, and the result to himself needs not be mentioned; that to the landlord was, that the value of his land had increased from twenty to thirty, and some of it even to fifty per cent. His rents, he said, are punctually paid, and he has not had a defaulter. He disclaimed all idea of the abolition of tithes, which would only put so much money into the pockets of the landlords; but was decidedly of opinion that the only way to save them is, to pass a general and compulsory Commutation Act, on fair and equitable terms, the rate agreed upon to be fixed by a per centage on the rent, and during the continuance of existing leases, so that improvements may be followed up unfettered, to the mutual benefit of landlord and tenant. The plain common

sense of the question is obviously to make tithe a rent-charge *.

Much has been said of late on the subject of education in Ireland, and the government has acted in the most liberal manner in the establishment of a National Education Board, with funds for the support of schools from which there should be no exclusion ; but there is reason to apprehend, indeed it appears to be a very general opinion, that the plan has failed, and that it would have been desirable to exclude both clergymen and priests from any interference, and leave the schools

* I have since inquired of Mr. Lynch what was the system of education here, and I learnt from him that it is his intention shortly to establish on the estate a school for the instruction of the children of the tenantry, under his own and Mrs. Lynch's care, for boys and girls, and without making any application to the National Education Board for assistance, as he conceives the little they give to be more than balanced by the regulations that must be submitted to ; and this appears to be the general feeling both among Protestants and Catholic clergymen. The Catholic rector of Headford, for example, applied to the Protestant clergyman to give his sanction to the establishment of a school on the National Board principle ; but the latter replied that he could not conscientiously consent to its being formed. He thought it better, no doubt, that the children of each persuasion should have a separate school, which is, in fact, the case at Headford, where there is one for Protestants, supported by the rector of the parish and Mr. St. George, but it derives no aid from the National Education Board, the contributors to its support being unwilling to be bound by the rules of the Society. In the town is another school, attended by Catholic children only, the masters of which are paid chiefly by the parents.

entirely in the hands of the laity. In most cases the priest insists on the Bible being interdicted, while the clergyman insists on its being read; sometimes they agree as to the books that shall be used, but complaints are said to be frequent that others of an improper tendency have been foisted in. Even when there is the best understanding between the clergyman and the priest, either from the interference of the titular bishop, which it seems is not unusual, or from some caprice or other, the Catholic boys are ordered to be removed, and if the order is not complied with, the parents and school are denounced from the altar. Mr. Blake mentions a case where the liberal Catholic priest was ordered by the bishop to denounce a school. Being, however, on the most friendly terms with the rector of the parish, he says to him, "I am going to *curse* the children to-morrow, but just never mind it a bit; go on your own way, and after a day or two they will all come to school again."

So far, however, from such a feeling being common, Mr. Glassford* states that "no cordial union

* "Three Tours in Ireland in 1824 and 1826, by James Glassford, Esq., Advocate, one of the late Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of Education in Ireland. 1832." A minute investigation of the different schools throughout the four provinces is herein detailed, the result of which is, that nothing can be more deplorable than the state of education in *all* of them, and the evident indifference of the clergy, more especially the Catholic clergy, as to its improvement. He gives numerous instances of that abominable practice of *denouncing* schools from the altar.

or consent of the Protestant and Roman Catholic churches can be looked for on any common ground; and the system followed, whatever it be, in any place, depends much for its success on the individual character and temper of the Church of England clergyman, the Presbyterian minister and the Roman Catholic priest." But the priests of the present day are generally and confessedly of an inferior class to those who received their education in foreign seminaries, and returned to their country, scholars and gentlemen. The case is now widely different. The most illiberal, and the most hostile to the schools, are those who have been instructed at Maynooth. "The discipline there," says Mr. Glassford, "is strict; the students do not mix at all in other society; and they live in a hot political atmosphere, where there is nothing to allay the animosities of party*."

There seems, I think, to be no difference of opinion on this subject. The annual grant of

* In a letter of the Rev. Mr. Crotty, himself a Catholic priest and a student at Maynooth, to Dr. Murray, he says, "You have charged me with having opposed, when a student in Maynooth College, the authorities of that place. Yes; I denounced, in terms of honest indignation, the vicious, narrow, and ruinous system of education pursued in that house, which is the hotbed of bigotry, intolerance, and superstition, where hypocrisy is religion, and knavery is morality." "Yet here," he says, "four hundred Popish priests are fed and educated by the liberality of a Protestant Government!" It may be added, at the cost, during the last seven years, of about 50,000*l.*

money for the support of this college is spent on the education of men who on all occasions exhibit a deadly hatred to the Church of England, and a rancorous hostility against every attempt to enlighten the lower orders. This is, perhaps, the natural consequence of that power which they possess, and which, being intrusted to men sprung from the lowest origin, is almost certain to be abused. Ignorance is, in truth, the mother of superstition, and both mother and daughter are in this country the willing slaves and the victims of a power—the tremendous power of the priesthood—which exercises alike its control over the temporal and spiritual concerns of the humbler classes of their flocks. Can it then be expected—is it in human nature—that the priests, generally, in the present state of things, will be willing to surrender one particle of their power, by conferring on the people the benefit of such an education as would go far to destroy, or, at all events, greatly to diminish, that power? There would appear to be but one antidote that has any chance of counteracting this baneful influence of the priests, and mitigate, if not entirely remove, that dreadful incubus which presses so heavily on the ignorant poor, and that is—pay them out of the public purse; it is but an act of justice due to them, and to the poor people who now mostly support them.

To return to my proceedings. The day after my

return to Clydagh, from my visit to Connamara and Joyce's country, being Sunday, I rode on to Headford to attend divine service; and after church was over, proceeded to Ross Abbey, a remarkably fine old ruin, approached by a long narrow lane, once, I have no doubt, an avenue: it is situated about a mile from Headford. I have never beheld so many skulls collected together as at this place, since I visited the Catacombs at Paris,—but unlike them, they are here heaped about in such glorious confusion, as if a grand battle must at some period have been fought in the neighbourhood; it is difficult otherwise to conjecture how they could all have found their way to this spot. In one place they form a thick wall, "matted and massed together,"—but in all parts, moss-grown skulls and human thigh and leg-bones are strewed about so plentifully, that not a step can be taken without encountering them. The whole of the surrounding ground is in a disgracefully neglected state, and yet it is to this day used as the burial-place of the gentry residing in the neighbourhood. How easy would it be to collect these remains of mortality into one great mound, or to cover them over with earth, if any one would but use the means for raising a small sum by subscription, and undertake the management of it!

In passing through a small village on my way to Ross Abbey, I observed by the road-side a sun-

dial, of the same rude construction as that opposite Joyce's house. The stump on which it was placed was fastened into a heap of stones, with very little appearance of stability. The females in this part of the country, as well as in Connamara, wear short red jackets and petticoats, the former reaching a little below the waist; or a gown is sometimes superadded, generally tucked up, as if purposely to show the bright red undergarment. A large blue cloth cloak, thrown open in front, and hanging loose from the shoulders, forms a part of the costume; and, with the variety of colours, looks very smart and becoming. Red cloth, indeed, seems to be the prevailing female colour, in which the children also are generally clad; but, from the dinginess of its hue, one may presume that the petticoats of the mother have furnished the clothing of her brats. The women are generally rather below the middle size, and by no means well-looking; but they are hard worked, and not over-well fed. The men are generally tall, strong, and well built; decent in their behaviour, though their looks are rather against them.

I bade adieu to Clydagh this morning,—indeed, I had intended to have taken my departure sooner, in consequence of my limited time, but having received a most kind and pressing invitation to stay over another day, when Mrs. Lynch and her mother-in-law and sister, who were staying with her, were

to proceed to Galway, I was prevailed upon to remain, and take a seat on the coach-box, as an additional temptation. The drive along this side of the lake is as dreary and uninteresting as it can well be; the whole face of the country being barren and stony, and the small enclosures divided off by innumerable stone-walls. In some spots the stones had been collected into heaps, to give room for patches of wheat and potatoes, but they were generally strewed over the ground in rounded boulders of all sizes; and in such quantities, that any conjecture as to the place from whence they came, no mountains being near them, is as puzzling as were the skulls at Ross Abbey.

Many of the cottages we passed were very wretched, but in no part of Ireland was I more struck with the listless indifference of the inhabitants with regard to their dwellings. Here were stones scattered about, enough to build comfortable cabins for half the population of the county. It requires but little skill, where the materials are at hand and so abundant, to place them together, and construct a decent wall that would keep out the weather: but here they were tottering in every direction, except that of a right line; and so scanty in substance, as to lead one to suppose that the stones were private property, and the people not allowed to touch them. I send you a hasty sketch of one of the very best.

Better sort of Connaught Cabin.

Approaching Galway we passed some beggars who, like our gipsies, had taken up their position by the road-side, but in a less comfortable manner, one however not unusual in this country; for I remember having noticed a party near Castlebar, as well as in other places, who had encamped in the same way. They were huddled together in small recesses of stone which they had piled up, with an opening in front, to protect them from the weather; one on each side of the road, so that they may vary their sides, according to the direction in which the wind blows. On hearing the approach of our carriages they turned out, and commenced with a loud and rapid solicitation, not one word of which could I make out, as it was all Irish, at least to me.

In the neighbourhood of Galway we passed two or three remarkably picturesque ruins of old ab-

beys, well grown over with ivy, of which I should have been glad to take a nearer view, but it was impossible. Here and there, also, an old ruined castle stood solitary on the naked, stony, and flat surface,—one of those mournful monuments of feudal times long gone by. The first sight of the Bay of Galway, with its shores and its islands, is very striking; but the appearance of the town has nothing to recommend it. We drove to the house of Mrs. Lynch (where I was kindly invited and pressed to remain) through narrow and dirty streets, and, like the generality of streets in the towns of Ireland, extremely ill-paved. Galway, however, is a very ancient and a remarkable town, differing, I believe, from all others on the island. It has all the dark and gloomy appearance of what I conceive of a Spanish town, a point upon which all travellers seem to agree—the streets narrow and dirty—the houses old and dark, with arched gateways that lead into court-yards. There is an old cathedral to match the other buildings, possessing nothing of architectural beauty, but interesting for its antiquity. An ancient bridge and arched gateway are of the same venerable character; but there is also a new stone bridge, and a a new court-house, which is a handsome building with a portico of four fluted columns. The jail likewise is a neat, extensive, well-built edifice of stone and iron without any timber. The regulations

are said to be excellent, and the debtors are kept entirely separate from the felons. The fine stream of water from Lough Corrib runs down by the side of the town into the bay, across which is a salmon-weir between the two bridges. The harbour is good, and that part along the pier well sheltered: the port, however, is capable of improvement, and public money has been voted for this purpose.

The resemblance, that has been spoken of by former travellers in the manners as well as the features of the females, to those of Spaniards, would appear not to have been assumed without foundation. In fact, a great number of Spanish families, two or three centuries ago, were settled in Galway, the trade with Spain being very considerable. There is still near the port an open space called the Spanish Square or Parade, where the merchants used to meet to transact business.

Galway exhibits but little of the bustle of a mercantile town; little of the appearance of wealth, and not much of poverty: the people, I should say, are generally in easy circumstances. In so large a town the number of beggars seemed to be fewer than usually met with, but this may be owing to the police, which I understand is well regulated. Almost the whole population consists of Catholics; this indeed may be said of the whole province of Connaught. A census of the population of the town was taken in the year 1813,

by order of the mayor and council, when it was found to amount to 24,684. In 1831, by Marshall's Tables, it appears to have been 33,120: in 1821, 27,775; difference 5345, or an increase of $19\frac{1}{4}$ per cent.

Over the door of a house in one of the streets, a death's head and cross bones, sculptured in black marble, was pointed out to me, to which is appended a very extraordinary story. It appears that when James Lynch Fitz-Stephen was Mayor of Galway in 1493, his son, a fine young man, stung with rage and jealousy at the supposed attentions of his friend, a Spanish gentleman, towards a beautiful young lady to whom he was affianced, one fatal evening plunged his poniard into the bosom of his friend, and threw the body into the river. He gave himself up as the murderer. The father, like another Brutus, sat in judgment on his only son, and condemned him to die as a victim due to public justice. The *memento mori* over the door bears the date of 1624, when Lynch's old house is said to have been re-built as it now stands*.

There are several charitable institutions, monasteries, and convents in Galway. I paid a visit to one of the latter, called the Presentation Convent, with which I was much interested. The nuns, two-and-twenty in number, are all ladies of good family, and employ a part of their time very use-

* The whole detail of this melancholy story may be found in "Hardyman's History of Galway."

fully in the education of children, who are received from the age of seven to fifteen or sixteen. It was said there were at this time no less than four hundred under their tuition. They are instructed in the English language, but what books they read I did not learn *. They are also taught needle-work, and, when sufficiently skilled, are employed in making lace and tambour-work, the materials for which are sent for the purpose in large quantities from Nottingham; and the girls are paid, by those to whom the lace belongs, a certain sum for their labour, which assists their parents in clothing them, and in the payment of their rent. There chanced to be about forty or fifty girls employed in this manner when I passed through the rooms, and I was much pleased with their work, some of the patterns being very rich, and designed with great neatness and precision. The chapel attached to the convent is small but neat, and there is a good painting over the altar. Three of the sisters went through the apartments with us; they were cheerful and communicative, but looked pale and sickly. The garden in which they walk is confined, and I should think their health must be injured for want of air and exercise. One of the ladies was inclined to be conversable, and we had a long chat together regarding the regulations of the convent. She told me that, winter and summer, they were

* See Appendix, No. I., where the state of this and other schools will be found.

up at five o'clock in the morning. I thought she seemed not to have altogether forgotten the world of which she was once a denizen: she asked me about a family who formerly resided in London, and in whom she seemed to take some interest. Thus truly has the poet said,

> "The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,
> Oft of that world will snatch a fond review."

From the convent we drove down by the sea-side. The drive along the shore is very beautiful. The upper part of the bay was literally crowded with fishing-vessels, presenting the appearance of a little fleet. Many hundreds of these vessels, when the fishing season is over, are employed in bringing turf from Connamara to Galway for the supply of the town and the adjacent country. It is dug chiefly in the bogs between the heads of Kilkereen and Greatman's Bay; and many of these vessels, at such times, also find employment in transporting sea-weed for manure, which is carried from Galway over Lough Corrib for the neighbouring farmers. I have rarely seen so many boats assembled together as in Galway Bay. The total number employed in the herring-fishery alone, which is one of the principal fisheries of Galway, is stated to be 1500. There is a considerable fishery carried on for oysters, crabs, and lobsters on the shores of Galway Bay and of Connamara, which are sold exceedingly cheap. Eels are also an article of great consumption. There were not

above eight or ten merchant brigs in the harbour. We continued along the coast for about a mile and a half; and then returning by an upper road to the town, the view over the bay was highly imposing. The cabins in the suburbs of Galway are miserable, quite as bad as the worst I have seen. The only thing remarkable in the dress of the men is that they wear long great coats, with large capes.

Close to the town of Galway, on the left of the harbour, is the fishing village of Claddagh, which was said to be inhabited by four or five hundred families, whose manners, habits, and character are altogether different from those of the common people of the town, from whom they keep themselves as distinct and separate as the Amaachers do from the people of Copenhagen: they speak little or no English, and live entirely by themselves, their occupation being confined to the fishery. Perhaps there is no country in the world where fish is more abundant, or of finer quality, than in all the bays and banks of the west coast of Ireland; and, I believe, there are not many countries where so little advantage is taken of such a supply. If the fishery were less neglected, and more systematically pursued, the harvest would be found equal to a full and cheap supply of this wholesome and nutritive food, not only for all Ireland, but also for those Catholic communities on the coasts of France, Spain and Portugal, to which

the western ports of Ireland afford so easy an access. To Ireland itself, a prompt and energetic prosecution of the fisheries would be one of the greatest blessings that could be bestowed on that unhappy country—especially to the poor cottager and the daily labourer, whose families derive a bare existence by feeding on potatoes, moistened perhaps occasionally with a little milk.

But the ancient and miserable fishing apparatus of boats and nets,—the same now as centuries ago, —together with the dogged habits of the fishermen, are wholly inadequate to meet the demand. The herring and cod fishery alone would furnish an ample supply at one season; and turbot, haddock, hake, plaice, whiting, and mackerel, at others. It is indeed painful to look upon the miserable craft of the poor fishermen, altogether unfit to brave the stormy Atlantic, that rolls its waves into all the bays and inlets of the western coast. In fact, the fisheries of Ireland are discouraged by the same cause that pervades and paralyses the whole island—want of capital, or the want of spirit to employ it. There is, however, another cause that impedes any progress in their improvement,—the want of regular means of conveyance into the interior, across the mountains or through the passes. Where the catch is uncertain, regular customers cannot be expected; and when they have a great catch, there is little demand for it. The salmon and eel fisheries, which are in the hands of wealthy

individuals, are almost the only ones that are productive. Just at this time, however, the people of Galway are bestirring themselves seriously to the improvement of their noble bay and its harbours, and to avail themselves, for the first time, of the advantages of steam-communication. It appears, indeed, that the mania for rail-roads has seized upon Ireland, and if all or any of these projects should be carried into execution, not only will commercial intercourse be facilitated between the capital and the western coast, but at the same time the rapid means of conveyance will confer a lasting benefit on the fisheries.

The first in the field is the Knight of Kerry, the advocate for a rail-road from Dublin to Valentia, near the south-western extremity of the island. The second is Lord Teynham, who puts himself forward as the patron of Black Sod Bay, towards the north-west; and, lastly, Galway is brought forward under the auspices of Lord Dunlo, Sir John Burke, and other gentlemen of Connaught. But they all seem to think that the money for carrying these various projects into effect must be advanced by Government. In this I suspect they will fail. The distance of the line from Dublin to Valentia is stated at one hundred and seventy miles, and the estimated cost of laying the rail-road being 20,000*l.* a mile, the amount required will be 3,400,000*l.* The distance from Dublin to Black Sod Bay, the latter part through a mass of mountains, is one hundred and

fifty-two miles, which, at the same rate, will amount to 3,040,000*l.* The distance from Dublin to Galway is ninety-seven miles, which at the same rate will cost 1,940,000*l.*

Valentia has the double advantage of a good harbour with two passages into it, and it projects farther into the Atlantic than any other in Ireland. For commercial purposes, a rail-road would not assist it much; but it is farther west than Falmouth by two hundred and twenty geographical miles, which may be considered of some importance, though not much, to the packet-service—a day might occasionally be gained; but for the London passengers the distance to Holyhead is just as great as that to Falmouth; they have then to cross to Kingstown, and thence by the rail-road to Valentia. Black Sod Bay has good and well-sheltered anchorage, but difficult for ships to get out in westerly and northerly winds; the projectors however talk of making a cut from it into Broadhaven, which would remedy the inconvenience. Galway has the disadvantage of being situated so deeply in the interior of the island, and so far from the Atlantic, as to afford a very serious obstacle to ships getting out during the prevailing westerly winds. Its advantages are a large and wealthy population at the shortest distance from the capital, and from the great commercial and manufacturing towns of Great Britain,—a grand canal already existing from Dublin to Ballinasloe, more than two-thirds of the

distance to Galway,—and the facility with which water-communications may be made from Lough Corrib with the northern and western lakes, and by the Shannon with Limerick.

Black Sod appears to me to have the least claim for assistance from Government, though I perceive they put forward their pretensions thus:—"To the Government this mighty project presents the facility of rendering Ireland a fortress of the greatest magnitude, as communications from Longford, the centre of Ireland, would enable it to move, as on a pivot, the whole of its forces in a few hours, to any given point, and enable ten thousand men to do the work of three times that effective force." I should think Athlone, in the direct line between Dublin and Galway, close upon the Shannon, already a military depôt, and as central as Longford, would be a better "pivot" than the latter *.

The Bay of Galway must, however, be surveyed as it will be by Captain Mudge, who has completed the coast as far down, I believe, as Ballyshannon. At present there are no charts but those of Mac-

* The Galway Rail-road Company, I perceive, have obtained the patronage of the Government, at least of the Lord Lieutenant, whose name stands at the head of the list of Directors. Biterbuy Bay, close to Roundstone Bay, is fixed on for the western station. The distance from Dublin to Biterbuy is one hundred and ten miles; the capital 2,000,000*l*. Mr. Martin (I believe he is the proprietor) cedes in perpetuity, at a pepper-corn rent, one hundred acres, for building ground. This rail-road, if ever finished, will be of immense advantage to Galway and Connamara.

kenzie, which are defective and inaccurate. The dreadful losses that have occurred on this coast of Ireland imperatively call for a minute survey of every harbour, that a ship, caught in a gale on this part of the Atlantic, may know to what place she may securely run. It is not many years ago when two King's ships, the Saldanha and the Arab, were dashed in pieces on the coast and every soul on board perished. One ship of the Spanish Armada was wrecked in the Bay of Galway; most of the remainder were lost on different parts of the coast; and it is generally stated that all those who escaped on shore were butchered in cold blood by order of the Lord Deputy, Sir William Fitz-Williams*.

* I am not sure whether a part of these unfortunate Spaniards may include those mentioned in the Note, p. 84. The following are the ships lost on this coast, which I extracted from a paper in the State Paper Office.

"Shipps and Men sunke, drowned, killed, and taken uppon this coast of Ireland, in the month of September, 1588, as followeth:—

The Havens.		The Shipps.	The Men.
In Tryconnell	In Lough Foyle	one shipp	1100
In Connaught	In Sligo Haven	3 greate shipps	1500
	In Tyraughlie	one shipp	400
	In Clear Iland	one shipp	300
	In Fynglass O'Males Countrey	one shipp	400
	In Offlarties Country	one shipp	200
In Mounster	In the Shannan	tow shipps	600
	In Tralie	one shipp	24
	In Dingle	one shipp	500
	In Desmond	one shipp	300

	The Havens.	The Shipps.	The Men
Connaught	In Irris	tow shipps	none
		Because ye men weare taken into other vessels, but ye vessels & ordenance remained.	
Mounster	In Shannan	one burnt	none
		Because ye men weare likewise imbarqued in other shipps.	
Connought	In Gallway Haven	one shipp wch escaped and let prison^rs^ 70.	
	Total of Shipps 17.	Of Men 5394.	

Drowned and sunk in the north-west sea of Scotland, as appeareth by ye confession of the Spanish prison^rs^, but in truth they were lost in Zelland.

- One shipp, called St. Mathewe, 500 tonnes. Men 450.
- One of Byshey of St. Sebastian's, 400 tonnes. Men 350.

Total of Shippes, 18. Total of Men, 6194.

(Signed) Geff. Fenton."

LETTER XIV.

GALWAY TO LIMERICK.

Stony Country—"Dry Lodgings"—Gort—Terry Alts—Ennis and Clare—Limerick, Old and New Towns—Improvement—Population—Criticism on "First Flower of the Earth," &c.—Growth and extent of Bogs—Wood, Animals, and animal Fat found in—A House discovered in—Consumption and probable duration of Peat from Bogs.

Limerick, 23rd September, 1835.

I HAD engaged an outside seat by the mail, a well-conducted coach, for Limerick; but on arriving at Kilroy's Hotel, from whence the coach starts, the weather being settled *foul* and raining intensely, I deemed it prudent to go inside, which I dislike so much that I question whether the outside place in *all* weathers, provided one is well protected with cloaks, be not preferable. This, however, is a matter of taste. Thus shut up, you will not be surprised that I saw little of the country between Galway and Limerick; but considering the state of the weather, I could not have seen much more outside. I could see, however, that on the first part of the journey, the ground on both sides was strewed with round boulder stones of every gradation of size, from six or seven pounds to as many tons—the inclosures in

which they were, as far as the eye could reach, were bounded by stone walls—the little cottages were also of stone—in short, for three or four miles at least, stones and nothing but stones saluted the eye.

It continued to rain *hard*, but every one was of course calling it a *soft* day. This expression is, I believe, equally common in the north of England; but in Ireland some of the terms which are made use of are odd enough to a stranger. For instance, "*Dry* Lodgings to be had, inquire within," will be observed in passing through almost every village. It naturally suggested to me that the word "dry" could only mean free from *wet* or damp, perhaps at the same time insinuating that others in the neighbourhood were not so. It seems, however, that I was quite wrong in my conjectures, for I found that "dry lodgings" meant neither more nor less than that no *eating* or *drinking* was to be obtained within, but merely a bed for the lodger. A poor woman, in whose cottage I had once taken shelter, pressed me to eat a boiled potato, observing I might feel *dry* before I crossed the mountain, meaning *hungry*—a word not at all applicable on that occasion, as the rain was pouring, and there was every prospect of my clothes being drenched through.

We passed through the little town of Gort, which consists chiefly of a street of neat houses, with some decent-looking shops, and the people who appeared at the doors were cleanly and tidily clad. The

road skirts Lord Gort's park, which is close to this little town. It looked, and I am told it is, a beautiful spot, well wooded, and laid out in good taste. His lordship, it seems, allows it to be thrown open to the public every Monday: he bears the character of a good landlord, and is much beloved and respected in the neighbourhood.

We next passed through Ennis, a miserable, dirty-looking town, and the appearance of the few people I saw corresponded with it. Its population, however, would seem to be on the increase :—

In 1821 it was . .	6701
1831 ,, . .	7711
Increase . .	1010

being fifteen and two-thirds per cent. in ten years.

It is here and at Kilkenny that the black marble slabs are procured and polished; at first they are beautiful enough, but by exposure to the air numerous white spots break out on the surface. I understand there is a bad spirit in this county among the lower orders, which was not improved by what occurred at the last election. That part of the country between Cresheen (which we had passed unnoticed) and Carrofin was the theatre of those outrages of the Terry Alts, who some years ago struck terror all around by the murders and robberies they committed. It is remarkable that the individual whose name they assumed is a most harmless and inoffensive man, and that it arose from these marau-

ders, perhaps more out of sport than malice, when on their predatory attacks, being in the habit of crying out—"Well done, Terry!—Well done, Terry Alts*!"

Two miles beyond Ennis is Clare, a mere village, though bearing the name of the county. Its situation at the head of an arm of the extensive estuary of the Shannon, and its proximity to Ennis, must ultimately make it a place of importance as a port for shipping. I saw but one or two small vessels, just below the bridge, taking in grain, but there were several under sail upon the estuary. From hence to Limerick is a fine country for wheat and all kinds of grain, and also for grazing. Butter, in large quantities, is sent to Limerick, but no cheese is made in the dairy-farms, some of which are said to extend to the size of one thousand acres.

On reaching Limerick we drove over the old bridge across the Shannon, called the Thomond Bridge, supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century: it is a straight line, with a great number of small arches. Nothing that I had yet seen equalled the streets and the houses of this Old Town, as I understood it to be called, for their dirty, dingy, dilapidated condition, the people at the doors, the windows, and in the street, ragged, half-naked and squalid in their appearance. Passing a small bridge, however, over a canal, which is called the Limerick Navigation, a wonderful change was

* Angler in Ireland.

immediately visible, and we entered the most regular, well-built, and handsome town I have yet seen in Ireland. One fine broad street, laid out in a line, runs parallel to the left bank of the Shannon, the houses of red brick and large, and among them were numerous good shops. This street is crossed by others at right angles, also straight and broad. The new town is well lighted with gas.

In the old town stands the cathedral, a venerable, misshapen pile of building, as ancient probably as the bridge; and on the opposite side of the Shannon is a suburb but partially built. The river may here be from five to six hundred feet wide, and of sufficient depth to allow ships of three or four hundred tons to come up as far as the new Wellesley Bridge, a handsome structure with five elliptical arches; but all vessels, except small ones, must ground on mud at low-water. I observed not fewer than forty or fifty vessels of different sizes, taking in grain, besides a number of turf-boats. Just below the bridge it is intended to construct a wet basin, which will receive vessels of any burthen, as the tide rises here from twelve to sixteen feet. Below this the river opens out into a wide estuary as far as Tarbert, about thirty miles, and from thence to the Atlantic is the bay of the Shannon, bounded at its entrance by Loop Head on the north, and Kerry Head on the south. The two shores the whole way from Limerick are said to be beautifully chequered with noblemen and gentlemen's seats.

Limerick is unquestionably a flourishing city, and in importance the third of Ireland; and when the new road from Ennis has been turned, so as to enter it over the Wellesley Bridge, and thus avoid the old town, it will be a prodigious improvement. When this bridge was building the work was interrupted, and a considerable delay occasioned, by the squabbling and fighting that constantly took place between the Clare boys and the Limerick boys, and many a broken head and bruised limb were given and received on both sides, till it became necessary to place a military guard on the works to keep the masons at their employ.

The great benefactor of Limerick and the neighbourhood is Mr. Spring Rice, to whom I am told a pillar has been erected in the city, surmounted by his statue, but in my rambles I did not fall in with it. The trade is said to be rapidly improving. Grain, beef, pork, butter, the produce of this rich country, and others bordering on the Shannon, are exported from hence to Cork, partly for the use of the navy. The progress in improvement may, in some degree, be estimated by the increase of the population, which is as under:—

In 1821 it was . .	59,045
1831 „ . .	66,554
Difference .	7,509

being twelve and seven-tenths per cent. in ten years.

I do not know whether you are curious about the bogs of Ireland; but as, according to information,

I have passed the principal ones, for want of a better subject I will endeavour to say something about them,—I mean as to their extent, origin, and formation: in most respects they differ but little from what in England is called a peat-moss, only they are here peat-mosses chiefly on a grand scale. Those which lie to the eastward of the Shannon, in the King's County and county of Kildare, are the most extensive, and are collectively called the Bog of Allen. If you draw a line on the map from Dublin to Donegal, and another from Wicklow Head to Limerick, you will include within these lines more than a million acres of bog, or about one-twentieth part of the whole superficial content of Ireland; and if to these bogs you add all the rest that are scattered plentifully among the mountains, together with the loughs, the mountains themselves, and the moor-lands, the sum total will be found to occupy about one-fourth part of the surface of all Ireland. Yet the true Milesians flatter themselves that there is no country on the face of the globe to be compared with the Emerald Isle, and are for ever singing Io Pæans to the

> "——— great, glorious, and free;
> First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea;"

and thus, by mutilating Mr. Moore's couplet, they convert into the assertion of a fact, what the poet meant only as the expression of a wish, that Ireland *might be*, what she *is not*—

> "Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free," &c.

Take the deed for the wish, however, and let us then see how the maimed couplet fits Ireland *as it is*. To the epithets of "great" and "glorious" Ireland may undoubtedly lay some claim. Among her sons she may number men great in science, great in literature, great in arts; men eloquent in the senate and at the bar, and men "great" and "glorious" in the field. But as to her being "free" in her present condition, and under present circumstances, I should suppose most people will demur, when it is notorious that two-thirds of her population are enslaved, either by the priests or the landlords; held by the former in the very worst bond of slavery—that of the mind;—and by many of the latter in a state of poverty and destitution. With regard to the upper ranks, the gentry, merchants, and professional gentlemen, whether civil or military, I shall content myself by transcribing from my notebook a "character," drawn, I believe, by Edmund Burke, the truth of which few will dispute—"Hospitable, generous, and brave; easily led, but hard to be driven; of lively, rather than lasting passions; very susceptible of resentment, but more susceptible of gratitude; and quickly forgetting past injuries in the contemplation of present, or recollection of recent acts of kindness." It may also be admitted that Ireland has a just title to be called "the land of the beautiful and the brave; the land of the minstrel, the saint, and the sage; and the home of all that is lovely and endearing."

It would be difficult to understand clearly what

is meant (metaphorically, I suppose) by the "first flower of the earth." The first flower of Irish earth (speaking physically) is without doubt the flower of the potato, whose root feeds and breeds the million;—but if extensive woods of noble forest-trees; if thousands of gentlemen's seats, surrounded with belts of young plantations, and embellished with groups of stately trees; if inclosures in the highest state of cultivation, protected and enlivened by quickset hedges; if habitations of the peasantry, neat and clean and comfortable, each with its little garden, supplied with fruit and flowers and vegetables; if the poorest labourer, well fed and decently clothed; and if the aged, the helpless and infirm, when destitute, are taken care of: if these be accidents necessary to constitute "the first flower of the earth," then, most assuredly, Ireland is *not* that "flower."

With regard to "the first gem of the sea," by which is meant, I suppose, that which is set in, or surrounded by, the sea; I may allow one to speak of its lustre who knew well both its beauties and its blemishes; and though the latter may be somewhat overcharged in the picture, yet it must be granted that it contains much that is, unfortunately, but too true.

"I never yet saw in Ireland a spot of earth two feet wide that had not in it something to displease. I think I once was in your county, Tipperary, which is, like the rest of the whole kingdom, a bare face of nature, without houses or plantations; filthy

cabins, miserable, tattered, half-starved creatures, scarce in human shape; one insolent, ignorant, oppressive squire to be found in every twenty miles riding; a parish-church to be found only in a summer day's journey, in comparison of which an English farmer's barn is a cathedral; a bog of fifteen miles round; every meadow a slough, and every hill a mixture of rock, heath, and marsh. The Shannon is rather a lake than a river, and has not the sixth part of the stream that runs under London-bridge. Pray take care of damps, and when you leave your bed-chamber, let a fire be made to last till night; and after all, if a stocking happens to fall off a chair, you may wring it next morning*."

Do not suppose that, in quoting this passage, evidently written in a misanthropical humour, I at all agree in the accuracy of the picture; on the contrary be assured that, as far as I have gone, I am delighted both with the country and the people; much of the former being really beautiful, and the great mass of the latter always civil, obliging, and cheerful. It is the nonsense of the poetical hyperbole, as it stands curtailed, that I venture to find fault with—that eternal chaunt of

"First flower of the earth, first gem of the sea,"

which is launched forth on all occasions,—in the

* Letter of Dean Swift. In Dr. Barrett's "Essay on the earlier Part of his Life." 1808.

senate, on the hustings, and in dinner speeches,—as if Ireland was a country superior to all the world.

But *revenons à nos moutons.* The question of the growth and formation of bogs has often been discussed, and various conclusions arrived at. Some have attributed their origin to the destruction of forests that occupied their present site, or the rising grounds near to them: others contend that the trees found in them have been washed down after the bog was in existence, which is the more probable, from their being found mostly not far from the margins, and never at the very bottom: others, again, are of opinion that they were originally lakes and morasses, which in process of time became bog, by the successive decomposition of the numerous plants that invaded them. This, I believe, is considered as the most probable hypothesis: it requires *time* only to arrive at this conclusion; and a small portion of that time, which has elapsed since Ireland emerged from the waters, would be required for the production of the deepest bog that is known, which may be reckoned about forty feet.

They distinguish three different kinds of bog: the red, composed mostly of fibrous peat; the black, of solid compact peat; and the flow-bog, which I believe is simply a morass. Some of them are well covered with verdure, arising from the various species of plants found in a flourish-

ing state on the surface, of which the mosses, the lichens, and the confervæ are the most numerous. The common heath and the bog-myrtle, the fiorin-grass and the cotton-grass, are abundant. The fibres of these and other plants, in cutting down, may be traced to the depth of ten or twelve feet; more particularly those of the *Sphagnum palustre*, the bog-moss, which are so strong and tough, that the peasantry call them *old women's tow*. The peat below this gradually becomes more compact, but still exhibiting a fibrous appearance in different stages of decomposition, till at last, at the depth of thirty or forty feet, it becomes quite black, and so hard and compact as almost to take a polish. Even this is obviously composed mostly of vegetable matter, and burns away to white ashes, similar to those from wood, except when tinged with iron, when they assume a brownish tint.

There is on record an instance of the formation and growth of a bog within the memory of one individual. You will find an account of it in a note of Darwin's Botanic Garden, or Loves of the Plants, taken from a very early volume of the "Philosophical Transactions." It is briefly this. In the year 1651, the Earl of Cromartie, then at the age of nineteen, observed in the parish of Lockburn a valley covered with a forest of old trees, the stems without bark, and the branches without leaves; and he learned from some old people, that this was the usual state of fir-trees about the termination of their existence, and that the first storm would pro-

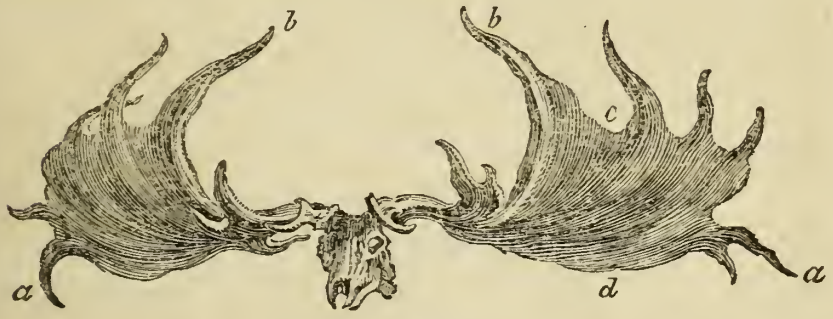
bably level those in question. Fifteen years after this, happening to travel the same way, his lordship recollected the old fir-trees, which had now disappeared, and the valley was covered with a level, green morass, the trees having choked up the rills, bringing down earth and mud from the surrounding heights, forming an impassable morass. Curious to try its solidity, the noble lord slipped in up to the arm-pits. Some thirty-three years after this, the morass had become a solid peat-bog, out of which his lordship saw the peasants digging peat. All this may be true, as his lordship has told it, but I doubt very much whether it can be considered as a genuine bog.

Most of the bogs are considerably above the level of the sea; some of them upwards of three hundred feet: they chiefly rest upon limestone gravel, frequently mixed with clay or marl. In the body of the bog are generally found large timber trees, of oak, fir, beech, birch, holly, and yew. The oak is firm, compact, and in every respect desirable for, and used in, buildings; the holly and the yew are so hardened as to take a fine polish. The *splits* of fir make excellent torches, the principle of inflammability being apparently much increased by immersion in the bog.

Another substance is frequently met with in the bogs, which is known in Ireland by the name of *bog-butter,* and is generally believed by the peasantry to be, in reality, butter: how it came there I have not met with even a conjecture; but

as it is known that numbers of animals have perished in these bogs, may it not be the muscular parts of such animals converted into adipocire?

But that extraordinary animal, which is no longer in existence, and to which is given the name of *cervus megaceros* (from its immense antlers), is sometimes, though I believe seldom, found in regular bogs, but generally in valleys near the feet of the hills; mostly in marl-pits, but sometimes among rolled pebbles, or gravel. They are usually known by the name of the fossil elk of Ireland; to which island, however, they are not peculiar, the same species having been found in the Isle of Man, in France, Italy, and Germany. The finest specimen known, as I have already told you, is that in the Royal Museum of Dublin, a description of which was published some years ago *, with a figure of the complete skeleton, the antlers of which are of the following shape and dimensions:—



Length from *a* to *a*	9 ft.	2 inches.
Length of each antler, *a*, *b* . .	5	9
Greatest breadth of palm, *c*, *d* .	2	10

* By John Hart, M.R.I.A., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland, &c.

Mr. Hart observes, that "this magnificent skeleton, when surmounted by the head and beautifully expanded antlers, extended out to a distance of nearly six feet on either side, forms a splendid display of the reliques of the former grandeur of the animal kingdom, and carries back the imagination to a period when whole herds of this noble animal wandered at large over the face of the country."

But the most extraordinary discovery yet made, in digging deep into a bog, is that (which I alluded to in a former letter) of an ancient structure of wood dug out of Drumkelin bog, in the parish of Inver, on the northern coast of Donegal Bay; so ancient, indeed, as to lead to the conclusion that, at the date of erecting the building, the use of iron was unknown to the natives. The discovery was made in June, 1833, by James Kilpatrick, when searching for bog-timber. This process is performed by probing the bog with long iron rods, varying in length from eight to fifteen feet. The description is given by Captain Mudge, of the royal navy, who is employed in surveying that part of the coast, and who was an eye-witness of all that he describes, the details of which were sent to the Society of Antiquaries, and will, I presume, be published in the "Archæologia."

The upper part of the house was only four feet below the present surface of the bog; but as successive layers of peat had been taken off for forty

years, and comparing it with the neighbouring surface which had not been removed, Captain Mudge thinks that the depth of the roof may be taken at sixteen feet. The whole frame-work was so firmly put together, that it required the use of a crow-bar to tear it asunder. The roof was quite flat, composed of broad oak planks, from one and a half to three inches thick, which had evidently been split with wedges from solid blocks, the fibres being torn, and remaining as rough as common laths. The edges bore the round form of the tree, being untrimmed in any manner. The seams appeared to be filled up with a cement of grease and fine sea-sand, which was the case with the seams of the planking of the floor. The house was twelve feet square by nine feet high, formed of rough blocks and planks. It was divided into two apartments by a second floor, at about the half-way of its height, each room being four feet high in the clear. The fabric rested on a bed or layer of fine sand, thickly spread on the surface of the bog, which continues to the depth of fifteen feet below the foundation of the structure, as was ascertained by probing with an iron rod.

The frame-work was made of oak logs, the main sleepers, resting on the sand, were of a whole tree split in two, and the round part upwards; when put together they measured twenty-three inches in diameter, and supposing the four from the same tree, as they appeared to be, were twenty-four feet

long. Into these the upright posts of the frame were *mortised.* These mortices were rudely cut, or rather bruised, with some kind of blunt instrument; and there seemed to be little doubt that a stone chisel, found on the floor of the house, was the identical tool with which the mortices were made. Captain Mudge says, "By comparing the chisel with the cuts and marks of the tool used in forming the mortices and grooves, I found it to correspond exactly with them, even to the slight curved surface of the chisel. A second stone, larger than the former, was also found on the floor, which, being ground at one end to an edge, was probably used as a wedge for splitting the timber. It is said to be of quartz." I have seen this chisel, which appears to be of fine, close-grained, black basalt. The outside planks, which formed the sides, were laid edgewise on each other, the lowest one being inserted in a groove of the sleepers. One whole side, supposed to be the front of the house, was left entirely open.

Some ingenuity appears to have been displayed in putting this rude fabric together, by means of mortices and stone-wedges, to keep them tight and prevent shaking. The floor alone was unmortised, but each plank being from four to six inches thick, split out of solid trees, their own weight was almost sufficient to keep them steady; and they were, besides, jammed into the frame. Besides the two stones above-mentioned, there was a flat freestone

slab, three feet by one, and two inches thick, having a hollow in the middle, about three-quarters of an inch deep. It was presumed to be a sort of deposit for nuts, a large quantity of whole and broken ones being found on the spot; and several round shingle stones strewed about, were supposed to have been used to crack them.

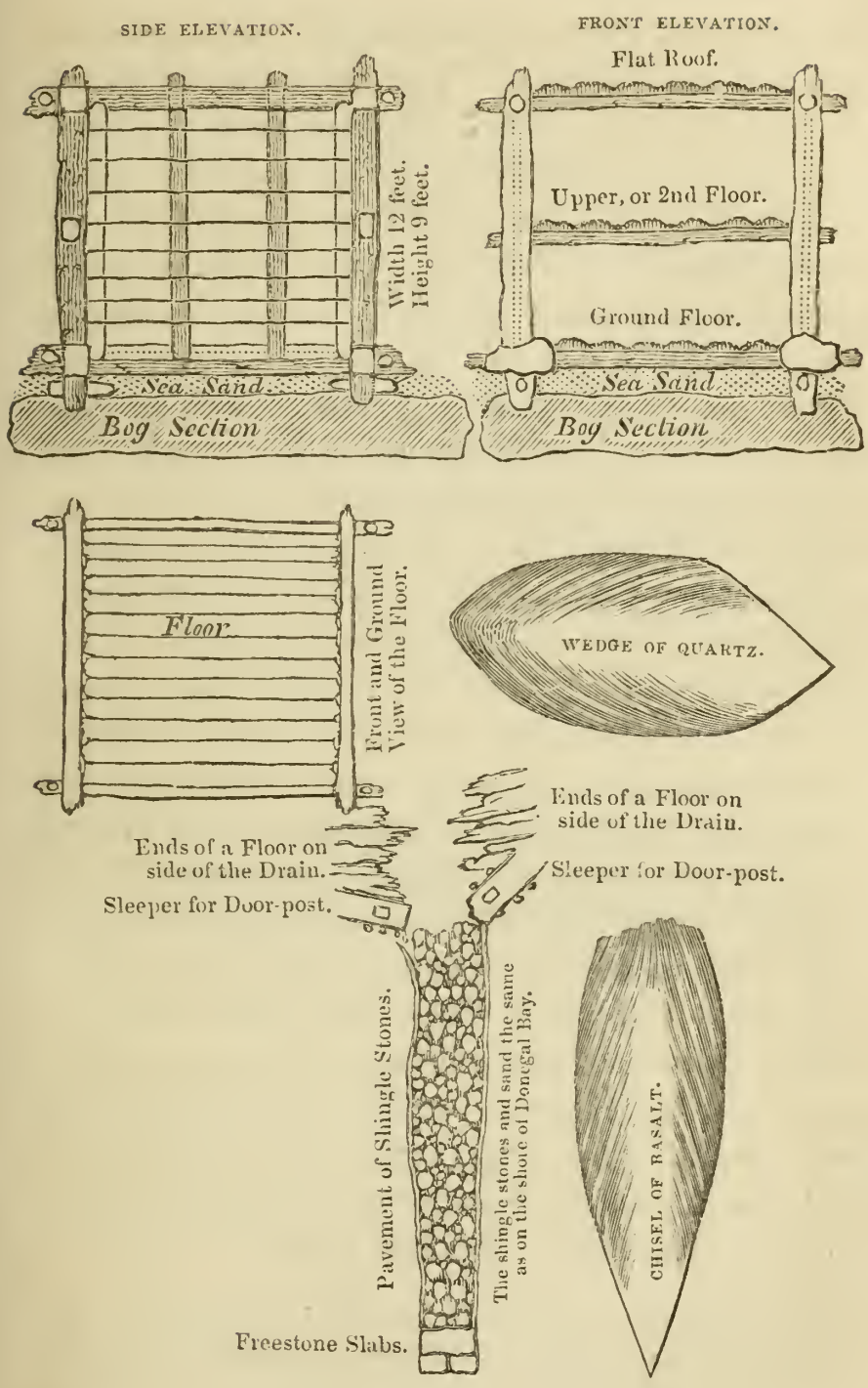
On digging a drain to carry off the water, which soon supplied the vacant space occasioned by the removal of the house, a paved road, or pathway, was opened out to the distance of fourteen yards, at the end of which was a hearthstone, composed of flat freestone slabs, and about three feet square, covered with ashes and charcoal; and close to it were about three or four bushels of half-burnt charcoal, and nut-shells in great quantities, most of them broken, and some of them charred. There were also several blocks of wood and pieces of bog-turf, partly burned.

By sinking the drain about six feet, a course of stones was found, like a pavement, resting on a bed of birch and hazel-wood bushes, the interstices of the stones filled up with fine sea-sand, such as is now seen in Donegal Bay, about two miles from the spot, from whence also the shingle-stones had been brought; and the freestone slabs were exactly such as are quarried at this day within a mile of the place. The bark of the birch and hazel appeared as fresh as if the trees had but just been cut down; and the colour of the wood was unchanged, but it

was as soft as a cabbage-stalk. All the oak was as sound as that which is every day dug out of the neighbouring bogs.

On a subsequent visit, Captain Mudge discovered two thick oak planks, with a mortice in each, which he thinks were for the uprights of a doorway leading to the passage; and from the number of ends of large oak logs seen in the sides of the section of the drain, he is of opinion that they belong to some other building, and that the one uncovered was only for a sleeping-place. When we consider that stumps of trees were standing, and their roots exposed on the same level of the bog on which the foundation of the house rests, similar in all respects to the timbers thereof, and that the bog has been probed to the depth of fifteen feet, we are carried back to a period of time to which the memory of man—we may perhaps say the history of man—does not extend; and the conjecture of Captain Mudge is not improbable, "that some sudden and overwhelming calamity had buried all in one ruin." May not that calamity have been occasioned by the flowing of some neighbouring bog over that on which the house was built?

The annexed rough sketch will convey a general idea of this ancient structure.


SIDE ELEVATION.
FRONT ELEVATION.
Flat Roof.
Upper, or 2nd Floor.
Ground Floor.
Width 12 feet.
Height 9 feet.
Sea Sand
Bog Section
Sea Sand
Bog Section
Floor
Front and Ground View of the Floor.
WEDGE OF QUARTZ.
Ends of a Floor on side of the Drain.
Sleeper for Door-post.
Ends of a Floor on side of the Drain.
Sleeper for Door-post.
Pavement of Shingle Stones.
The shingle stones and sand the same as on the shore of Dongal Bay.
CHISEL OF BASALT.
Freestone Slabs.

"Why not cultivate your bogs?" was a question put to a small farmer: "you know that by paring and burning; by a little limestone gravel; by marl, sea-sand, or sea-weed, you get an excellent crop of potatoes the first year, and barley or oats the following years." "Very true, your honour; and if we could get a bit of a lease for fourteen or twenty years, it might do; but to have it taken from us when brought into heart, or to keep it only by paying rent for it, would not do at all. And what would become of poor *ould* Ireland, if no turf was left to boil the *praties?*" I have heard a similar question put in England—"What shall we do for fuel when all the coal shall be exhausted?" There are people who look forward five or six hundred years to this event. This idea having thus been broached, I immediately set about a rough calculation with regard to the duration of peat-bogs—but without the least pretension to anything like accuracy—the result of which is as follows:—I supposed them to consist of two millions of acres; that, on an average, they were two yards deep; that there were one million and a half of families, and that each family, on an average, consumed twenty-seven cubic feet of turf annually; the bogs, upon this moderate estimate, would not be exhausted—even supposing them *not* to grow—in seven hundred years *.

* Mr. Griffith, an able geologist, who is preparing for publication a Geological Map of Ireland, has stated, from his own observation during twenty years, an example of a bog having

It was natural enough to ask what would become of Ireland if there were no bogs. Coal, if plentiful, would never answer for the cottages and cabins. The Scotch highlanders when, for their sod-huts, the Marquess of Stafford gave them stone buildings with chimneys, said they were cold, and without smoke to warm them; so say the Irish, who would not be happy if deprived of the smell and the smoke of turf;—nay, I am credibly informed, it is no uncommon thing for them to stop up the hole in the thatch, to keep the smoke in and make the cabin warm. There is little danger of their being deprived of this luxury. Until Ireland shall be in a more tranquil and settled state, and capital flow into that country, the bogs and the heath-lands will remain as they are.

grown at the rate of *two inches* every year. This, however, must be considered as a very unusual and extraordinary instance. The bog below that on which the house above-mentioned stood, must necessarily have existed prior to the stumps and roots of the trees upon it.

LETTER XV.

LIMERICK TO KILLARNEY.

Castle Island—Bianconi's Cars — Killarney and its Crowds—View from Ross Castle—The "Kenmare Arms"—Tour round the Lakes—Dunlow Gap—The Purple Mountain — View of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, &c. from the summit of—The Three Lakes—Muckross Abbey and Domain—Burying-ground of Muckross and Legends—Dimensions of the Lakes—compared with those of Lough Erne—Baneful effects of Politics—An *absent* Waiter—Eagles and Dumb boy.

Killarney, 25th September, 1835.

On the morning of the 23rd, when I left Limerick by the mail for Killarney, two other mails were preparing to start about the same hour—all well-appointed coaches, apparently little if at all inferior to our own. The first part of our road, as far as Rathkeal, was carried over the same kind of good soil for grain and pasture as on the other side of Limerick. At this small town we observed a detachment of the constabulary force escorting four ruffianly-looking men, handcuffed, the first criminal captives I had seen in Ireland. The same kind of pasture and grain country continued until we passed the village of Newcastle, soon after which it gradually rose into a range of hills, chiefly

covered with heather, in crossing which, as usual, we were favoured with plenty of rain.

Mud and turf cottages had now entirely taken place of stone, some looking more comfortable than others, but many of them very miserable, admitting both wind and weather through the sides and the roof. Having cleared the hills, the country again becomes flat, as far as Castle Island. At this place there is a division of the roads, one passing westerly to Tralee, and the other proceeding towards Killarney; and this being my route, I was here transferred into another coach. At Castle Island, and indeed at every place where we stopped to change horses, we were surrounded by innumerable beggars, common enough in all parts of Ireland, but more numerous here and more clamorous than elsewhere, save perhaps at Castlebar. But *begging* is a trade in Ireland, which the Catholic religion rather encourages than otherwise, alms-giving being considered one of the virtues, and solicited at all times and places, even in the house of God.

I soon discovered that I had changed my vehicle for the worse. The Killarney coach was badly driven over a bad road, hilly and stony; but it was some consolation to be told that the noble range of mountains, close to Killarney, marked the distance we had to travel and showed us that it could not be great. The indifferent state of the road was annoying enough, but not half so much so as the conduct of the youth who drove us. This foolish fellow

seemed to derive his greatest amusement from teasing and abusing the poor horses by the constant application of his whip, without the slightest necessity, solely, as I thought, for the pleasure of showing to his passengers how skilfully he could whisk it about.

In this part of the journey I saw, for the first time, two or three of Bianconi's cars. Their construction is similar to the common *outside* jaunting-car, but on a larger scale, carrying four or five passengers on a side, having four wheels, and drawn by two horses. If the Irish did not seem to have a predilection for sitting back to back, but would turn the seats the other way, and face each other, I should advise them to cover the machine over with a roof, and the car of Bianconi might thus be converted into something like the omnibus of Shillibeer: I venture to assure them that they would find it, in this rainy climate, a much more convenient and comfortable carriage.

The approach to Killarney from Castle Island is flat, and in fact across a bog; but the Tomies, the Glenaa, the Turc, and the Mangerton mountains, forming a sort of crescent in front of the observer, entirely absorb the attention, and divert it even from Lord Kenmare's beautiful park and grounds, which are on the undulating surface, and immediately surround the town of Killarney. The first object that catches the eye of the stranger on driving into the town is the prodigious number

of idlers lounging at every corner of the streets. The town itself, at least the main street, is pretty enough, but on either side the lanes and alleys have a dirty appearance, and the people strolling about were not at all prepossessing, most of them having a careless, listless, discontented, in short, what I should call, a radical look. There was stirring enough, however, as we drove up to the "Kenmare Arms" hotel, where the coach stopped. Here I found myself instantly surrounded, jolted and jostled by a set of hungry-looking fellows, who all at once began to assail me with open mouths. One offered himself and his boat, the best in all Killarney—another his pony to take me to the Gap—a third slily recommended the other two "to get out of that, for *shure* the gintleman knows what he likes best;"—and then confidentially whispering in my ear—"*Shure,* your honour, mine's the best pony in the world to carry you to the top of Mangerton." Escaping from this troublesome group, comes a fellow directly in front, with his pockets full of divers-sized packets of arbutus-seed, which he assures me "There's niver the gintleman comes to Killarney that doesn't buy some to take home wid him." Add to all these some dozen or two beggars, male and female, who fill up the outer circle, and the whole time chime in with their pious ejaculations, blessing and praying, and preserving his honour's long life, and his honour's father and mother, and his wife and children; and these again

are interrupted by a heap of ragged errand boys, offering to go to the post-office for his honour's letters—or, in short, to do anything in the world for sixpence; and lastly come the pressing and polite invitations of the waiters of the respective inns, which however is not peculiar to Ireland. From this specimen you may form some slight idea of the hearty and welcome reception a stranger meets with on his arrival at Killarney.

Being a little ruffled at such a crowd, I made a rude rush through them, anxious to get clear of such troublesome suitors; and having seen my luggage safe in my room, and ordered dinner, the evening being tolerably fine, I walked down to take a cursory view of the lakes, on the margin of the largest of which Ross Castle is situated. This ancient castle is a fine picturesque, ivy-mantled ruin, overlooking the Lower Lake. It is the usual place where those intending to take the water embark. From the tower of this old castle there is an excellent view. Immediately in front is Ross Island, beautifully embellished with a mixture of oaks, ashes, firs, lindens, and splendid evergreens, the arbutus, yew, and the holly, rising almost to the size of forest trees. On the right and left is spread out the broad expansive lake, with the finely-wooded island of Innisfallen; and on the opposite shore the lofty mountains of Tomies and Glenaa, with their wooded margins overhanging the waters of the lake, and their brown heathy sides melting gradually into the stone-

grey of their summits. On the right of these, and more distant in the west, are seen the lofty, jagged Reeks of M'Gillicuddy; and in the south the high round summit of Mangerton, a massy mountain of considerable height, but devoid of all picturesque beauty. With this hasty glimpse I was satisfied for this evening.

On returning from my walk I fell in with a mounted beggar. The poor fellow had lost both legs, and he held a paper in his hand which, on inspection, I perceived to be a portrait of himself, sketched in an artist-like manner, and in the corner the name of Wilkie. I asked him if he would sell it. He said, "No, Sir; it has been a fortunate picture for me, as gentlemen on seeing it very kindly give me something;" one gentleman, he said, had offered him five guineas for it, but he thought it would bring him a great deal more, as gentlemen all seemed to like Mr. Wilkie's name.

I had no sooner taken my seat in the coffee-room, than I found myself in the very midst of tourists. In one corner sat half-a-dozen noisy and merry-looking fellows, clustered together, with an array of maps stretched out before them, talking over the exploits of the day, and making arrangements for the morrow. In another might be seen some solitary tourist (like myself) poring over a well-thumbed "Guide to the Lakes," and ever and anon seeking information or explanation from the waiter. Some were busily employed with their knives and

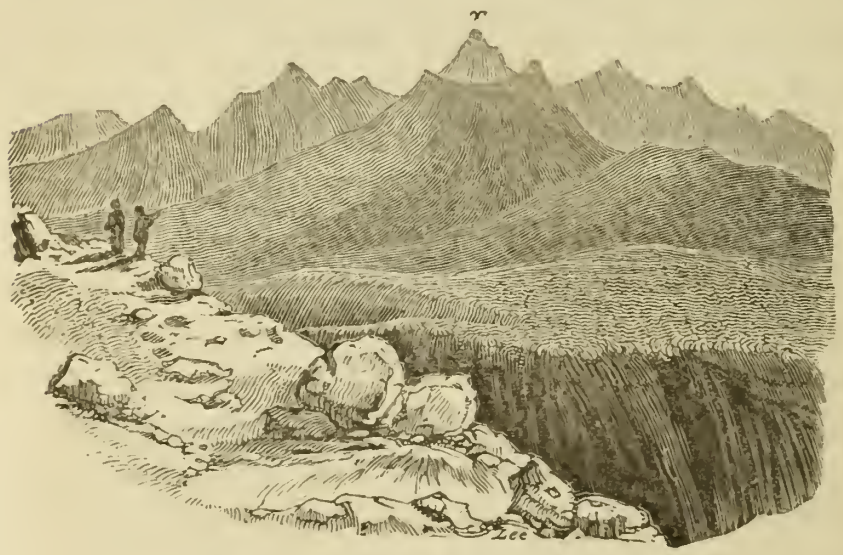
forks, in different parts of the room; while others were amusing themselves with reading over the names of the numerous visiters contained in the book that is kept for their insertion, and in which may be found what are intended for flashes of wit. I once peeped into this general consignment of experimental efforts of genius, and having discovered, amongst some other equally valuable information, "that the *port* at the Kenmare Arms was," in the opinion of the writer, "finer than any *port* on the lakes," I felt satisfied, and hastily closed the volume.

After a short debate with myself whether I should employ the following day afloat or on horseback, I resolved, in the uncertain state of the weather, to adopt the latter plan, and to make a complete circuit of the three lakes, whereas by boating *according to rule* it would occupy three days, supposing them all fair—a monstrous supposition in Ireland—which I had not at my disposal. As the morning turned out remarkably fine, I set off at an early hour on a little pony, and starting from Killarney, westerly, rode completely round the margin of the three lakes, the Upper, the Middle, and the Lower, keeping them the whole way on my left.

The road from Killarney does not come immediately upon the margin of the lower lake; the first approach to it being at the northern extremity, where all the three discharge their combined waters by the River Laune into Dingle

Bay. At this spot is the Castle of Dunlow, and near it the seat of Mr. John O'Connell, a gentleman whom I heard well spoken of; one who has good sense enough not to embrangle himself in the turmoil of politics, contented with the rational occupations of domestic life in the country. He keeps a pack of deer hounds, and as these wild animals are confined mostly to the wooded hills of Lord Kenmare and Mr. Herbert, it is chiefly through their kindness he can indulge in his favourite sport. Crossing an old bridge over this river, I skirted the base of the Tomies mountain, and its adjoining one of Glenaa on the left, with the east end of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks on my right, and soon reached the entrance of the Gap of Dunlow, a narrow and deep irregular defile, between the Reeks and the Purple Mountain. Being determined to ascend this latter mountain for the sake of a view,—for here the sight of all the lakes is intercepted,—I dismounted, and sent my pony on to wait for me at Brandon Lodge, once the seat of Lord Brandon, which is near the end of the Gap, and close to the upper end of the upper lake. In the mean time I ascended the "Purple Mountain," so called from the large loose fragments of stone about its summit, the debris of the rugged cliffs, of a dark purplish clay-slate, which give to the mountain that hue when viewed from a distance in the valley. Being somewhat, as you know, of the *ποδὸς ὠκυς* family, I made the ascent in about an

hour. The day was as fine as ever shone from the heavens; it was one day in a hundred, as the guide remarked, not a cloud to interrupt the view, and the whole range of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, with their peaked and jagged summits, lay beautifully before me, the loftiest point of which, called Carran Tual, is stated to be the highest in all Ireland, measuring, according to the trigonometrical survey, three thousand three hundred and ninety-four feet. The prospect was varied, extensive, and grand. On the west was the silver stream of the Laune, meandering into Dingle Bay, and a little to the left the great cluster of the Iveragh Mountains; on the south-west the river and bay of Kenmare; on the south, and close at hand, the rounded and



The Reeks, from the Purple Mountain.

r Carran Tual, three thousand three hundred and ninety-four feet, the highest in Ireland.

unsightly summit of Mangerton, boasting an elevation of about two thousand five hundred and fifty feet; and on the east the grounds and abbey of Muckross; but Ross Castle, with its well-planted island, and beyond it the town of Killarney, were from this point hidden from the sight. On the summit of the Purple Mountain a heap of stones was piled up, in which, I suppose, the officers employed in the trigonometrical survey of Ireland had fixed their staffs, as these piles are observable on all the highest points in the island.

On descending to the summit of the Gap, I again mounted my little pony at Brandon Lodge, now in the occupation of Mr. Hutchinson, but whether a brother of the gentleman who was a fellow voyager to Iceland in the "Flower of Yarrow," I had not time to inquire. This upper lake is inclosed by mountains and surrounded with beautiful woodland scenery, and is crowded with islands well clothed with timber trees of every description. Towards the farthest end of Upper Lake I came upon the new line of road from Kenmare, just where it passes through a tunnel. This beautiful road is carried along the margin of the Channel that separates the upper from the middle or Turc Lake, and continues to the eastern end of Lower Lake. The rocks that inclose the Channel or natural canal are very romantic, every cleft being choked with the arbutus, holly, and other evergreens: it is two miles long, and about the middle is the promon-

tory called the "Eagle's Nest," a favourite place for the landing of visiters passing through the canal. This is one of the spots where the echoes are repeated, and where my ears were greeted with the full and melodious tones of the distant bugles, that were sounding on the different parts of the lakes, and I am not sure that I did not enjoy the reverberations of the *pateraros* from the mountains more than if I had been in the boat from which they were fired off. The scenery along the whole of this beautiful piece of road is quite enchanting.

Turc Lake is but partially divided from Lower Lake by a beautifully-wooded tongue of land, the delightful domain of Mr. Herbert, on which, rearing its head amidst the forest trees, is seen the ancient and ivy-grown tower of Muckross Abbey. The mansion, called Turc Lodge, stands in a park and grounds of unrivalled beauty. Mr. Herbert, to whom it belongs, is a young man just of age, and of large property in the neighbourhood of the lakes. I was the bearer of a letter of introduction to him, but, with my usual bad luck, did not find him at home, he having gone, as I was informed, to Kalisch to be present at the grand review of the Russian troops. In the grounds is a very pretty waterfall, the first I had yet seen in Ireland—for I do not reckon as anything the cascades of Ballisedere and Ballyshannon, denuded as they are of those sylvan honours, without which the water loses half its effect. A little to the left, on ascending a hill, a lovely view

is obtained on one side over the greatest extent of the lower lake, and on the other the Turc or middle lake, with their numerous woods and plantations by which they are surrounded. This is a spot which no one should fail to visit, as from it he has a fine view of the grounds of Ross Castle and the hanging woods which fringe the margins of the Tomies and Glenaa Mountains, casting their deep shadows across the glossy surface of the water. Here, and indeed in all parts of my ride, I observed the vast shrubberies, if I may so call them, of evergreens, the most luxuriant I had ever met with, all planted, or apparently planted, by the hand of nature. The holly grows into an immense tree, the arbutus ascends to the height of from twenty to thirty feet, and the yew towers above both. All these may be seen grouped among the rocks and dells, mingled with oaks, ashes, firs and birches, intertwining their branches, and exhibiting every tint and shade of verdure. The celebrated Dr. Berkley, Bishop of Cloyne, said, "The French monarch might perhaps build another Versailles, but all his revenues would not enable him to lay out another Muckross." A great deal has been done upon Mr. Herbert's property in planting Scotch firs, larches, and other forest trees, particularly upon the heights of Turc and Glenaa, where they seem to thrive remarkably well.

From Turc Lodge I proceeded down to take a nearer view of Muckross Abbey, a fine, picturesque

old ruin, pretty much of the same description as those that occur in various parts of Ireland; but Muckross, from its position, and even in itself, is perhaps a more commanding object than most of them. I told you that at Ross Abbey (near Clydagh) heaps of skulls and bones were scattered about in great confusion. Here too the same disgusting exhibition of the remains of poor mortality meet the eye in thousands of both kinds, piled up in every corner, and strewed over the ground. Like Ross Abbey also that of Muckross is still used as a favourite burial-ground for the district of Killarney. The intelligent guide who conducted me over the ruins informed me that tenpence only was the sum demanded for the interment of each person, but permission must first be obtained, and proof be brought that some of the applicant's ancestors had held graves (or rather that graves had held the ancestors). The man pointed out to me a vault which he had selected for himself, whenever it might come to his turn to be laid therein, though the first of his family that had been laid in that particular spot, observing at the same time, "And sure, it's a mighty pleasant thing to be *dacently* put in the earth along *wid* your own people." I could not but admire the cool manner in which he spoke on the subject; but this is a national trait: they not only very frequently provide their coffins and keep them, as the Chinese do, conspicuously in the house, but make

a point of laying by, out of their savings, a sum of money to enable their survivors to give at their death a glorious wake, and also a handsome funeral, besides something to the priest to pray for their souls while in purgatory.

Three chieftains of some note lie buried here—M'Carty More, O'Donoghue More of the Glen, and O'Sulivan More. One of the O'Donoghues, nearly the last of the race, was recently interred, when a splendid funeral is said to have taken place. There is a legend regarding O'Donoghue and his white horse which, even yet, I am credibly informed, is believed by the lower classes, and not wholly disbelieved by some who ought to be better informed. His spirit is supposed to make its appearance on May-day morning, gliding over the lake on his favourite white horse. "It is said," says Mr. Moore, "that there was a young and beautiful girl, whose imagination was so impressed with this visionary chieftain, that she fancied herfelf in love with him; and at last, in a fit of insanity, on a May morning, threw herself into the lake."

"Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie;
Most sweet, most sweet, that death will be,
Which under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, dear love! I'll die for thee."

Whilst in the neighbourhood, I thought I might perhaps hear some other legends of the lakes; but the only superstition I could trace was that very

common belief of dead men walking the high roads at night, and ill-treating all they meet with. The guide who rode round the lakes with me mentioned a curious circumstance which occurred to him, and to the truth of which he said he could at any time take a solemn oath. He told me that he was one day driving a Kerry cow from Milltown into Killarney; that it was broad daylight, when he suddenly observed, at a short distance before him, a little boy who was attending a herd of cows. Presently the little boy (who had on a straw hat) drove his cattle through a gap, into the field: the guide's cow followed them. He immediately jumped through the gap to regain his cow, when he found the boy and his herd had vanished. He was firmly persuaded of the fact; and escaping without harm, he set the urchin down for one of the "good folk."

There are many modern monuments and flat stones laid in the choir and the cloisters; but one of the largest and most conspicuous tombs, and one not devoid of taste, is that erected to the memory of Lucy, wife of Christopher Gallway, Esq., the present agent, I believe, of Lord Kenmare. It was erected, as is stated on the tablet, by the inhabitants of Killarney, as a tribute of respect to her memory, for the many endearing virtues which she possessed. It is gratifying, even to a stranger, to meet with such a testimonial of grateful feeling conveyed in expressions like these, free from all

interested motives; how much more must it be so to the relatives of the deceased,—to experience such a mark of respect to one who moved in the private circles of life, and who could only have obtained it by private virtues and well-known acts of beneficence. But the most ancient of modern monuments is still living in the shape of a stupendous yew-tree, that fills the whole court of the cloisters, and entirely overshadows them with its spreading branches. We have some fine churchyard specimens in England, but I do not remember many superior to that of Muckross Abbey *. Outside the walls there is a stem of ivy, almost as thick as an ordinary man's body, curiously twisted and distorted, owing apparently to its having been forced to protrude its way through a heap of human bones that were piled up in the corner where it was growing, but which are now removed, the Duke of Northumberland having, as I was told by the guide, directed this to be done on visiting the place when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Among the luxuriant ferns and the mosses and the lichens which grow on the grey rocks here, and in many other parts along the margins of the lakes, there was one species of moss of most extraordinary luxuriance growing in

* I recollect one tourist having measured its stem, and reported it to be *thirteen feet* in circumference: there is one I have seen in the churchyard of Hayling Island, *thirty-six feet in circumference*; but it is ragged and twisted, and rough as a rock, appearing to have been an union of three or four stems; but that of Muckross is one clear, smooth stem.

whole beds of considerable extent, and bearing the colour of a clear, shining, emerald-green: it is the *hypnum alopecurum*, the fox-tailed hypnum. I shall endeavour to bring a living bunch of it home with me.

Having satisfied my curiosity in the grounds and abbey of Muckross, from whence I enjoyed more pleasure than I can tell you, in viewing the mountain and lake scenery before me, I made the best of my way to Killarney, crossing the old bridge over the Flesk river,—the only feeder of any importance of the lakes. I had no cause to regret my choice of the land-journey, by which I saw, in one day, more, I am certain, than on the water I should have seen in three. The circuit I made, including the mountains of Tomies and Glenaa, (but not the ascent of the Purple Mountain,) is about twenty-five miles. The dimensions of the lakes, as I measured them on a chart made by Mr. Nimmo, is as follows:—

	Length.	Broadest part.	Mean breadth.
Lower lake	$5\frac{1}{4}$ miles	$2\frac{1}{4}$ miles	$1\frac{1}{2}$ miles.
Middle lake	2 do.	$\frac{1}{2}$ mile.	
Upper lake	2 do.	Very narrow.	

A narrow channel, about two miles and a quarter long, connects the upper and the middle lake. If in this channel, opposite the "Eagle's nest," a small island happened to be placed, the lakes of Killarney would bear a strong miniature likeness to the Lakes Erne. The upper lakes of both are

crowded with islands. I ought to consider myself most fortunate in the day, as the following was one of continued heavy rain, which kept everybody to the house. Towards evening, however, I sauntered in the delightful grounds of Lord Kenmare, close to the town, which are kept in high order, but the house is indifferent. The view of the lower lake and its mountains, as seen from a rising piece of ground near the entrance lodge, is very beautiful. The avenues of linden trees, the splendid oaks, ashes, beeches, chestnuts, and elms, are all in a state of vigorous health; and, though late in September, are full of verdant leaves, with scarcely any appearance of autumnal tints.

But I must have tired you with Killarney. If every one of the five hundred and sixty-eight parties who, as my guide informed me, visited Muckross last year, and the three hundred and twenty this, were to write as much, they could not expect to amuse their readers with a large share of novelty or even variety. I aspire to none, and have only a word more to say respecting the neighbourhood of Killarney. It was once, it seems, a happy one; but the demon of discord has found his way among the inhabitants—introduced by those busy, restless, and reckless political intriguers and agitators, by whom the public and private peace of Ireland has long been disturbed. The highly respectable and respected Lord Kenmare, descended from one of the most ancient Catholic families of Ireland, and,

what is still better, the benefactor of Killarney and its neighbourhood, has not escaped an ungrateful return, because, at the last election, he supported his friend, the Knight of Kerry, and thereby offended the radical inhabitants of this dirty town, who exist only by the superfluous money spent by visiters, and by the munificence of Lord Kenmare*. There was a time when a Whig might have ventured to show kindness to a Tory friend, and *vice versâ*, but now an act of friendship must be looked upon as an irremissible delinquency, and persecuted accord-

* I now find that Lord Kenmare acted on a higher principle than mere friendship, as appears from his own letter.

"Dear Mr. Gallwey.—You are aware, as the public must be, that it was my determination to take no part in the approaching election for the county. We are now arrived at a point beyond which forbearance is no longer possible; it is not now a matter of politics,—the question at issue is, whether we are to bow our heads to a system of insolent dictation and intimidation: whether those freeholders who will not submit to be used as mere puppets by Mr. O'Connell are to be pointed at with impunity as objects of insult and assassination—for what other meaning can be attached to the denunciation that a death's head and cross-bones are to be affixed to the doors of those independent individuals, who will not obey his mandates?—when the mob in Tralee is told that those who will not vote as he dictates, are to be dragged from the hustings and trampled under foot? Under these circumstances, I am driven to abandon my original intention, and have to request that you will convey to my friends and tenantry my desire, and most earnest intreaty, that they will vote for the Knight of Kerry. I certainly do not think that I require too much from them, when I ask for one vote from each.

(Signed) "Kenmare."

ingly. The employment Lord Kenmare affords to the labourers, by his planting and improvements, is of great importance to the town, when the season of visiters is at an end. The women, too, find employment in weeding and assisting in the lighter parts of agriculture; their wages are fivepence or sixpence; those of the men, tenpence to a shilling. Provisions are in proportion: salmon, threepence to fourpence a pound; beef about the same; a pair of turkeys, half-a-crown; a good goose, one shilling and sixpence; fowls, one shilling a pair.

A stupid waiter of the Kenmare Arms afforded us some amusement while confined by the rain. A stranger, who had taken his seat at the same dinner-table with myself, desired this waiter to get him change for a 5*l.* note. I gave him another for the same purpose. Many hours passed away, and no waiter nor change appeared: inquiry was made but nobody knew anything about him. The head waiter vouched for his honesty, though he had known him only one little month: he had left his hat behind; his usual haunts were searched; every whiskey-shop in Killarney—but all to no purpose. All this afforded a mighty deal of amusement to a broad-shouldered, good-humoured-looking gentleman, with a respectable pair of mustachios, in the next box: "Gentlemen," says he, chuckling heartily, "five shillings a-piece for each of your notes." Another hour passed away, and our bold dragoon came down to half-a-crown, though he really

thought a shilling too much. At length, however, the head waiter appeared with the change. It turned out that the *absent* waiter had fallen fast asleep on a chair in one of the unoccupied rooms, where he might have remained all night, if he had not been discovered. He was no bad specimen of an Irish waiter, for, on my desiring him to open a bottle of "Guinness's stout," I perceived my *absent* friend very coolly pouring the porter into my decanter of sherry.

In visiting the stable-yard, I observed a boy playing with two fine eagles, and lifting them about without the least fear of their formidable talons. The poor boy I discovered to be dumb, and an orphan, supported by the charity of the landlord. He endeavoured to make himself useful. I was much pleased at the exceedingly clever, intelligent, and, I may add, graceful action which he made use of to express his meaning, and not a little affected to watch the delight with which his eyes sparkled when, on looking in my face, he discovered that I understood what he meant to express.

I have secured a place on the mail for Cork to-morrow morning, from whence you will again hear from me.

LETTER XVI.

KILLARNEY TO CORK.

Town of Macromp—Beautiful Approach to Cork—Dinner at the Mansion-house—Cork in its early State—Canals arched over —Marshes drained—Irregularity of Buildings—Public Edifices —The County Jail—Excellent Regulations of—Black Rock—Dundanion Castle—Banks—Dress—Equipages—The Institution—Excursion down the Lee—The Harbour of Cove—Yacht Club and Yachts—The Didon French Frigate—Population—Visit to Blarney Castle—The Blarney Stone—Return to Cork —Departure for Castle Martyr.

Cork, 30th September, 1835.

On the morning of the 26th I took my leave of Killarney and its lovely scenery, by his Majesty's mail, a conveyance I never fail to secure when it passes along my line of road in the day-time, as I am always sure that it will be the best. This was a good coach, and the roads were not less so; but the scenery, excepting the view of some mountains on our right, was dreary and uninteresting as far as Millstreet, a poor-looking town, distinguished only by a barrack without soldiers, and a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, called Mount Leader, probably after the name of the owner. Here we turned sharp off to the southward as far as Macromp,—or Macroom, as it is usually

called,—the road hilly, but equally uninteresting. Macromp is a moderate-sized town, and there was an appearance of business transacting in it, and the country immediately surrounding it had greatly improved. I took the opportunity, while they were changing horses, to run into the grounds belonging to Captain Hedges, in which is a venerable old mansion completely buried in ivy, said to have been one of the strong-holds of Oliver Cromwell. Here the road once more resumes its easterly direction, and so continues along the left bank of the winding river Lee, on either side of which are scattered many gentlemen's seats and villas, increasing in number as we approached Cork, where the scenery on the left bank, with the villas and the hanging woods, became quite picturesque and beautiful. A fine broad road leads into the city, on which were numerous vehicles of all descriptions moving about;—elegant carriages, such as would almost attract attention on a Sunday in Hyde Park;—private and public jaunting-cars;—and several of a new class of carriages, called *jingles*, which are nothing more than inside jaunting-cars, having iron stanchions with canvass stretched across them, to serve as awnings from the weather.

I took up my quarters at the "Imperial,"—the grand hotel of Cork, and perhaps the Clarendon of all Ireland,—in which are numerous suites of elegant apartments, a noble ball-room, and a large saloon or reading-room. To be alone in this great city,

amidst a crowd, without an acquaintance, was but a gloomy thought; and as I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Sainthill, with whose brother, a captain in the navy, I was already acquainted, I called to deliver it, and had the good fortune to find him at home. Mr. Sainthill informed me that Mr. Andrew Spearing, the mayor of Cork, was to give a grand dinner that evening at the Mansion-house to the officers of his Majesty's 90th light infantry, who were on the eve of embarking for Ceylon, and said he would guarantee me a hearty welcome from his worship, if I would go with him. There was no resisting such an invitation, affording so good an opportunity of seeing something how they manage matters of this kind at the Mansion-house of Cork. I therefore trudged back to the Imperial to dress for dinner. The Sainthills called for me, and we rattled through the streets in a jingle to the door of the Mansion-house. On entering the room where the company was assembled, I was duly presented to Mr. Mayor, and most cordially welcomed. The room was full of red coats, with a few green, stragglers from the rifles, and a fair proportion of "blacks and blues." On dinner being announced, we proceeded into a long, narrow apartment, well calculated for a public dining-room, at one end of which was a statue of the great and good King William. The dinner was good and well served, and I think not at all inferior to some of those *snug little* parties of forty or fifty which you and I have

sometimes enjoyed at the London Mansion-house. The toasts were most loyal and conservative. Sir Robert Peel's health was received with thundering applause, and followed by the appropriate air of the "Fine old English Gentleman, all of the olden time."

You may suppose how kindly attentive his worship was to me, when I tell you that, on proposing the "wooden walls of old England," he was pleased to couple with it my name (or rather yours), which compelled me to rise (with no small embarrassment, you may be assured), and return, as the reporter would say, "a neat and appropriate speech." It was a jovial evening, and long after midnight before I could make my escape.

The Irish are fond of prophecy. Crofton Croker has a couplet, regarding the future prosperity of Cork, which runs thus—

> Limerick was, Dublin is, but Cork will be
> The greatest city of the three.

It has no doubt attained the rank of the *second* city of Ireland already, and is, though but slowly, of growing commercial importance. It was originally built on a swamp, or marsh, through which the river Lee pursued its sluggish course, and of which the original founders availed themselves, by leading its waters among the buildings, to feed the canals which were dug through the several streets, precisely in the same manner as in the towns of Holland. About the beginning of the seventeenth century,

Camden describes Cork as being "in the forme of an egge, with the river flowing round about it, and running betweene, not passable through but by bridges, lying out in length, as it were, in one direct broad street." This is "Main-street," which still exists. Though by means of these canals, and a gradual system of drainage, the marshes have disappeared, various portions of the city are still distinguished as marshes by the names of individuals who drained them, as Dunscombe's Marsh, Pike's Marsh, Hamond's Marsh, &c. From the last an embankment, planted with trees, extends about a mile to the westward, called the Mardyke, which was once the great promenade for the fashionables of Cork, but, like many other places of a similar kind, has now almost entirely fallen into disuse.

The canals which intersected Cork have nearly disappeared by being arched over, having thus all the advantages of drains, without the inconvenience and probably unwholesomeness of open stagnant water. In consequence of this change, great improvements were made in the buildings, both public and private. In these, however, there is less uniformity than perhaps in any other city. Scarcely any two contiguous houses are of the same height, or size, or plan; some are of brown and some of grey stone; some of red brick, and others covered with weather-slates, blue or purple; some washed white, and others yellow. Mr. Croker quotes a

humorous little satire he once met with, in which Cork is thus described:—

> ——— Here you may see
> New houses proudly eminent o'er old,
> Confusedly interspersed: the old are clad
> In sober slate—the new are gay with brick,
> Like new red buttons on an old blue coat.

With all this, Cork is a splendid city, and well deserving to be considered as the second in the kingdom, and its noble harbour the first. The principal streets are broad, the houses good, and the shops abundant and well stocked. The quays are solid and extensive, and frequented by a multitude of shipping. The public buildings are not numerous, nor very ornamental, but a new Roman Catholic chapel, building by penny subscriptions, on a very ill-chosen site, was just finishing, in a style of handsome Gothic; and a new Court-house recently completed, the latter a remarkably elegant building, reflecting great credit upon Mr. Pain, the architect *. In the outskirts of the city is a handsome and substantial county jail, to which I paid a visit. It is kept in the most cleanly and neat order; not a speck of dirt to be seen anywhere,

* When sinking for the foundation of this building, a large oak-tree was found lying on a bed of gravel four feet thick, and eighteen feet below the present surface. The superincumbent matter was alluvial soil, having on it a bed of oyster-shells, stretching beyond the space where the ground had been opened. I have a specimen of the wood, which is as black, solid, and heavy as ebony.

and the walls beautifully white throughout, owing to the constant application of the brush. The internal arrangements are admirable. They are mostly after the plan, and are executed under the superintendence, of Captain Hoare, of the navy, who has devoted much time and attention in bringing the establishment to its present state of perfection. Great care is bestowed in promoting the health and comfort of the prisoners. Three are allowed to sleep in one cell, with a good-sized window to admit light and air. They are all provided with mattresses and comfortable blankets, and sleep on wooden bedsteads; but those in the House of Correction, which is within the walls of the jail, swing in hammocks. I have scarcely ever seen the rooms of a barrack so clean and comfortable as those of this jail. At the first view I was almost inclined to think that the prisoners were too comfortable; but on looking round at the high walls, and the massive iron doors, I could not withhold a sincere wish, that every possible comfort which prudence would admit might be extended to all thus circumstanced. The allowance of provisions to one and all of the prisoners is a pound of bread and a pint of milk at breakfast, and the same at dinner; and on Christmas-day two pounds of beef are allowed to each. There were a great number of females in the jail, who were all looking well and cheerful; and, judging from their appearance, I should say that a bread-and-milk diet agreed well

with them. All are kept in constant employment; some were mending clothes, some washing; and I was rather amused with the plan which is here adopted, of rubbing the clothes over a number of rollers placed close together in regular succession in a wooden frame: certainly a preferable mode to that in general use in Ireland, of beating them on a stone with a flat piece of wood.

The tread-mill was hard at work, and there were numerous hands, and legs too, employed upon it. They are kept at it, by turns, eight hours out of the twelve, and it seemed to be fatiguing work. Within the jail is a small chapel, and in the aisle is a seat, inclosed with lofty iron rails, where criminals, sentenced to suffer death, are placed to hear the last words of consolation which can be offered to them before they are hurried into eternity.

Opposite to the county jail, on the side of a hill, stands the city jail, a handsome building, also said to be kept in high order; but I did not visit it.

On the right bank of the river below Cork is a little village called Blackrock, which may in fact be called a continuation of the city. As I happened to pass a Sunday at Cork, I walked to this place to attend divine service, wishing afterwards to see Crofton Croker's mother, who has long resided here, but she was unfortunately ill. The little church of Blackrock boasts of a very beautiful tapering spire, which forms a pleasing object from

various points of view. Blackrock Castle is built on a projecting mass of rock, completely commanding this part of the river, as vessels are obliged to pass close under its walls, in order to keep within the channel. This was the ancient court in which the Admiralty exercised jurisdiction. The present building is of recent date, having been erected by Mr. Pain on the foundations of the old castle. It is a structure of imposing appearance, and, in my opinion, a clever piece of architecture. The tower of the castle is used as a lighthouse, and from the top of it is an excellent view, both up and down the river.

Blackrock Castle.

My next visit was to Sir Thomas Deane, of Dundanion castle, for whom I had a letter of introduction. The modern castle takes the name from that of the ruins of an old one still existing in the grounds. It is situated on the right bank of the river, and is one of those numerous villas which have sprung up within the last few years, and which are to be seen on both sides, but more particularly on the left, which is beautifully wooded, and completely crowded with gentlemen's seats. The present house of Dundanion has been recently built by Sir Thomas Deane, and is tastefully fitted up. In the hall is a mantelpiece of that green marble which is procured from the quarries in Connamara, and of which I have already spoken. Some other fine specimens also, from the same quarries, attracted my notice in the County Club-house at Cork, situated near the 'Imperial Hotel;' a highly respectable club, composed of about three hundred of the gentry residing in and about the city, and to which officers of the army and navy on service at Cork are admitted.

There are no less than four banks at Cork, which might alone be sufficient to stamp it as a town of some wealth. These are called the Bank of Ireland, the Provincial Bank, the Agricultural, and the 'National Bank of Ireland,' which the last, I am informed, is *not,* though presumptuously called so. The latter two are of recent origin. Indeed, everything about Cork bears an appearance of wealth.

The gentlemen, the ladies, and the tradespeople dress much the same as in London; but among the common people the eternal great-coat hanging down to the heels, and the women's cloak with the hood over the head, are worn even in the hottest weather; under the cloak is generally a brown gown, a green petticoat, and blue stockings, if any of the latter be worn, which is not often the case: under the hood they sometimes wear a mob-cap.

The equipages are numerous and handsome. I went over a large coach-manufactory of Mr. Eddens, an establishment not at all inferior to some of our best manufactories in town. The most common vehicle is the jingle, of which I have already made mention; they are very numerous in the streets; indeed, there are so many of them, that I can scarcely imagine how they can answer the purpose of the owners. The charge is sixpence from any one part of the town to another. Besides these, there are plenty of *Travellers,* as they are termed, which carry in the same manner for one shilling: they very much resemble 'Brighton flys.' You can form little idea of the anxious endeavours displayed by these *jingle*-men and *traveller*-drivers to secure a fare. From the moment the slightest intimation is made, or a supposed intention, of engaging a vehicle, one is immediately beset on all sides with open mouths, proclaiming the superiority of their respective jingles, and pointing to their miserable horses, so much on a par, that it would puzzle the most learned in horse-flesh to come to a

decision. To do so, however, is a matter of necessity, for so long as you hesitate you are almost torn to pieces; but the moment you have fixed upon your jingle, the squabbling is immediately at an end.

I was well repaid by a visit to the Institution for the Encouragement of Arts and Sciences: it boasts of a good collection of various specimens in the museum; and of a valuable library, to which the Duke of Buckingham has added the Irish works he privately printed. One of the apartments is filled with casts, which were given by his late Majesty, George IV. Many of these I observed to be mutilated, and was informed that the broken heads and limbs were owing to a quarrel among the students, which, as is usual in Ireland, ended in a fight. In the museum are some fine specimens of the horns of the fossil elk and moose-deer. It contains, among other things, a great medley of articles, some of them odd enough: for instance, a pair of boots once belonging to O'Brien, the celebrated Irish giant. This specimen reminded me of the collection of boots in the museum at St. Petersburgh, from Peter the Great down to the present Emperor Nicholas. In an open space in front of the building was a large living eagle from Kenmare. The institution was originally commenced by subscription, and assisted by annual parliamentary grants, which are now, I believe, discontinued.

As a steam-vessel leaves Cork every morning for

Cove, I arranged with Captain Sainthill to make a trip to the harbour, where a fine French frigate, the 'Didon,' was reported to have anchored. We were not fortunate in the weather; indeed, it would have been a matter of surprise to me if we had been; but notwithstanding this, the trip down the river was pleasant enough. The sloping banks on either side, beautifully studded with villas, the trees sweeping down to the water's edge, wanted only a lofty mountain or two to form another Killarney channel. In steaming along this broad river one sees neither hut nor hovel; everything conveys the idea of wealth and substantial comfort. On the right bank of the Lee we passed the village, the castle, and the nunnery of Blackrock; then the town of Passage, where the larger merchant ships turn over their cargoes into vessels of a smaller class, to convey them to Cork; then Monktown, which is a newly-established bathing-place. Passage is prettily situated, about seven miles below Cork, and from two to three above the mouth of the Lee, at its entrance into the harbour; here, on turning short round Blackpoint on the left, and Whitepoint a little farther on, we reach the anchorage before the town of Cove, which stretches along the heights about a mile in length. It is much resorted to during the summer months as a bathing-place, being not more than an hour and a half from Cork by the steamer; but its houses do not afford much comfort or convenience. Provisions of all

kinds are cheap—beef fourpence, mutton fivepence a pound, pork threepence, which was considered dear; at Cork beef was fivepence, mutton sixpence.

On the right, in going to the anchorage, and nearly opposite Cove, is Hawlbowline Island, almost covered with splendid storehouses of every description, built for the naval service; and to the southeast of it Spike Island, with ordnance storehouses complete, and strongly fortified with a regular work, which commands the southern anchorage and the passage up to that in front of Cove. The entrance into this magnificent harbour from the sea is narrow, being little more than half a mile between Fort Carlisle (or Dognose) on the right going up, and Fort Camden (Rampoint) on the left, but has deep water close to both shores. In this entrance is a rock and two shoals, buoyed off.

Cork may boast of a noble harbour, in which the largest fleet of England may anchor in perfect safety; but at this time few vessels of any kind were to be seen. The finest merchantmen, as I have said, proceed up to Passage: the yachts, however, belonging to the Cork yacht club were lying at anchor before Cove in pretty large numbers, some of which were fine vessels: this yacht club is supposed or assumed to be the father of all the yacht clubs. At Cove they have a small parade which overlooks the harbour, and appears well adapted for a lounging-place, at one end of which is an

assembly-room, where the club hold their meetings, their dinners, and balls.

We tried to go alongside the Didon in the steam-boat, but the weather was too bad, and the sea much too high to allow of our approaching her. We therefore stepped into a boat which happened to be lying off the frigate—not without some difficulty,—and pulled alongside. Several boats were hanging on by the accommodation-ladder to take away parties anxious to get off, as the weather was bad, and threatened to be worse, and the sea increasing. The poor ladies ran no little risk in jumping into their boats. After they had cleared away, we succeeded, notwithstanding the awkwardness of the boatmen, in getting on board. Without pretending to judge of the good points of a man-of-war, I may say the Didon appeared to me to be a fine and powerful frigate, and in beautiful order. The crew were nearly all young men, not tall, but stout, good-looking fellows. She was of course a crack vessel, otherwise the Prince de Joinville would not have been serving as an officer in her.

Let a stranger enter the harbour from the sea, and proceed up the Lee to the city, and it is impossible he should not come to the conclusion that Cork must be a wealthy and flourishing commercial city. The number of merchant vessels from all parts of the world in every reach of the river, some at anchor, others under way; the handsome steam-vessels moving up and down, crowded

with passengers; the town and villages, and villas on both banks, and the noble quays clustered with shipping,—all give indications of a trading city of the first importance. And yet its population has not of late years much increased.

In 1821 it was . .	100,653
1831 „ . .	107,016
Increase	6,363

being only six and three-tenths per cent. in ten years.

We dined, on our return, at Sir Thomas Deane's of Dundanion castle, where I had the pleasure of meeting my friend Mr. Maclise, to whom I am indebted for the few characteristic etchings which embellish my little volume; and in the evening returned to Cork. Being desirous of making a trip to Blarney castle, to see the groves of Blarney, "that look so charming"

"Down by the purlings of sweet silent brooks,"

I made up my mind to start at an early hour the following morning: when the morning arrived, it is almost superfluous to say, that it rained—and it continued to do so the whole day long. I felt, however, that it was impossible to submit to be hereafter taunted with having been at Cork and not having seen Blarney; so, making a bargain with a jingleman, off I started to this fine old ruin.

I ascended to the summit of the tower, on a cor-

ner of which is placed the famous Blarney-stone, which I was very gravely assured possessed the power of making those who kiss it ever after agreeable in their conversation to the ladies—"A consummation devoutly to be wished," thought I. "Och, your honour must kneel down and kiss it three times," quoth the guide; "and *shure* you'll be able to coax the ladies—fait, there's niver the gintleman that misses!" "Now, my friend, tell me truly if you don't mean by 'talking blarney,' the impudence of telling 'mighty big lies' without blushing?" "Fait, and I believe your honour has just hit it; and shurely don't the gintlemen talk blarney to the ladies, and do it all the better for kissing the stone?" I found there was no resisting the virtues of the blarney-stone, so down I popped, and the stone having been well washed by the rain, I bestowed upon it three kisses, which, however strong their virtues may be in warming the hearts of the ladies, struck icy cold to my lips.

I next walked down to the groves, and found the 'gravel-walks' in anything but a fit state for

> ——— ——— "recreation
> And meditation in sweet solitude."

There is a remarkably fine laurel which attracted my notice, the spreading branches of which have again taken root in the rocks, like another banian-tree. The arbutus and other evergreens are here all in a most flourishing state; and the whole drive to Blarney, by the side of a small river which

joins the Lee, is through a rich and beautiful country. I do not know whether it was a market-day at Cork, but we met a great quantity of cattle going towards the city. The men who accompanied them were well wrapped up in large cloth cloaks.

Having secured my seat in one of Bianconi's cars for Fermoy, intending to proceed to Mitchellstown (where is to be seen Lord Kingston's fine estate, and some interesting caves, recently discovered), and thence to Clonmell, I was up at five o'clock in the morning, the hour appointed for departure; but, alas! the clouds were pouring down water, which fell perpendicularly, as if discharged from buckets. I knew that no clothing could possibly resist it above a quarter of an hour, and at once made up my mind to forfeit my fare, as senior Bianconi's cars have no other canopy than the overhanging firmament.

I now determined, if the weather held up a little (which it did towards mid-day), to proceed *en route* for Castle Martyr, and sleep at Youghal. Thus ended the month of September, 1835; a month never to be forgotten by those who were unlucky enough to be travelling for pleasure in Ireland. It required the patience of Job to resist *growling;* but upon a friend of mine remarking that the weather was not worse for me than for the young Prince de Joinville, who had gone to enjoy the scenery at Killarney for a day or two, I derived a negative

sort of consolation from the idea, that a wet jacket would harm me no more than it would the prince. He started from the "Imperial" at the same hour that I did. He is a fine young man, with a mild, and somewhat melancholy expression of countenance, not having much the look of a "jolly tar."

LETTER XVII.

CORK TO YOUGHAL, WATERFORD, AND WEXFORD.

A Pretty Beggar-Girl — Middleton — Castle-Martyr — Political Coaches — Youghal — Walter Raleigh — Lismore — Cappoquin and Trappists — Dungarvon — Election Anecdote — Copper-Mines — Funeral Procession — Keeners — Punch and Porter Houses — Gows and Polheens — Quarrelling and Fighting constitutional — Patron Day — Waterford — Curroughmore — The young Marquess — Absentees — Wexford — The Bloody-Bridge — Catholic College — Population.

Wexford, 3rd October, 1835.

On the afternoon of the 30th of September I left Cork for Castle-Martyr. The starting of the coach being somewhat less punctual than myself, I was beset by a shoal of beggars, while quietly seated on the roof of the coach, muffled up in my cloak. One of these caught hold of the corner of it, and gave it a pull to beget attention. It was a female, and the prettiest beggar-girl I had yet seen in any of the numerous groups: finding this would not do, she very quietly laid hold of my foot, exclaiming, "Come, you beauty, won't you now give a poor *crathur* sixpence—only one little sixpence?" with a smiling and captivating look, which was quite irresistible, and which drew from me also an involuntary smile: this was all she seemed to think requi-

site to gain her end, and I conclude she was not often mistaken.

The first part of the drive along the river Lee is very pleasing: we passed several gentlemen's seats off the road, by which the face of the country is embellished and enlivened. The little town of Middleton had nothing in it worth noticing but a neat church with a handsome spire: its appearance, however, was favourable, and it could boast of a few decent shops and two large distilleries. The approach to Castle-Martyr, another neat little town, or village, is through an avenue of trees. It belongs to Lord Shannon, whose house is close by, in a domain well clothed with remarkably fine timber, and a beautiful piece of water flowing through it. It is more in the style of an English park than any I have yet seen; and here I observed the autumnal tint to have made considerable progress in the woods. The arbutus, the hollies, and the laurels, were flourishing in great luxuriance. A fine old ruin of a castle, completely covered with ivy, is a conspicuous object in the grounds; but the residence is a plain, low building, quite unworthy of the site it occupies. The entrance to the park is at the end of the single street that composes the town, in which were fewer beggars than usual.

The hotel in this little town held out no other temptation to remain there than "cold bacon," which was the only article in the bill of fare. I therefore resolved to pass the night at Youghal,

for which place I was pretty sure of a conveyance, as two coaches start from, or pass through, the town at the same hour of the evening. Party-feeling is here carried to so great an extent, that even the coaches are *politically* opposed to each other. One is called "Conservative," the other speaks for itself—the "Repealer." Somehow or other (purely accidental of course), I found myself seated in the Conservative, but soon discovered that I was in the wrong box; as we no sooner started, to drive through the little town of Castle-Martyr, than men, women and children rushed to their respective doors,—or rather were already assembled,—and commenced hooting and yelling at us right lustily: however, as no dead vermin nor brickbats found their way through the window, and it was now dusk, neither my physical, moral nor political feelings were much the worse for the unexpected salute. It was, besides, some consolation that we, who espoused the Conservative cause, not only took but kept the lead the whole way to Youghal, where I arrived to tea and bed.

The approach to Youghal, which I ascertained by a walk early next morning, for it was dusk when I entered, is very pretty: it is along a road which has been cut through the rocky cliff, just above the sea, near the mouth of the Blackwater river, on the right bank of which the town is built. This road is the usual evening promenade, from which the view over St. George's Channel is quite delightful

and refreshing; such a view is the more rare, as the Irish towns on the sea-coast are mostly situated a little distance inland, up the different creeks or rivers. Youghal is a town of great antiquity, consisting chiefly of one very long street, across which is thrown an arched gateway; but several other streets or lanes branch from it. The houses have mostly an ancient appearance; and on the hill-side there are numerous fragments of the old wall which once encompassed the city. It is still a place of considerable trade, though it has gradually fallen off in this respect as Cork has risen into importance; yet its position is equally good, if not better, for commerce than Cork, being close upon the sea, and sheltered from it, having only a narrow gap between the sea and the harbour, which is an estuary of the Blackwater. There is, however, a bar across the entrance. Youghal is frequented as a bathing-place; and at the entrance of the town is a good row of houses for the accommodation of lodgers. The sand at low water is extensive. There is a respectable-looking hotel, called the "Devonshire Arms," at which I took up my abode, but there was a want of comfort about it, and it did not bear the appearance of being much resorted to: the charges were very moderate.

There is a large heavy-looking church and a mass of ruins contiguous to it; but the object of greatest interest at Youghal is the house which was occupied by the celebrated Sir Walter Raleigh,

who was mayor of Youghal. It joins the churchyard, which is planted with trees. It is generally believed that Sir Walter first brought the potato hither, and planted it in his garden; and it is said that through the gardener mistaking the apple for the edible part, it had nearly been lost; but in digging up the plants to destroy them, he had sense enough to conjecture that the tuberous roots might be the part intended as food, and it was thus preserved.

I had intended to ascend the Blackwater as far as Lismore in a boat, but the weather was ill calculated to afford any enjoyment by that species of conveyance. I therefore proceeded by the mail, which takes a north-westerly direction, leaving the Blackwater and its beautiful scenery on our right. The first part of our road lay over a dreary, uninteresting country, and the hovels by the road-side were just about as miserable as those in the very worst parts of Ireland.

Tallow is a small village, which, from the whiteness of its houses seen from a short distance, I thought was not inappropriately named.

The next place we arrived at was Lismore, the domain of the Duke of Devonshire, rising beautifully above the banks of the Blackwater from the midst of some noble trees, the autumnal tints on which added much to the picturesque effect, and altogether presented one of the most exquisite pictures of sylvan scenery I had yet beheld. I regretted much

that I could not stop to go over the grounds; but as the weather appeared to be improving, I deemed it prudent to make the best of my way towards the Wicklow mountains, in order that, if fortune should chance to favour me with a few fine days, I might reach a part of the country, to enjoy which fine weather was absolutely necessary. I therefore made no stay at Lismore, much as I could have wished to do so; but contented myself with the lovely view from the road, which the coachman was civil enough to allow me to prolong the enjoyment of, by walking his horses at a snail's pace till the view was closed in. This, however, was pretty nearly the common pace of his cattle. The guard, indeed, joked the coachman about a race which took place the previous day between his Majesty's mail and a donkey-cart, the latter of which, the guard declared, had beaten the former "right fairly." We had passed on the road a great concourse of people hurrying on towards Lismore, where I expected to find a fair; but, observing a large field in which they were all collecting, I discovered that a ploughing-match was about to take place.

We now continued our route along the Blackwater as far as Cappoquin, near which a community of Trappists have formed an establishment on a moorish-looking tract of land, to the left of the road, which they are said to have brought into a good state of cultivation. A considerable extent of this kind of land has been granted to them by Sir

Richard Keane, the greater part of which was a mere waste, covered with heath and furze. They are said to be fine young men, quiet and well-behaved, and their number to exceed forty.

We passed on our road several gentlemen's seats, but the finest-looking place is Drumana, the domain of Mr. Villiers Stuart, near Cappoquin, exhibiting a succession of noble clumps of wood sloping down to the banks of the Blackwater. Here we took leave of this fine river, which flows through one of the richest and most beautiful parts of Ireland, and proceeded on to Dungarvon, where there is little to attract the notice of the traveller, except a view of the sea, which opens out after driving through the town. A small river, called the Collegan, falls into the harbour, which appears to be mostly choked up with sand-banks. I saw no vessels of any kind.

You will no doubt have heard of the result of the recent election for Dungarvon, when Serjeant O'Loughlin was returned, and Mr. Galwey thrown out. To give you some idea how folks are allowed to exercise their elective franchise in these parts since the passing of the Reform Bill, which has had the effect of converting Catholic priests into political partisans, I will relate to you a little anecdote communicated to me by the guard of the mail-coach, and confirmed immediately after he had told it. Mr. Galwey was one day travelling in the mail-coach with another passenger inside, and on passing through the toll-gate not far from Dungarvon, he

requested the good woman to remind her husband, the keeper of the gate, of the approaching election, observing, as the coach passed through, "Now, my good woman, don't forget to tell your husband to give me his vote." "And if he does," called out the other person, popping his head out of the window, "you may tell him he may put his coffin under his arm when he goes to the polling-booth;" an expression in Ireland well understood to mean assassination. This person was a Popish priest! —it might be Father Fogharty himself. While the guard was telling me this, the man of the toll-gate was accidentally walking before us; the coach stopped to give him a lift; he seated himself next to me on the roof, and on being questioned as to the fact, he admitted that his wife had received and conveyed to him the friendly admonition; and he added, "I thought it prudent to vote for Mr. Serjeant O'Loughlin." Mr. Galwey, if able, should have thrown the fellow out of the window, as he could hardly consider himself safe in such company.

At a short distance from Dungarvon there is a curious rent in the mountain, where the advancing angle on one side seems as if it would fit into the retiring angle on the other with great nicety.

Our road now passed through Kilmaothomas, a small town, to the right of which, near the sea-coast, at the distance of about five miles, some copper-mines are worked. I was informed that there were

not less than 600 men there employed, and that they are now working them at a depth of 800 feet below the level of the sea. These mines, it appears, are the property of a company in England, and are said to pay pretty well. Several English miners are employed; indeed, I am told that all who work underground are from England, chiefly from Cornwall, the Irish having no great taste for it. This is the more remarkable, as I have heard engineers say that most of the masons who work in diving-bells are Irish, and that they prefer it; but the probable reason of their doing so is the increased pay for such work. Soon after passing Kilmaothomas we met a great concourse of people, who seemed to have assembled to witness a sort of cross-country race, something resembling a steeple-chace; and on proceeding a few yards farther, I observed in the distance another large assemblage occupying the whole road as they approached towards us. The latter turned out to be a funeral procession. How different the pursuits!

This was probably the funeral of some wealthy farmer. It was the most numerously attended, and, from the number of horsemen who brought up the rear, of whom we had a full view as they descended a height, the most respectable of any I have seen in Ireland: there was an appearance too of state about it. The coffin was under a canopy displayed to view, and huddled up at each end of it sat two old women, whom I suppose to have been

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF A FARMER.

keeners *. They had the best of it, as it happened to be raining, as usual.

Near Waterford we passed a man on the road, shabbily enough dressed, who was riding a remarkably fine young horse which stepped out famously in his trot. On questioning him, he said that he bred it at his farm, and that he had three others of the same stock equally good. On further conversation I found that he could not say, as from his appearance I judged he well might—

"These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,"

for he told me he possessed not less than two hundred acres of land, and boasted of his breed of horses: indeed, he seemed *mighty* proud of his horse, which he was not disposed to part with, and trotted alongside of the mail for some distance, chatting as we went along.

Whiskey does not appear to be so much in vogue in these parts as in others; at least I conclude so, from the number of 'punch and porter-houses,' as they are designated on signs; unless, indeed, the punch is what may be better understood as *whiskey*

* *Keener.*—According to Dr. O'Brien, the *keen* is "a cry for the dead, according to certain loud and mournful notes and verses, wherein the pedigree, land, property, generosity, and good actions of the deceased person and his ancestors are diligently and harmoniously recounted, in order to excite pity and compassion in the hearers, and to make them sensible of their great loss in the death of the person whom they lament." These women may be called professional, and are hired for the purpose. I did not, however, hear any of the "howl" or lamentation as they passed us.

toddy. A respectable man, who was seated on the coach, said he supplied many of these houses with the ingredients, and that he was travelling to collect his debts. He had left Waterford by one of the morning coaches, and, having travelled about twenty miles, was now returning with about one hundred and sixty pounds in his pocket. He jumped off the coach at one little miserable-looking punch and porter-house, where I imagined they could not have scraped together twenty pence, but on returning to the coach he said he had added twenty pounds to his stock.

There appeared to be a good deal of land which had evidently been suffered to run to waste, probably belonging to the church, or Trinity college, or some other public body, and granted in perpetuity or on long leases, at nominal rents, which is one of the crying evils of Ireland. In this part of the country a great number of the lower classes are said to be divided into two factions, whose violent proceedings sometimes alarm the whole neighbourhood. They are known by the names of the *Gows* and *Polheens*, the meaning of which, if they have any, I could no more learn than that of Whiteboys, Peep-of-day-boys, Jays, and Magpies, and many others that are a disgrace to the country. The two in question, as far as I could learn, are of different clans, long hostilely opposed to each other from some old and deadly feud, unconnected altogether either with politics or religion. The real fact is, that fighting is a pastime and may almost be considered as

constitutional among the lower class of Hibernians, especially when the whiskey is in the head; they are then ready for an affray with their nearest relations, friends, or foes,—and yet they are the best-humoured, most kind-hearted, and easily-managed people in the world when sober, and not under some particular excitement. The brutal fights in which they engage occur on various occasions, when such factions, for instance, as the *Gows* and *Polheens,* meet designedly to break each other's heads,—when, at meetings of friends, they unfortunately get drunk with whiskey—or at fairs, instigated probably by an individual insulting another—and almost always on the day of some patron saint. On many of these occasions some few individuals are generally found who, rather than remain idle spectators, or return home with a head unbroken, will provoke a fray. "Thus," says Crofton Croker, "from a mere love of combat, and without any malice, a man will take off his coat and, holding it up by the collar, trail it through the assembly, challenging or beguiling any one to tread on it,—which insult he no sooner succeeds in obtaining, than he feels justified in knocking down the offender, and *the sport begins.*" This accords with the old story of an Irish *jontleman* who, going into a coffee-room in London, full of people, and hanging up his hat on a nail, exclaimed, "I should like just now to see the scoundrel who will take down that hat."

The Irish, wherever they go, appear to carry with them the extraordinary propensity for a fête and a fight, in which the former always leads to the latter, and for which an Irishman is always prepared with his shillelagh, though he carries it merely "just to keep the cold out of his hand." A friend of mine tells me that two cargoes of emigrants left Ireland last year, from two different ports, for Upper Canada. The one that first arrived and got settled, hearing of the arrival of the other, located at a little distance, resolved on paying their countrymen a visit; the consequence was a tremendous affray, in which many a broken head and bruised limb were given and received, and it is said one or two died of their wounds. They parted, however, in great good humour over a flagon of whiskey and brandy, and have remained on friendly terms ever since.

It might be supposed that the celebration of the day of a patron saint would be the least likely to promote these riotous proceedings, especially when the assemblage takes place, as it usually does, at some holy well, to which are brought, as to another Bethesda, "a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, and withered," under a conviction that, by the influence of the patron saint, after washing in the water or drinking it, their several diseases will be healed. But not only crowd to these wells the sick for cure, but also the sinful for expiation; "and their priests, deluded or deluding, enjoin those pilgrimages as penance, or applaud them, when volun-

A PATRON DAY.

Sketch taken at Ronoque's Well near Cork

tary, as piety." Yet, even on such occasions, the potency of whiskey prevails, and the parties rarely separate without an affray, so desperate sometimes that the military is called in, when it is almost certain that both will unite, and, with the women and children, hurl stones and other missiles at the soldiery. I believe a very general and just idea of one those patron meetings may be collected from the clever etching of Mr. Maclise, which he sketched from an actual scene on a Patron day near Cork.

It was late in the evening before we reached Waterford, and, being rather fatigued, I did not quit the hotel till the following morning. It is a good house, openly situated upon the quay, and the only fault I have to find with it is the intolerable noise of the grunting and squeaking of multitudes of pigs that are driven down to the quay at an early hour, where they are kept waiting for embarkation on the steam-vessel for Bristol, along with other passengers; and until fairly on board, they continue grunting on the open space in front of the hotel immediately under the windows of the coffee-room.

I have little to say of Waterford: it is a dark, dirty, mean-looking place, but improves on advancing towards the fine quay, which extends almost a mile on the right bank of the Suire, a noble river navigable up to the town, though fifteen miles from the sea. At five miles below the town is the junction of the Suire and the Barrow.

At the upper end of the town the Suire is crossed

by a long wooden bridge, which opens in one part to allow vessels to pass. Five or six square-rigged vessels by the side of the quay did not indicate a place of much traffic, and yet there were many good shops and considerable bustle in the streets.

Next morning I engaged a car to take me to Curraghmore, the domain of the Marquess of Waterford, a short distance from the town. It was a lovely day, and the fine cultivated vale, which marked the line of the beautiful Suire, made the drive quite delightful. I stopped at a neat little town or village, called Portlaw, where there is an extensive cotton factory, making a conspicuous figure among the neat little cottages arranged in two rows close by it, and evidently built for the occupation of the people employed in the factory, of whom there are not less, as I was informed, than 1000. Being a stranger, I had some little difficulty in gaining admission; but on making myself known, and disclaiming all connexion with business, I was allowed to go through. The machinery for carding, drawing, and roving appeared to be of the best quality and in good working order. It is turned by two waterwheels, one of very large diameter, and both of copper. The establishment belongs to a quaker.

A little beyond this is the entrance to Lord Waterford's domain: here I also experienced a difficulty in gaining admission. In fact, I was rather uncivilly refused, and should have been sent away, had I not observed two decent-looking people on

horseback coming out of the grounds, probably agents, who immediately procured me admission. Having once passed the outer gate, all was civility within. I drove through the beautiful grounds, down the midst of which flows a fine clear river, called the Cladagh, a branch of the Suire, which it joins at the distance of about three miles, and whose banks are clothed by some of the most magnificent trees I had anywhere seen in Ireland, consisting of oaks, beeches, elms, and firs. There is also a piece of water in the grounds, but not of great dimensions. The domain, however, is so extensive, that *blue hills,* enclosed within its boundary, may be seen from certain parts of it. A noble avenue of trees leads up to the mansion, which is by no means adapted to the magnificence of the grounds, but the offices, extending in two long wings, give it rather an important appearance. In one of them is a fine riding-house, and the quantity of stabling is immense.

The young lord had taken a trip in his yacht as far as America, but they were anxiously looking for his return. The fellow who drove me said, with a significant nod of the head, "He's a queer sort of chap, your honour; I'll tell you how he *sarved* me one cold frosty morning. It was about two o'clock, when I was in bed, fast asleep as a top, when out he routed me, with *niver* a thing but a shirt on my back. Come along, says he, you *spalpeen,* come along; and so, *plase* your honour, I had to mount

the box of my car, and drive his lordship to Curraghmore. I knew it was only a freak, and that I should be all the better for't; so down I bolted, mounted the box in my shirt, but before we got out of the town the good-natured *sowl* took off his own coat and threw it across my shoulders. Och, that we had him *jist* now, to put a little more life into us." The Marquess is said to be wild—is that to be wondered at?—sole master of an immense property, and not yet of age; but I believe, like all the Beresfords, he possesses a good heart and a cheerful disposition. Teddy's wish to have him home speaks in his favour, and is a very natural one; he knows nothing of the doctrine of those calling themselves political economists, who tell you it would be of no advantage to Ireland or the working classes if the Devonshires, the Beresfords, the Besboroughs, and the whole host of absentees, should reside upon their estates; that the incomes they derive from those estates are just as much expended in Ireland, as if they were living in it; that the population would not at all be benefited by the rents being expended in the country: and that, in point of fact, it would be just the same thing to Ireland, whether the whole gentry of the country lived in Ireland, or were absentees. Such was literally the doctrine delivered before a Committee of the House of Commons by the great master of the science, for so he has been styled. But more correct notions begin to prevail. The benefits of a resident gentry are

felt and acknowledged. "The distress," says Mr. Wakefield, "which pervades absentee property is evident throughout the whole country. Inactivity and a gloomy silence everywhere prevail, give a melancholy cast to the ideas of the traveller, and excite in the thinking mind the most serious reflection." This is a true picture of the effects of absenteeism. "It is not," says the intelligent Author of the 'State of Ireland, Past and Present,' "because the country is drained by remittances, but because she is widowed of her natural protectors. The loss is, not of money, but manners; not of wealth, but of civilization and peace."

Early next morning, soon after day-break, I started by the mail to Wexford, a drive of about four hours, in a good coach and over a good road, the country well cultivated. Our road took us to Ross, where we had to cross our namesake, the Barrow, which is here a fine broad river.

It was market-day when I reached Wexford, and the long narrow street which runs through the town was crowded at an early hour. It is so narrow, that one might almost shake hands out of window with the opposite neighbours, but it widens towards the farther end. Unfavourable as the appearance of the town was, there was no want of well-stocked shops, and the market exhibited a busy scene. The market-women wore neat straw bonnets, like those we see in England; about Waterford both sexes wore large straw hats with

enormously-broad brims, which were not unbecoming.

There is a long wooden bridge at Wexford, across a narrow part of the haven, from whence the town may be seen to advantage. The haven, which makes so great a display in the map, and might, from its superficial extent, be supposed one of the finest harbours in the country, is very much the contrary. There is little depth of water and plenty of sand-banks, dry at low tide. Few vessels seem to frequent it, and those only of a small class. The sight of this blood-stained bridge cannot fail to bring to the recollection the horrid massacres that occurred at Wexford in the Rebellion of 1798. And let the people of Wexford ask themselves, whether, in the recurrence of such an event, they have reasons for hoping that such a horrible tragedy would not be repeated? Let them ask whether the disciples of Maynooth of the present time are more tolerant, more humane, more merciful, than were the priests of 1798?*

* Sir Richard Musgrave, in his 'History of the Irish Rebellion,' says, "I shall now relate that event, and the dreadful massacre of Protestants which took place, and which has cast such an indelible stain on that county, that every Irishman who feels for the honour of his native country should wish that its very name was expunged from the map of Ireland."

He gives it as related to him by some respectable persons who were eye-witnesses. "Between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock on the morning of the 20th of June, we saw a body of rebels coming over the bridge, bearing a black flag, with a cross and the letters M. W. S. inscribed on it in white, which was supposed to

I met at Wexford an acquaintance, Mr. Rawson, whom you may recollect as private secretary to Mr. Poulett Thomson, when Treasurer of the Navy.

mean, *murder without sin;* and on the other side a red cross. After having made a procession through part of the town, they fixed that woeful harbinger of death on the Custom-house quay, near the fatal spot where so much blood was soon after shed, and where it remained flying for about two hours before the butchery began.

"Soon after they arrived on the quay they seemed to disperse; however, many of them remained there, and repaired to one particular place, where drink was given to them, and where a priest was very busy in distributing it, and who, they believed, remained there till they left the quay, shouting, 'To the gaol, to the gaol!' when they all disappeared, but returned about four o'clock to the bridge, with a number of prisoners whom they massacred. They thus continued, till about seven o'clock, to convey parties of prisoners, from ten to twenty, from the gaol and market-house, where many of them were confined, to the bridge, where they butchered them. Every procession was preceded by the black flag, and the prisoners were surrounded by ruthless pikemen as guards, who often insultingly desired them to bless themselves. The mob, consisting of more women than men, expressed their savage joy, on the immolation of each of the victims, by loud huzzas.

"The manner, in general, of putting them to death was thus: two rebels pushed their pikes into the breast of the victim, and two into his back, and in that state (writhing with torture) they held him suspended, till dead, and then threw him over the bridge into the water.

"After they had massacred ninety-seven prisoners in that manner, and before they could proceed further in the business, an express rode up in great haste, and bid them beat to arms, as Vinegar-hill was beset, and reinforcements were wanting. There was immediately a cry 'To camp! to camp!'—The rebels seemed in such confusion, that the massacre was discontinued."

We took a stroll to the new Catholic college, scarcely finished, standing on the brow of a hill. In prowling about we fell upon and disturbed, in a retired corner, a party of the scholars busily employed in playing cards. There are several schools in Wexford. I recollect Mr. Glassford mentioning that in one of the Roman Catholic schools he found among the books the 'History of Tom Tricker the Gamester,' of 'Idle Jack Brown,' and two volumes of 'Tom Jones,' which had occupied one of the boys —he must have been a precious one—*five years*, and he had not got through them. The Catholic college on the hill which we had ascended was preparatory, I believe, to Maynooth and Trinity college, and is to replace the old one. One student only had gone from thence to Trinity college for many years, and *he* was a Protestant.

The towns of Waterford and Wexford, though sea-ports, situated in the very best parts of Ireland, are neither of them in a flourishing condition. The population of Waterford, in 1821, was 28,679, and in 1831, 28,821, increase 142, being not quite *one-half per cent.* That of Wexford in 1821, was 11,232, and in 1831, 10,673, being a *decrease* of very nearly 5 *per cent.*

LETTER XVIII.

FROM WEXFORD THROUGH THE WICKLOW MOUNTAINS TO KINGSTOWN.

A meritorious Beggar—Gorey—Courtown—The Valley of Avoca—Meeting of the Waters—Castle Howard—Lake Glendalough—The Seven Churches—A singular Guide—St. Kevin and the Skylark—Misappropriation of Words—Roundwood—Devil's Glen—Luggelaw—Powerscourt—Enniskerry—The Gap of the *Scalp*—The Dargle—The Glen of the Downs—Bray—Kingstown.

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Kingstown, 8th October, 1835.

I NEED scarcely repeat to you that which is all but an universal practice in Ireland—the clustering of beggars round every coach that arrives at, or departs from, any town, or halts on the road to change horses. On starting from Wexford (on the evening of the 3rd) there was a female among the crowd who caught my attention, and I handed her a trifle. A gentleman, who was with me inside, said, "I am glad you have noticed that poor woman: she is a widow with five children to support, with little or no other means of gaining a livelihood for herself and them, but the precarious chance of what she may collect from charitable passengers in the public coaches; but it is not on

this account that I have mentioned her to you. There is a history connected with that poor creature that does her the greatest honour. About a twelvemonth ago, as she was one day passing near a pigsty, with her baby in her arms, an unusual noise induced her to look in, when, to her horror, she discovered in one corner an infant in the midst of the filth. She entered the sty, seized the child, took it home, nursed it, has brought it up ever since, and is as much attached to it as if it were her own child,—so much, indeed, that no persuasion can prevail on her to part with it. Indeed," added the gentleman, "the child is so beautiful, and its story so interesting, that I offered myself to convey it to Dublin and to see it brought up under my own eye, but no entreaties will avail." Such was the story told by my companion; and what a contrast is here afforded between the wretched mother that left the infant to perish, and the most worthy creature that rescued it from a horrible death, and shares with it the precarious pittance, scarcely enough for herself and her own children!

It was late at night when I reached Gorey, and I was glad enough to get housed wherever the coach might stop, and this happened to be at the Catholic hotel, situated about the centre of the town; we passed, it seems, the Protestant hotel at the entrance. Gorey is a small, neat-looking place, the houses kept clean by being well whitewashed.

The day after my arrival being Sunday, I

attended divine service, and was rather surprised to find the same preacher whom I had heard at Westport, and who, it appears, has removed to the living at Gorey. His sermon was extempore as before, and I thought he acquitted himself better than when I first heard him. After church, I engaged a car to drive me to Courtown. The Earl was, unluckily, not within, but on his return, hearing that I had called, he very kindly sent his groom into town with a note to invite me to dine and take a bed, which, however, I could not make it convenient to accept, much as I wished to do so. I spent some little time in walking about the estate, which is most delightfully situated, sloping down to the sea, affording prospects in various places through the trees that are quite refreshing. The woods, and clumps, and single trees, are all of vigorous growth, and the verdure of the lawns was soft and beautiful. There is one ever-green oak, with its spreading branches sweeping to the ground, the sight of which is alone worth a visit to Courtown. The hollies and the arbutus are equally luxuriant here as at Killarney.

Lord Courtown has been at considerable expense in constructing a harbour in which vessels may ship grain from this part of the country, there being none deserving the name between Wexford and Kingstown; but it appears doubtful whether the small river that flows through his Lordship's grounds will be sufficient to keep the entrance open.

It has given rise to a few neat houses that have recently been erected.

Having been deposited at the Catholic hotel at Gorey, I was destined to proceed to Rathdrum, the following day, by the Catholic coach. However, as it happened by good luck, I was here on the right side of the question, for the Radicals seem to carry all before them in these parts, and brought me into Rathdrum by a *majority* of ten minutes a-head of the Conservatives.

On leaving Gorey, the early part of the route had but little interest; but at Arklow we came upon the sea, of which we had occasional glimpses on the road. It is a mean little fishing-town, at which poverty evidently prevailed, and beggars were numerous.

Immediately after driving through the town, and turning sharply to the westward, the road took us suddenly to the commencement of a beautiful valley, of which the scenery was at once changed and varied as rapidly as one sees in a pantomime. This was the Vale of Avoca, a spot one has heard much of, and a lovely one it unquestionably is. Fortunately its beauties were enhanced by the fineness of the day, and the autumnal tint of the foliage had already advanced into "the sere and yellow leaf;"—but without the aid of the association with which Mr. Moore qualifies his encomium, I should hardly say—

> "There's not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

As for the "*meeting* of the waters," as the Irish are pleased to call the confluence of two little streams, pompously or poetically as you may please to decide, I think more has been made of it than either the waters or their meeting deserve. There are, in fact, two places in the valley where two streams meet, one towards the lower end, where the scenery is rich and beautiful; the other, which I was assured to be the "*riglar*" meeting, was higher up the vale; and, I confess, on arriving at it I was disappointed, and could not hesitate in giving the preference to the place of confluence of the two streams we had passed lower down. The two streams forming this *riglar* meeting are named the Avonmore and Avonbeg—the great and little Avon. From hence the road leads direct to Rathdrum, a small village, in which is a Protestant church. From hence I set out on a four hours' walk, on a visit to Castle Howard, the handsome residence of Mrs., the widow of Colonel, Howard. At the entrance lodge there is a small cottage where parties are allowed to take their repast, and a book is kept for the insertion of the names of the visiters. I next proceeded a second time towards the "*riglar* meeting of the waters;" but before I got so far, in walking through the woods quite alone, I came to the meeting of two paths, and was considerably perplexed in choosing the right one. The chances were equal, so I jogged on, and luckily got into the proper road.

Early on the morning of the 6th, I started in a jaunting-car from Rathdrum, and proceeded in the first instance to Glenmalur, a wild-looking glen in the mountains, at the upper end of which is that same lake,—

"——— Whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er."

Its name is Glendalough, and it is the source of one of the rivulets which, on joining another below, forms the "meeting of the waters." At the bottom of this glen stands a large deserted building, formerly used as a barrack. Jogging on from hence over a long and dreary mountain-road, up which I *perambulated,* I arrived, in due course of time, at the "Seven Churches," a noted spot to the Wicklow tourist.

The ruins of these ancient fabrics are reduced to unshapen heaps detached from each other, and there is literally nothing to interest a non-antiquarian, with the exception of a round tower, which is always interesting, because no one has succeeded in convincing the world when and for what purpose this kind of structure was erected. Not a day passes, I am told, without a burial taking place on this consecrated ground; the belief being that St. Kevin, who is a noted character in these parts, is known to have prayed especially that the souls of all those buried here might be saved in the day of resurrection; and who would be hardy enough to venture to doubt the efficacy of the prayers of such a saint?

At the point where the road turns off to these said churches, a guide, as I supposed him, though somewhat with the air of a gentleman, but shabby in his attire, came up to offer his services, having followed the empty car to the distance of about a mile. From the moment he accosted me, I may almost say to the moment he left me, his tongue never ceased, but went on at such a clattering tremendous rate, rattling out his words, with a rapidity equalled only by the curate of a parish church in London, when he publishes the banns of marriage between John Hopkins and Susan Thomas, Joseph Jenkins and Sarah Higgins, Peter Pipkins and Eliza Popkinson—all of this parish. The volubility of his speech was really surprising. He was, besides, a queer-looking person—the character not unlike that of a Russian. He wore mustachios and a beard of a fine rich brown colour, in accordance with the autumnal tint, and his personal appearance was altogether such as might give uneasiness to a man of weak nerves; indeed I afterwards heard, that ladies have sometimes been afraid to trust themselves with such a rough-looking, rattle-trap fellow—but my word for it he is a good, honest, and agreeable chaperon for all his looks. His mode of expression was true Irish, and as singular as himself. For instance, I managed to edge one or two words in, and inquired if there had been many visiters to these parts this year? "A *powerful* sight," quoth he, "and an *awful* number more

would come, if it wasn't for the *terrible* bad things that are told of my countrymen just now, which makes you Englishmen think they'll surely be murdered if they come over here." All this with no small touch of the brogue, and as fast as he could gabble out the words. He talked much of *Tommy Moore*, and "It was I," said he, "who accompanied Mr. Tommy" (for so he invariably termed him) "through all the scenes of his poems; it was I who told him all the various legends, and pointed out the curiosities of the places." Then he would rattle out one of Moore's melodies—

> "By that lake whose gloomy shore
> Skylark never warbles o'er,"

and repeat the whole poem from beginning to end, just as a school-boy repeats his verses, never stopping till he reached, to my great satisfaction, the last stanza, where—

> "———— her ghost was seen to glide
> Smiling o'er the fatal tide."

I never in the whole course of my life met with a man with such a "gift of the gab," and so retentive a memory. His head seemed overflowing with Irish legends, and I am sure if any one would take the trouble to write down his stories, they would furnish materials for a second volume of Crofton Croker's "Fairy Tales." He never hesitated for a word, and altogether it had not been my fortune to meet such a character in any part of the world. He calls

himself Winder, and says that his ancestors came from Windermere in Cumberland. Had I observed to him that it was properly Winandermere, I dare say he would have endeavoured to pursuade me that his family name suffered curtailment along with that of the lake.

Among the portentous events that my friend Mr. Winder told me was this,—that for 1300 years the skylark had never been heard to warble over the lake, because St. Kevin prayed that it might never have the power to do so; and the reason was, that the men who were building the city where the seven churches stand had made a vow to commence their work each day as soon as the lark rose, and not to leave off till the sun had set. They kept their vow, and were in consequence so worn out with fatigue, that many of them died; when St. Kevin, out of compassion, offered up his prayers that no lark should henceforth rise into the air;—the prayer was granted, and "the plague was stayed." All this is firmly believed. Subsequent to this, a man, who was driving me in a jaunting-car, told me that it was as true as we were sitting in the car that the skylark was never heard to warble over the lake for 1300 years, though it was heard commonly *outside* the seven churches, at the distance of a few hundred yards. I asked him, if he did not think that skylarks preferred warbling over corn-fields rather than over lakes?

Speaking of Irish characters, I may here remark,

that I have often been much amused with their quaint expressions and extraordinary misappropriation of words. Sir Thomas Deane told me that the door of his jaunting-car having flown open, the driver asked him if his honour would just allow him to shut the *gate* of the car. Talking myself to a driver about the state of the weather and aspect of the country, and inquiring whether many more visiters might be expected this season, he said that "the country wasn't much *out of repair*, and that many of the *qualities* (people of quality) preferred the *variga-tions* in the colours of the trees." The word *elegant* is universally and sometimes singularly used. On Lough Corrib, as I have already told you, scudding with a close-reefed lug-sail, and half under water —"That's illigant," quoth the coxswain. At Cork I purchased as *raffish* a looking coat to keep out the weather as ever you saw—my *Cork-jacket*, as I call it—and which, whenever I have pointed it out to a guard or guide, I was told, "It's an illigant coat, an illigant warm coat."

Taking my leave of this extraordinary character, Mr. Winder, for extraordinary he certainly is, I came on to Roundwood, situated in the very midst of the Wicklow mountains, but not particularly remarkable for its accompaniments. From hence I procured a gig to drive me to a spot called the Devil's Glen, distant about four miles; and here I alighted, and walked through the glen and back again. It is a picturesque place, well wooded, and

the variety of colours at this season of the year was really beautiful—the dark, rich, brown autumnal tint (like the russet hue of Winder's beard) contrasted well with the bright green of the fading ash and the deep green of the hollies. There is also a pretty stream of water falling into the glen, which continues to run through the middle of it. Some cranes, which were hovering about, added to the romantic effect of this solitary scene. My return from hence to Roundwood finished my day's work.

After passing a restless night at Roundwood, and being nearly suffocated by the smoke which found its way down the chimney of my bedroom from some of the fires below, I started off early for a spot called Luggelaw, where there is a small but pretty lake, surrounded by mountains and woodlands, and at the farther end a little shooting-box belonging, as I was informed, to Mr. Latouche. Having sufficiently satisfied my curiosity at Luggelaw, I retraced my steps and proceeded on to the waterfall in the Powerscourt domain, much extolled by tourists; but, for my part, I thought so little of it after the beautiful falls of water I have seen in Sweden and Norway, that when the driver suddenly stopped, and called my attention to the fall just opposite, at some distance off from the road, "Is *that* all?" quoth I.—"Yes, plase your honour; that's all." "Then drive on as fast as you please," —an order which seemed to amuse the driver exceedingly; no doubt setting me down in his mind

as a very tasteless traveller. It showed itself as a mere silvery thread falling perpendicularly down the face of the rock. When George IV. visited Powerscourt, a large reservoir was dug at the summit of the hill, to give a temporary effect to the cascade, but the Royal guest did not pay it a visit. Though the water is deficient, the accompaniments of rock and wood give to it a character of more grandeur than otherwise it could have any pretensions to. A little farther on, a noble view of the sea opens out, with Dublin Bay at no great distance.

As far as Luggelaw I escaped rain, though the clouds were hanging over the mountains towards which I was proceeding, and very shortly got into the thick of them, when the rain came down in good earnest. I took shelter in a cottage, into which, with your permission, I will introduce you. It was one of the common sort of stone huts, with thatched roof; and there was a small window to admit the light, a luxury many a cabin cannot boast of. The floor of this hut, like the floors of all other huts, was the cold ground, but the roof was water-tight, at least this heavy rain did not find its way in, and there were no puddles on the floor, as is generally the case. The man and his wife had nine children, the eldest of them not above twelve, five of which were in the hut round the fire; dirty and ragged enough, perhaps more so than any *you* have ever set eyes on, and yet, speaking comparatively, they

might be accounted clean and decently clad. I was presented by these poor people with a drop of whiskey and a potato.

The heavy rain ceasing, I sallied forth again, and drove through the domain of the young Earl of Powerscourt, and up to the house. It is undoubtedly a noble place, but the house is all under repair, the furniture packed up, and everything in confusion. I went over it, however, but saw nothing worth particular mention. The saloon is a grand and handsome room: it was in this that our late king George the Fourth dined when he visited Ireland. He is not so much forgotten here as with us: the spot where he sat was pointed out to me, and I confess I felt a sort of melancholy stealing over me, on reflecting how soon one who filled so vast a space in Europe but a few years ago should have ceased to be much thought of;—and yet he was a king to whom the country owes a debt of gratitude—"aye, every inch a king!"

From the mansion of Powerscourt I continued my drive through the domain to Enniskerry, a neat little village on the earl's estate, and proceeded to view the *Scalp*, a very remarkable gap or rent in one of the mountains, the sides consisting of huge detached masses of rock intermixed with shrubbery.

From this, returning to Enniskerry, I passed on to the Dargle (dar*k* gle*n*), with which I was more pleased than with anything I had yet seen in Wick-

low. It is by far the most beautiful of those several disruptions of the mountains that I have just spoken of. The glen is deep, and thickly wooded on either side, from the very summit to the base, with oaks, ash, hollies, and other species of trees and shrubs, but chiefly with oak. It would be impossible to convey to you an idea of the beauty of the blended colouring, now that the autumnal tints are upon the trees. A stream of water—a clear brawling brook—runs through the glen. The glen of the Downs was the next point. This is also well wooded with oak, ash, and birch. It is broader than the Dargle, but less picturesque. One recommendation, however, it has, which the Dargle has not—a beautiful view of the sea, and of the projecting headland, at the foot of which stands the town of Wicklow.

I now made my way to Bray, a small sea-port town, much resorted to by the good folks of Dublin as a bathing-place. Here I made no stay, but proceeded at once to Kingstown, and took up my quarters at the royal hotel, a very splendid establishment, filled at this time with summer residents from Dublin.

Thus ends my tour of the Wicklow Mountains, and, I may also say, of Ireland, for I do not intend to go beyond Dublin—indeed, at this season there is little inducement. At Cork, I met a gentleman who was desperately out of humour about the weather, and walked up and down the coffee-room the picture of despair. He had two or

three weeks to dispose of, was anxious to pass them in Ireland, and had come over for the express purpose. I met him again at Waterford, wretched in the extreme. I asked him if he was going *on*—"No," said he, "I'm going *off*, and to England at once—I'll not remain a moment longer than I can help"—and off he went no doubt. Now I was just as sulky about the weather as he was, but then I would not allow myself to be turned aside by a wetting or two, and consequently accomplished my object.

Judging from the appearance of many of the cottages in Wicklow, I should say there was, as usual, much poverty; but the price of labour is here a shilling a day, which is higher than in most other parts, and I believe the highest in any. One man, as I was informed, of the name of Evans, owns on the Powerscourt estate no less than 200 or 300 acres, at the rent of 2*s.* 6*d.* an acre, granted so long as "grass grows and water flows;" and the soil is said to be worth 3*l.* or 4*l.* an acre. There are other portions of land in Wicklow let in the same manner.

Although the demand for jaunting-cars must here be very great, I did not find that any advantage was taken of it, eightpence a mile being all I was charged.

LETTER XIX.

DUBLIN.

13*th October*, 1835.

You will not expect me to say much of Dublin, a city that has been so often and so minutely described, especially when you are told that, in the three days passed here, one of them being Sunday, I have made six journeys on the rail-way to and from Kingstown, to visit our friends the Radcliffes at Newtown Park—once to a review in Phœnix Park —once to the theatre, the museum, the Royal Society of Dublin, and other public places. I will, however, venture briefly to tell you what I have seen and think of its externals, for as to the state of its society, and the real condition of its inhabitants, I profess to know nothing.

But first a word as to the rail-road that connects the sea-port town of Kingstown with Dublin. Like all the public works planned and executed by the Board of Works in Ireland, this rail-road appears to be in all respects substantially, and even elegantly finished—not quite finished, for there is a little corner of the old Dunleary Harbour, across which

it would be most desirable to carry it; but, as you know, the Admiralty oppose it on the ground that this is the only spot on which small vessels, driven from their anchors, can *beach* themselves. If this were conceded, as I believe the Admiralty are ready to do, on certain stipulations, it would be a great convenience to the rapidly improving town of Kingstown. The length of the road is five miles and a half, which is usually run under fifteen minutes. The fare is from sixpence to a shilling, according to the class of the carriage; and the number of passengers from the 22nd December, 1834, the day of opening, up to this time, is said to have exceeded a million.

The *terminus* of the road at the Dublin end is a little to the northward of Merrion Square, where cars in abundance are in constant attendance. One of these drove me to the Bilton Hotel, in Sackville Street, one of the most, I had nearly said *the* most, magnificent street in Europe. Our Regent Street, though far more lively in its appearance, owing to the houses being whitewashed, is nothing to it, except in the view of the lower part from Piccadilly, which, however, is less in width by thirty or forty feet, and has no building to compete with the splendid Post Office, and its portico of six fluted Ionic columns. This and its neighbour, a fluted column one hundred and twenty feet high, to the memory of the immortal Nelson, equal if not superior to that of the Duke of York, are noble accompaniments to

this fine street. The Carlisle Bridge at the lower end leads into Grafton Street, which may be considered as the Bond Street of Dublin for its splendid shops, but compared with it as a street the latter sinks into insignificance; Merrion Square and Stephen's Green are each of them larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields, the latter much larger, with planted enclosures in the midst; but they are dull and gloomy. Two other squares, with their houses, Rutland and Mountjoy, are simply genteel: of the former, one side is entirely occupied by the Lying-in-Hospital.

The public buildings are generally on a scale of magnificence, planned and executed with good taste. The most splendid of all is the Bank of Ireland, wherein once sat the senators of Ireland, close to College Green, with its grand arcade of Ionic columns. The Custom House, with its portico of four massive Doric columns and its light dome, has nothing, I believe, of that kind of establishment, equal to it anywhere. The spacious quay in front of it, and the docks with the shipping, give life and animation to the scene. The Courts of Justice (the Four Courts), Trinity College, the Exchange or Commercial Buildings, the Cloth Mart, the grand Barracks round the Royal Square, some of the six or seven churches, and twice that number of chapels, the Hospitals, the Royal Dublin Society House, the House of Industry, the Foundling, once the surprise, I will not say the admiration, of

strangers, for the magnitude of the institution, now nearly, if not entirely dissolved—are all of them buildings not unworthy of notice. I cannot say much for the Castle, or palace of the Lord Lieutenant. The great court-yard has a sombre appearance, and the interior not much better; St. Patrick's Hall is a noble room, but the furniture, the fittings, and the lustres, in particular, are exceedingly dingy. The quays and bridges (the latter amounting to six or seven), that are at once a great accommodation and ornament to the city, are above mediocrity; the quays in particular may be called elegant. One of the bridges, named Sarah, after the Countess of Westmoreland, deserves notice. It consists of one noble elliptic arch, with a waterway of one hundred and four feet, and is frequently called the *Rialto* of Dublin, exceeding that of Venice by six feet; but I cannot say much in praise of the river Liffey, which was running in a small muddy stream above the town when I saw it. The advantage, however, to the purity of such a city as Dublin, of having a constant stream of water running through it, and its channel scoured out by the ebbing and flowing of the tide, is of the greatest moment. The stream tends likewise to keep open a channel in Dublin Bay for the shipping that once frequented (more than now) its port. That bay at high-water, it is said, may almost compete with the Bay of Naples—a broad sheet of water washing the outskirts of the town, presenting on the right the hill of Howth, and on the left the mountains be-

hind Kingstown which unite with the Wicklow range, form a fine background to the city.

All great and populous cities (and Dublin contains upwards of 300,000 inhabitants*) include within them the extremes of wealth and poverty, of luxury and indigence, of industry and idleness; but of all cities which I have seen, not Petersburgh even excepted, Dublin displays every species of patch-work in its buildings and its inhabitants, more in extreme and more in juxta-position, than any other I believe in the world,—splendid equipages mixed up with filthy hackney-coaches,—elegantly dressed ladies jostled by half-naked beggars—noble streets with houses like palaces hemmed in by dirty lanes and wretched hovels. In the most frequented streets and squares may be seen numbers of ragged and filthy beggars, with half-clothed boys and girls—

"——— a lazy, lolling sort
Of ever-listless loiterers"——

lounging or lying at full length on the steps of the doors or the pavement, to the annoyance and obstruction of the passengers. But the scene at the Mendicity Society House, where is doled out a daily pittance to some 2000 miserable wretches is indescribable.

In the midst of all this, Sackville Street, Kildare Street and Grafton Street exhibit an ostentatious

* In 1821 they were 276,384
1831 ,, 294,658
Increase 18,274
being in five years 9,137 + 294,658 = 303,795 in 1836.

display of splendid carriages of all descriptions, servants in gaudy liveries, the horses frequently not better than those of our hackney-coaches, and the whole of the pageant but ill-assorted. At the review in Phœnix Park the discordance was very observable; yet, altogether, the people scattered over this fine piece of ground, with its undulating surface, well planted with clumps and avenues and single trees, afforded an imposing sight. The Vice-regal Lodge, and another for the Secretary, are most comfortable and convenient retreats for these official functionaries from the fatigues of business. But enough.

I take my place in the packet to-morrow morning, and expect to be with you on the evening of the 15th. Till then adieu.

P.S. *At my request, an intelligent and accomplished lady obligingly consented to furnish me with a description of Achill, and of the state of the Missionary Establishment on that Island. She has done more, as the following* Appendix *will show. Her letter enlarges the information already given respecting the undignified and unholy visitation and proceedings of Dr. M'Hale on that Island;—states important facts and observations on the working of the National Schools of Ireland;—exhibits instances of the power and influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood;—is interspersed with various anecdotes, and contains a fund of interesting information.*

APPENDIX.

I.

Letter from a Lady who visited the Island of Achill in September, 1835.

Dear Mr. Barrow,

I am glad that my Letter has afforded you some interest. Your desire to print it word for word makes me think that I should have written it differently had I ever dreamed of so unlooked-for an event; but, as a *real* extract from a private letter, I suppose it *must* stand as it is, in order to be honest*.

I fear, however, I cannot comply with your wish to mention my name. One is apt to write to a sister with a little more warmth of colouring than is quite discreet on other occasions; but, by entering into some further details of the history of the Achill mission, you will judge better whether my sympathy with this interesting and suffering little colony may not admit of some apology, even in the eyes of those who are least partial to the principle of proselyting exertions.

When Mr. Nangle landed with his family on the Island of Achill, in July or August, 1834, nine or ten months after the initiatory labours had commenced on the tract of land procured for the settlement, he was hailed by the inhabitants as a benefactor, and fires were lighted on the shore to express their welcome. They were already able to estimate some of the benefits they had to expect. The steward had preceded Mr. Nangle by about a year; the land was inclosed and partly

* Alluding to the "Extract" of a former letter, inserted at page 209.

drained; two houses, which, simple as they are, were of a description never before seen in the island, had been erected; and a scripture-reader* and a schoolmaster had already begun to work in their particular departments. The grateful and affectionate feeling of the poor islanders increased as the settlement continued to advance. Native labourers were employed with the Protestant colonists, and as much as sixty pounds were frequently paid amongst the poor for a month's wages, when there was no money to be earned in any other part of the island. Mr. Nangle was soon enabled to establish schools in different places under competent teachers, and many parents sent their children to them without reluctance, whilst the children seized with avidity the instruction offered them. Some of these, who were nearly naked, were supplied with necessary clothing; the sick also were furnished gratuitously with medicine, and the convalescent, to a considerable extent, with food, when their extreme poverty demanded it. An influence was thus created which, however beneficial, was opposed to that Catholic supremacy which had hitherto been undisputed in the island. It was not to be expected that it should be suffered to gain ground with impunity, and accordingly, other free-schools for the Catholics, by the aid of funds from the National Board of Education, were opened, and the people had no longer the excuse for sending their children to heretical seminaries, that they had no other places of gratuitous instruction.

So far we cannot blame the Catholics; nor did Mr. Nangle: "Let them say all they can against me and my schools," I have heard him say,—"I would do the same; but let them stop short here." They were far, however, from stopping short here. An inquisition was soon organized, and inquisitors appointed in each village to report the names of persons working on the mission-

* The Scripture-readers are men originally of the peasant class, of good character, and carefully instructed in the knowledge of the Scriptures, whose business it is to enter the cottages, whenever they are willingly admitted, and read the Bible to the poor.

grounds, or sending their children to its schools; they were published in the chapels of Achill and Newport, and the intermediate one of Tirinar; and the most frightful imprecations were pronounced from the altar on all (their names being mentioned) who had any connexion with the colony, either through the schools, or by working in Mr. Nangle's service, which was described as "working for the devil." A respectable Roman Catholic woman, the wife of a coast-guard officer, on one occasion left the chapel, publicly protesting against the language employed. I believe it is on her testimony that the parish priest is known to have prayed "that those who disobeyed his orders might not have a child that day twelvemonth, and when they died, they might have none to stretch them." Does not the epithet "ruffian," even on Mr. Nangle's lips, seem excused by such an indecent outrage on the feelings of humanity?

In order to give additional authority and effect to these proceedings, the parish priest of Newport landed in Achill, February 14th, 1835, after beating up recruits on the way, "to put down the preachers." It would seem as if he understood well the affection recently borne by the islanders, and not yet extinct, perhaps, towards their Protestant benefactor, and so brought in a body of strangers having no such grateful prejudices, in whom he could better trust for the accomplishment of his object. The next day, which was Sunday, what ferocious prayers! what sanguinary curses! The people were desired to have their pitchforks well sharpened; and in case Mr. Nangle or any of his agents entered their houses, one was to stand at the back-door and another at the front*, to render escape impossible;

* The cottages in Achill, as in most parts of the west of Ireland, consist of only one room, in which are two doorways, opposite to each other; the one on the lee side being left open, while that to windward is closed; this is done by means of a moveable straw matting, fitting to the doorway, and shifted as occasion requires. In the worst of these cottages, it is only through these apertures that daylight is admitted into the interior.

and then this unholy minister of a religion of peace and love prayed that the people might lose the power of their hands if they failed to execute his orders! The intended effects immediately followed. The Irish mind, with all its fine and endearing qualities, is easily excited, prone to violence when its passions and prejudices are roused, and, above all, — and this is its worst property,—exceedingly disposed to sympathize with, or submit to, the arm of power, and to side with the strongest *.

The day following the priest of Newport's arrival the steward of the colony was assaulted with a bludgeon, while sitting in his own dwelling, and the labourers were informed that, if they ventured beyond the Sound of Achill, they might bring their coffins ready made along with them. Several assaults were committed at different times on the road between Achill and Newport † upon persons connected, or supposed to be so, with Mr. Nangle, and were alluded to by the priest in the chapel, to show what was the real effect of being denounced from the altar, and what others had to expect. Mr. Nangle deemed it necessary to wear arms about his person when on the road, and on one occasion attributed his preservation, under Providence, to this precaution, and to an escort of police which had been ordered to accompany him on his return from Newport to Achill. During this, or some other short absence he

* See, for instance, the case of the Rev. Mr. Stoney's steward at Castlebar. This poor, inoffensive man, whose only crime was that he was a Protestant in Mr. S.'s service, and had been seen in the Catholic chapel the preceding Sunday, listening to the denunciations from the altar, was knocked down by six ruffians, hired, it is supposed, for the purpose; who, with iron-headed sticks, struck him on the head till they left him for dead, weltering in his blood. This was not done in a bye-lane or corner, but on the fair-green, on fair-day, before hundreds of witnesses, yet not one lent a helping hand to save or defend him. Such an absence of all generous and manly feeling could not have been met with in England. We saw this poor man, a few days after, at Newport.

† After crossing Achill Sound, the distance to Newport, the nearest town on the main-land, is 17 Irish miles.

made from the settlement, the chief officer of the coast-guard at Keel, husband to the Roman Catholic female who had indignantly left the chapel, came over to Dugurth every night to sit up with Mr. Nangle's family, and be in readiness to protect them in case of attack or insult; Mr. Nangle's wife and sister-in-law being particularly obnoxious to such outrages, on account of their activity in the school, and a zeal which scarcely yielded to his own in the general objects of the mission. I could not but sympathize with the natural apprehensions expressed by these two excellent women at the prospect of what they might have to undergo this present winter, but their gentle serenity, and their trust in a merciful Providence, had never yet forsaken them.

In the mean time, and even at a period when there was the prospect of much distress in the island, Mr. Nangle could not procure the number of labourers to whom he was willing to give employment; and had he not brought in workmen from other places, fields, on which much money had been expended in preparatory cultivation, must have remained unplanted.

The schools were already almost deserted; some of the parents had avowed to Mr. Nangle in secret, that they were reluctantly compelled to withdraw their children, but the greater part, in so doing, were persuaded, no doubt, that they were saving them from the enemy of their souls. Such poor children as had continued for a time to frequent the schools, had been stopped and beaten on their way by persons wholly unconnected with them; sometimes by the Catholic schoolmaster, and even by the priest himself. Mr. Nangle states that he was himself an eye-witness to three such assaults committed within sight of his own dwelling.

This is a disgusting detail of facts, which would exceed the bounds of credibility, were they not too well attested. I have drawn them chiefly from the statement made by Mr. Nangle himself, in his petition to the House of Lords, wherein he states, that the outrages

first mentioned, and similar ones, were proved at the petty sessions of Newport, and that two of the accused had come to him in private, acknowledging their guilt, and declaring that they would never have attempted to injure any one at the settlement but for the advice of the priest;—one of them disclosed a conversation he had had with the priest the morning after the day on which the petty sessions were held. Having charged the priest with bringing him into such trouble, "For," said he, "I would not have gone to the settlement but for you:" he replied, "Hold your tongue, you ruffian*! don't mention my name by any means, and you shall have an able lawyer to defend you at the quarter-sessions."

In this manner the first winter and the ensuing spring had passed in Achill. Still the struggling colony was far from being annihilated. Though three of the schools were shut up, yet that at Dugurth remained†; a few, though but a few, Catholic children intermixed with the Protestant scholars; curious or half-converted stragglers would still drop in to listen to the preaching, or the Scripture expositions‡; some converts had been made,

* This much-used Irish word, as may be inferred perhaps by its application on the present occasion, has a wider, and perhaps less offensive, meaning in an Irish mouth than in our English vocabulary. I have often heard it used, when rogue would be the most appropriate English equivalent.

† Mr. Nangle's four schools, situated at four of the principal villages in the island, contained, during the few short months of their existence, about 400 scholars. They assembled in houses which were hired by the week for the purpose, and were taught spelling, writing, and arithmetic. A few, who had learned to read previously, were instructed in the scriptures.

There was one small native school in the island when Mr. Nangle settled there, which was attended by between 20 and 30 children, whose parents supported the master. I do not know what the amount of attendance is at the present National Schools, but in that which is the nearest to Mr. Nangle's settlement, there is little more than one-fourth of the number which attended at his own school, before the denunciations of the Romish Church were issued against it.

‡ It is in this accidental way that the first impression is fre-

and could not be reclaimed; and in the mean time the waste land about the mission-houses was bringing forth its first or second crop of potatoes; the colony garden exhibited a variety of vegetables never seen in Achill before; two additional houses had been completed, others were in progress; and, in short, there seemed no intention on Mr. Nangle's part to abandon an object which he had already done so much to realize.

It was then that the last scheme was devised to crush the infant settlement ere it could strike its roots deeper into the soil; or, in Dr. M'Hale's language, "to put a final extinguisher on the sinister speculation." This scheme was an episcopal visitation, a rare event in Achill*, by Dr. M'Hale himself,—"him whom they recognised as the delegate of heaven," and in whose diocese, as Roman Catholic Archbishop of Tuam, the island of Achill is included. He landed on the 2nd of September, surrounded by a body of thirteen priests, and followed by crowds of people bearing banners, on which was written, "Down with the Schismatics," with other similar inscriptions. On the two following days, with the assistance of his clergy, he performed high mass, in all the splendour of his episcopal costume, in the chapel of Dukanelly; and, "O Lord, Sir!" said a poor, half-waver-

quently made. On the evening before our departure from Achill, four boatmen of Mr. Stoney's, coming with him from Newport, laughingly told Mr. Nangle's servants that Mr. S. had often tried to persuade them to go in and listen to him; they thought it was worth while to try the joke for once. They "came," in fact, "to scoff;" and, though it would be too much to say that they "remained to pray," yet they went away silent and serious.

Mr. Nangle has two religious services daily. In the morning, there is a hymn sung in Irish, a prayer of moderate length, and an extempore and familiar exposition of a portion of the scriptures, both in Irish also. In the evening, a similar service takes place in English. The morning congregation averages about 40 people, the evening about 30; but that on Sunday is more considerable.

* Another episcopal visitation, of a more evangelical and peaceful character, may be expected next summer. That truly amiable and apostolical prelate, the Archbishop of Tuam, intends to visit this secluded corner of his extensive diocese.

ing Roman Catholic peasant to Mr. Nangle afterwards, "if you had but seen him, Sir, in his fine robes, with his mitre on his head! He looked just like St. Patrick!" There was much praying and much preaching. The priests followed one another in addressing the people. Such individuals as had attended the Protestant church were held up to execration: it was forbidden to speak to, or salute them; they were to have no dealings with them whatever; neither borrowing nor lending, neither buying nor selling; they were, in short, to be excommunicated from all the charities of fellowship! and, finally, a solemn curse was pronounced on all who should dare to violate these inhuman mandates. I am told that the archbishop was not himself the organ of the curse; it was *his* office to pronounce a solemn blessing upon all that had been done when it came to a close.

I have not ascertained if any of Mr. Nangle's converts turned back on this tempting occasion. "The Connaught Telegraph," which is the organ of the Roman Catholic and radical sentiment in the county of Mayo, in its description of the archbishop's visit to Achill, unblushingly declares, that, "up to this moment, *not one* native of Achill has Nangle or Stoney succeeded in beguiling from the religion of their ancestors." As our visit to Achill immediately followed Dr. M'Hale's, I am enabled to state, that up to that moment the number of Mr. Nangle's Achill converts was six families and seven individuals, making thirty-one persons, not including those who, having once renounced their Roman Catholic profession, had been won or terrified back into it again; but these amount to *two* only. Of the thirty-one converts, Mr. Nangle told me he had admitted only seven or eight to the communion,—he required the utmost certainty he was able to obtain of their fidelity and sincere conviction, before he presumed to take this step; and of all so admitted, not one had hitherto been found wanting *.

* One of Mr. Nangle's converts is a very steady and promising youth, who was employed as teacher of the national school in the

Dr. M'Hale remained three days in the island. We have seen what were some of the public duties he performed, and if you wish to know the occupation of his private hours during this his benign visitation to the parish of Achill, you will turn to the Galway paper I send you, and read, if you have never read it before, his letter to the Bishop of London. This extraordinary composition (which I could not characterize without using harsher words than I wish to apply to any man who bears the title of a Christian archbishop) is dated "Achill island, Nativity of the Blessed Virgin, 1835."

"The Connaught Telegraph" contains other falsehoods in its description of the archi-episcopal visit; the Rev. Mr. Duncan, of whom it speaks as having been dismissed the service by the parent society, was Mr. Nangle's assistant, who left the island only on account of ill-health, and is lingering in the neighbourhood with his heart as much as ever in the cause. Mr. Stoney, the Rector of the adjoining parish on the main-land, still takes charge of the accounts of the mission in spite of the newspaper assertions to the contrary, and was engaged in paying the labourers their wages the day we

adjoining village, and was dismissed from his situation by the priest, on his becoming a Protestant.

I have learned, since our visit to Achill, through Mr. Nangle's publications, that, in the month of October last, a female Roman Catholic servant in his service, who had never been prevented from attending her own chapel, had notwithstanding professed her free and voluntary conformity to the Protestant faith. The priest in consequence refused to hear *her parents' confessions*, or grant them absolution, till they took their daughter away from her place and brought her back to the Church of Rome. She was accordingly decoyed away by her mother, on the false pretence of her sister's dangerous illness, beaten with a stick and kicked every day by both parents, forced to the Roman Catholic chapel, and made to go on her knees to the priest, who received her with "So, my lady, you came here against your will to-day." Having afterwards had an opportunity of communicating with Mr. Nangle, she expressed her desire to be protected by the law, and to have the privilege of worshipping God according to her conscience; and accordingly, on the 10th of November, at Castlebar, made her deposition, on oath, to this effect, before a justice of peace. What has become of her since is concealed, from prudential motives.

left the island; and Mr. Nangle, instead of receiving 300*l.* a year from the society, receives one-half that sum, being 20*l.* or 30*l.* a year more than he had fixed upon himself, when desired to name his own salary. He is a man of the most disinterested feelings, as this fact illustrates, as well as of the most simple habits. Miss Warner, his sister-in-law, told me that, though at all times of feeble health, he was so extremely scrupulous in economising the society's funds, that he made a great difficulty of having his ground-floor rooms, which include the parlour, boarded. He thought the bare well-beaten earth might suffice, as it does in the poor people's cottages. What little comforts or luxuries they have about them have been insisted upon by their friends in the committee of management, on the ladies' account, who have been accustomed to, though they are happy in renouncing, all the ordinary luxuries of a very respectable station of society in Dublin. The dinner-table at the mission-house was always abundantly furnished. An Irishman would deprive himself of many things before he would fail in this national symbol of a hearty hospitality. An innocent pride is exhibited in the produce of the kitchen-garden. Besides the never-failing potato, four or five wholesome vegetables might generally be counted on the table. The cellar was less abundantly furnished. The single bottle or decanter of wine was always removed with the cloth, not to return again,—and on the last day of our visit it failed altogether. Our kind host noticed the deficiency with unaffected simplicity,—he had *no more*, and he put a bottle of parliament whiskey on the table for those, he said, who liked it.

With this digression, it is time that I should bring to a close my story of Mr. Nangle's mission, the first of the kind, I believe, ever undertaken in Ireland in the Irish language *, and which, as a solitary example, may serve

* Mr. Nangle, who is, I believe, a native of the Co. of Meath, was not qualified for the mission he has undertaken, till, by dint of much labour, during a protracted illness, he made himself master of the Irish language. It is interesting to witness the contrast

as a model or a warning, according to its results, for future establishments of a similar tendency*. If my good wishes are with this experiment, it is in the absence of any more effectual means of rescuing Ireland from her present state of moral and spiritual debasement, that they are so. Could a national and reformed priesthood be made themselves the instruments of her regeneration, or were the national scheme of education, now so extensively acted upon, *practically* answering the ends for which it was intended, I should not, perhaps, have felt the same interest in a proselyting institution, the inevitable demerit of which is, that it has some ten-

between the vacant eye and the audible yawn which are sometimes to be noticed in Mr. Nangle's congregation during the English service, and that same eye, radiant with intelligence and intently fixed upon the preacher's lips, when he is uttering the awful truths of religion, in a language dear and familiar to the poor man's heart. A simple Irishman cannot believe that any heresy or falsehood can be preached to him in those accents to which his infant ear was first opened. The man who utters them, whether native or stranger, has his love and confidence at once; and yet we leave an instrument of such extraordinary efficacy and power, almost exclusively in the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy, to do with it whatever they please, subject to no witnesses or control whatever. The Irish Society has long been working quietly, but with success, to enable the Irish peasant to read the scriptures in his native tongue; but it is necessary he should be *talked* to, as well as taught by books; he is peculiarly susceptible of being acted upon by fervent, homely, and demonstrative eloquence. The Catholic clergy know this; and why should we disdain the worldly wisdom of a people who are, beyond all others, wise in their generation? There could not be a more effectual means of doing good to the Irish population than by opening chapels in all the large towns, and in different parts of the country, for the regular preaching of the word of God, at stated times, and by accredited ministers, in the Irish tongue.

* The "Connaught Telegraph" prophesies, that, "in six months more, within the tenantless walls of the colony will be heard only the shrill whistle of the whirlwind, or the night-screech of the owl. The buildings shall stand (shall?) as a lasting record of the folly and hyprocrisy of their architects, and as a convincing illustration of the sayings of the royal prophet, 'Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain who build it.' They shall continue as a permanent monument to show," &c.

dency to rouse into activity the bad passions of human nature, before it can effectually allay them.

As I have alluded to the national schools supported by Government, I will trouble you with a few further observations on them. It appears perverse and illiberal, perhaps, and therefore I do not suggest the opinion without some reluctance, that a scheme, from which so much good has been expected, has failed in its object. It seems to have widened the separation between the Catholic and Protestant population, and to have increased the exclusive power and influence of the priesthood. No doubt, this result, if real, was never intended. It was meant, on the contrary, by establishing a comprehensive system of education, acceptable alike to Protestant and Catholic, to bring them into intercourse and co-operation, to soften mutual prejudices, and to conciliate the friendly feelings of even the pastors of the opposite creeds; and with this view, the books required, or rather "*recommended*," to be used in them, including selections from the Scriptures, are free from everything that could be objectionable to either party, and are, in fact, in every point of view, of almost faultless excellence. These selections embrace nearly the whole of the Book of Genesis, the Gospel according to St. Luke, and the Acts of the Apostles; and the Commissioners are preparing others, translated literally from the original. "No passage has been either introduced or omitted under the influence of any peculiar view of Christianity, doctrinal or practical."

But are these the books really used, or are they *alone* used? In a school of several hundred girls belonging to the Presentation convent at Galway, and assisted by the National Board, we found the great girls writing out themes on virginity, priesthood, and martyrdom. The one state was glorious, the other more so, the last, of course, most of all; but as martyrdom was a species of glory to which it must be very difficult in these times to attain, priesthood, no doubt, bore away the palm. Several classes of little girls in the same school had their

books open upon a catalogue of saints, male and female, whom they were to call upon in prayer, filling two pages. The children were apparently learning these names by heart; but when I asked if I might be permitted to listen, the nun who had charge of the class instantly began questioning one of them on a different subject, in so low a tone, however, that I heard scarcely anything but the name of Christ, which had no place in the lesson before them, whilst the embarrassed child muttered inaudibly after her teacher's dictation. No one can wonder that the nuns of a convent * should be teaching these things; but is it for such that the funds of the National Board of Education are destined?

Again, as to the schoolmasters, they are almost universally Catholics, and almost as inevitably agents of their priests. It was a national schoolmaster who was,

* The lady who conducted us over the convent, a beautiful and well-bred woman, of about 30 years of age, was recognised by Lord ——, who had just preceded us in a visit to it, as the daughter of a baronet of ancient family, and large estate in an adjoining county. A few years before, she was a Protestant, as all her family are, and mixing with them in the world. This lady told me, that the estimated expense of entrance and profession in her convent was about £500. She expatiated to me with great complacency on the flourishing convent of the same order, which has been lately established in Newfoundland, by a colony of Irish ladies, who have also large schools under their tuition. It is well-known, by those who are acquainted with Newfoundland, what strong reinforcements of Irish popery are pouring into that country.

There are in the town of Galway two convents and three friaries, one of which has a school of 400 or 500 boys, also receiving aid from the Board of Education. The friars are gaining ground rapidly in popular veneration; and it is believed, that if the secular clergy were to become stipendiaries of government, and were by that means to lose (which is doubtful) a portion of their present influence, it would only be transmitted to the monks. Yet was not the increase of such institutions provided against in the Relief Bill?

At the last assizes of Galway, a very curious trial came on, illustrative of the arts used in the nunnery schools to induce the higher order of pupils to become nuns, whenever they have for tune sufficient to excite the cupidity of the superiors.

in Achill, made the instrument of the priests' vengeance on Mr. Nangle's scholars, and in a late most disgraceful scene at ——, in the county of Clare, it was the *teacher of the national school* who acted as chief of the gang, under the priest's order, and in his presence, in maltreating a congregation of Protestant dissenters in their own dwelling, and the *boys of the national school* were dismissed an hour earlier than usual, that they might take an active part in the brutal assault. There is no *magic* spell in the lesson of peace and charity commanded to be hung up in every school-room, if the voice of edifying interpretation be never heard there.

But we have been told, that if the national schools are perverted to objects subversive of those which were intended, it is the Protestants who are to blame for it. They will neither send their children to the schools, nor will they visit them personally for the purpose of examining into their practical working, and thus opposing a salutary check to the infringement of the rules laid down for their regulation. Surely this is requiring too much from Protestants! What is to be expected, if a man sends his child amongst a multitude of Catholic children, to be taught (not *directly* by a priest, certainly) but by a Catholic schoolmaster, and under the same roof, perhaps, as the Catholic chapel, or in a building closely adjoining it, as is sometimes the case, though contrary to the rules of the Board? What conscientious Protestant could run such a risk of his child's best interests, for the sake of an experiment?

The second objection alleged against the Protestants seems so entirely involved in the other, that when you ask a resident Protestant gentleman, if he might not secure, by his superintendence, the proper observation of the rules of the school, so as to make them fitting for a Protestant child's education, he smiles at your ignorance of a state of feeling which renders such a thing impossible. It is difficult enough for him to live in amity with his Catholic neighbours, without offering such an incentive as this interference would be to their bitter hostility. Even

by the passing traveller, who in Ireland has many courteous privileges, it is not always to be done with impunity*.

That the national schools have a direct tendency, either by their bringing the youthful Catholic population more immediately under the eye and the ministration of the priests, or by their superseding schools of a more Protestant character, to increase the growing ascendancy of Catholicism in Ireland, I can scarcely doubt, and the less so, because the most zealous Catholics, and the priests themselves, as we have had frequent opportunities of knowing, are the warmest in their praise.

I have hitherto regarded Mr. Nangle's mission rather in the light of the resistance it opposes to a spiritual tyranny, itself the most powerful barrier to the improvement of the Irish population†, than in reference to its

* The poor of the Protestant persuasion, in those parts of Ireland which are almost entirely Catholic, are, at the present time, in a much worse state of destitution, as to the means of education, than they ever were before. In remote districts, thinly, if at all, inhabited by the class of gentry, a small school, for the scattered Protestant children of his parish, was sometimes supported entirely, often mainly, by the resident clergyman, who is now, from the non-payment of his income, compelled to retrench the expenditure.

† Ireland exhibits scenes to which the continental nations of Europe afford no parallel. They may display more of the showy mummery of Popery, such as processions in the streets, images by the road-side, &c.; but what country on the Continent exhibits scenes like those which have been enacted in Achill, and many even worse in other places? In those countries of Europe, where there is a mixed Catholic and Protestant, or a chiefly Catholic population, there is a strong government, and a vigilant, severe, and impartial police, not only suppressive of every species of riot and lawless violence, but exacting even the observance of the strictest decorum. They may be as good Catholics as they please, but they must be better citizens and subjects. Their sovereign, though he be a Catholic himself, is more than any one interested in the subjugation of Catholicism to the supremacy of the law.

With respect to those melo-dramatic, but much more innocent, exhibitions of Popery above alluded to, they will be the last which will be ventured on in this country, for obvious reasons. They will be the pantomime for the people, which will not come on till

holier and ultimate object. The missionary has not only to show that the priest is a weak and erring being "like himself," wielding a measure of authority which does not belong to him*; but the doctrines he has taught must be proved insufficient to secure the sinner's acceptance with God.

Not only will the poor Catholic tell you that, if he is wrong, his priest has to answer for it; but if you can succeed in pursuading him that he has misunderstood or abused his priest's meaning, or bring home to his own door *forbidden* sin, he has always a resource at hand which will set all things to rights again. Confession and absolution offer him their convenient and healing remedies. Mr. Nangle tries to take from him this last refuge for the convicted conscience. He tells him that, though he may confess and give his money to the priest for absolution, yet that the priest cannot give him back his money's worth; that he is deceived in this matter, and that the business is yet to be done. Thus his harshest invectives against the poor man's spiritual guide are incidental only to the teaching of the great

the curtain has fallen upon the tragic extinction of all Protestant liberties.

With the exception of the chapels in the convents and friaries, there is seldom any thing objectionable in a Roman Catholic church in Ireland. The crucifix stands alone upon the altar, and the Virgin Mary and the Saints are out of sight. In the great altar-picture in the chapel at Westport, the St. Veronica on her knees, holding the expanded napkin, which in a continental church would bear on it the miraculous impression of the face of Christ, and the undoubted original of which Pope Gregory XVI. will this year exhibit, from an internal balcony of St. Peter's, to crowds of prostrate worshippers, might here be mistaken for one of the Marys simply ministering to the Saviour's sufferings under the weight of his cross.

* As one of the most innocent specimens of the faith entertained and permitted by the Catholic pastor and his flock, I may adduce the following.—The people of Valentia island, or of Cahir Seveen, asked their parish-priest, while the cholera was raging there, why he did not stop it, or drive it into the sea?—"*Would you have me take* the scourge out of the Almighty's hand?" he replied.

doctrines of repentance, of individual responsibility, of the necessity of personal holiness, and of the atoning merits of a Saviour's sacrifice, offered to all "without money and without price."

A single anecdote will illustrate the moral result of this process. During a temporary absence of Mr. Nangle from Achill, the parish priest of the island sent for two of his new converts. He reasoned with them on the folly of the predicament in which they had placed themselves; for "what are you to do *now?*" said he; "suppose, I say, you were to get drunk or to steal, who have you got *now* to forgive you your sins?"—"No one, Sir," replied one of the converts, "we have no *man* to forgive us our sins, but we have Jesus Christ to forgive us our sins, and not only to forgive us, but to prevent us from getting drunk and from stealing."

There is no one who will not approve of such conversions as these, though we may still regret that any weapon, sharper than the voice of persuasive reasoning, any language less tender than the daily prayer which Mr. Nangle fervently offers up for his deluded and deluding brethren, should have been found effectual to their production*. It should not however, I think, be

* I cannot but deplore that Mr. Nangle should think it right to speak as he does of a doctrine, which however erroneous and, to us, incredible, is held in pious awe by many an honest Catholic. It is scarcely fair to call it idolatry, and it seems almost profane to endeavour to divest it of that mysticism which makes it lose half its grossness. I am arguing here from the strong *feeling* I have on this subject, and not from the deductions of observation or experience. There are many facts to show that this very mode of exhibiting the wafer, with all "the debasing casualties" to which its deification is subject, has been the precise reason which has delivered the Roman Catholic mind from Popery.

Still less does my own observation lead me to think that Mr. Nangle's fearlessness of character is injurious to his cause. The poor people of Achill laughed aloud one day, at the school-door, in the face of their own priest, because they saw him slink away from the approach of Mr. N., who was advancing to meet him. "Why did not he *speak?*" they said, "unless he was frightened." We are mistaken, I think, both in our views of the Irish character in particular, and of the feelings of Roman Catholics

objected to Mr. Nangle that, by alarming the consciences of his hearers as to the safety of their souls, he turns against the Catholics the very weapon which they find the most effectual in their own mode of warfare. It is one of the commonest and most artful arguments of the Popish priesthood, both as a defensive means for retaining the allegiance of their own flocks, and an aggressive one to gain over heretics,—that since, by the admission of both Protestants and Catholics, a *Catholic* can be saved; whereas it is by the assertion of one party only, viz., the Protestant, that the *Protestant* can be saved, it follows that, in the proportion of two to one, there is a preponderance of safety for the Catholic. Where is the Irish peasant's head, or any peasant's head, that can see through the grossness of this paltry fallacy? Those Protestants who, like Mr. Nangle, believe that the worst errors of Popery are fatal to a man's soul, can faithfully and honestly equalize the argument according to the Catholics' own principles. It is a species of recoil forbidden only to those who would rather doubt than dogmatize on such awful matters. The argument is here applied only to the ignorant and half-barbarous Irishman; but the history of all successful missions, in every part of the world, proves that the process of conversion is the same*.

in general, when we take so much pains to commend ourselves to them by concession and compliment, and all the conciliatory blandishments which kind and tolerant natures can suggest to propitiate their good-will, and make known our own liberality of sentiment. I am speaking of course in reference to religion only; that subject on which a Roman Catholic, from the very nature of his own exacting and jealous faith, can have no sympathy with, and certainly no respect for, our contrasted indifference. There is no reciprocity in this matter; and the Catholic desires nothing better than that you should lavish upon him all the tendernesses of your indulgent liberalism, while he is not called upon for any similar concession in return, but holds on his own steadfast way, unseduced by your flattery, and failing not to profit to the utmost by the good opinion you have of him.

* The Roman Catholic priesthood practise another deception, akin to the last, on the ignorant understandings of their

The enlightened and liberal-minded Roman Catholic disclaims the exclusiveness of salvation, the infallibility of popes and councils, and the intrinsic efficacy of priestly absolution. He is in fact no Roman Catholic at all, in the strict meaning of the word; but he believes probably in transubstantiation and purgatory, in the intercession of the Virgin and the Saints, and in the efficacy of prayers for the dead,—the "most natural and pardonable error of piety*." He calls himself a Catholic, by reason that he is not a Protestant, or believing less than all this, or perhaps none of it at all, he still continues to call himself a Catholic, because indifference to the truth, or the claims of kindred and connexion, or the antiquity of his Catholic descent, and the lustre reflected, as he thinks, individually on himself, by the splendour of a once-dominant and still lofty and pretending church, indispose him avowedly to shake off his allegiance †. It is a mistaken, however, if not an ignoble allegiance, whatever be the illusive colouring which human affections, and natural vanity and poetic feeling may throw over it.

flocks. "Ours is the *old* church, and the *true* church, and you cannot deny it," says the arguing Papist to his Protestant listener. "You pray for it *yourselves*, and you say it in your Belief, and there is your own book to shew it." And then, if he be a scholar, he will open "our own book" of Common Prayer, which he is acquainted with for this purpose only, and point out the word *Catholic* as used in the "Prayer for all conditions of men," and in the Apostles' Creed. It proves the universality of this vulgar impression, that in every house at which we visited, throughout the W. and S.W. of Ireland, the servants, who with very few exceptions, were all Catholics, brought forward this triumphant argument whenever my maid, who required all her wits and learning to resist it, was trying to defend her own ill-used cause. Mr. Nangle, in some degree, prepares his hearers for a similar controversy, by speaking of the respective creeds, as the "old religion of Jesus Christ," and the "new religion of Rome."

* Waddington's prospects of the Greek church.

† The very *name* of Catholic too is imposing. To exchange it for another of *apparently* less ancient and less comprehensive dignity, is, in the eye of one who claims it as his inheritance, like being degraded to the rank of a sectarian minority.

The Catholics, as they desire to be called, have no right to ap-

I can in no way account for the general sympathy exhibited by the liberal and educated Roman Catholic laity of the present day, in the ambitious struggle of their church for political as well as spiritual ascendancy, but from one or other of the above motives. Alas! vain of the victories they are achieving, they do not foresee that they are achieving them over their own liberties!

There are few Catholics who attempt to deny that the funds of the *Propaganda Fide* at Rome are expended in Ireland, in the ambitious hope of bringing it once more in subjection to Popery. The Catholic gentleman will not only triumphantly call your attention to all the new and costly cathedrals and chapels which these funds help to pay for,—he refers you to similar indications of "the strides Catholicism is making" (these are his very words) in England also. Without for a moment forgetting you are a Protestant, he tells you to look at Bath, at Princethorpe, at Coleorton, at Stonyhurst, at Oscott, where, and in a hundred other places, proselytism is at her active work, and a rapidly increasing population of Romanist converts attests the success of her efforts. The most attractive art practised by these skilful propagandists, as our Catholic friends candidly acknowledge, is the distribution of food at the gates of their institutions. The monasteries and colleges of the Church of Rome seem likely indeed to become the asylums of not a few of our own discontented paupers.

Before we left Dublin, the prospectus of a "Protection Society" for those clergy of the Roman Church who are desirous of renouncing the errors of their faith, was brought before the public eye. I cannot conceive a more justifiable and useful institution; but in its zeal to free

propriate to themselves the name. The *whole Christian* world is Catholic, and the proper subdivision of it is into *Roman* Catholics and *Protestant* Catholics. If the latter designation were in common use, I am convinced it would go far in minds of a certain class to entitle Protestants to respect, and to abate the pretensions of the Roman church.

itself from any imputation of holding out encouragement to premature or insincere professions, and as a test of sincerity, and a means of enlarging their sphere of doing good, this society requires that the convert shall himself lend his active aid to the ministry. Is not this greatly limiting the circle of the Society's influence? A man may renounce his errors in all sincerity and be entitled to protection, and yet feel himself incapable of the zeal and exertions required by missionary labour.

Perhaps I should not have ventured to make these observations on the spirit of the Roman Catholic church if I were not conscious that the more friendly views I once entertained of it had been wrung from me, with pain and reluctance, by nothing less indeed than the stubborn testimony of facts as they are accumulating under our eye; and if I were not also prepared to believe and acknowledge that even among the Irish priesthood themselves, among whom it is exhibited in its least attractive light, there are meritorious exceptions. Without reckoning the Crottys and the O'Crolys who have essentially renounced the worst doctrinal errors of their creed, there are to be found in that body men of sincere piety, zealous in the exercise of their pastoral duties, free from extortion, self-denying in their habits, and generous in their charities. There are some few whose love extends even to their Samaritan neighbour, and who, by virtue of their own kind and gentle hearts, are able to make the doctrines of their creed accommodate themselves to *practical* toleration; and we all know that when this is the case, their parishioners are influenced by the example, and that they are respected, and even caressed, by their Protestant neighbours. When we were at Westport, the titular Dean Burke was expected back from his pilgrimage to Rome, bringing with him the Pope's consent to his petition, that he should not be removed from the parish he loved, though his diocesan had willed it otherwise, and the Protestant inhabitants of that parish were preparing at their own request to join with his numerous Catholic parishioners in giving him a dinner, expressive of their sympathy in his success. Yet when I think of the

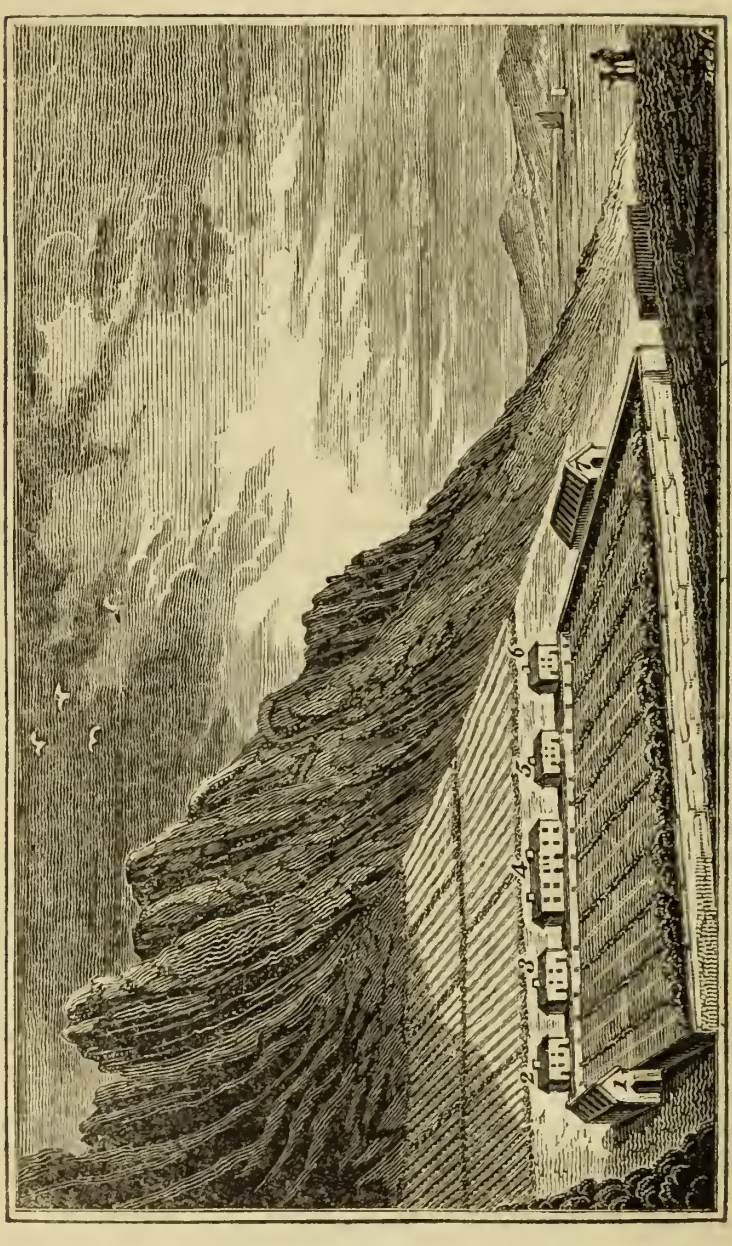
despotic *régime* which has trained up such a man, and of what is expected from him in return, I am ready to put into his mouth the words of the Emperor Alexander to Madame de Staël, when she was making the excuses of despotic governments in favour of such a paragon of liberalism as himself, "Encore, ne suis-je qu'un heureux accident." The inveterate kindliness and toleration of a man's own heart will sometimes resist the discipline of even a Maynooth education! But though a Catholic ecclesiastic may sometimes feel and act inconsistently with his principles, he is still true to the banner under which he fights. I was not so well aware of this truth when I first went to Ireland as I afterwards became, and was one day encouraged by the cordial sentiments of that most liberal of Romanist priests, the Rev. Mr. ———, of ———, to express to him the hopes that had always risen in my own mind when contemplating the melancholy divisions of the Christian world. We had been talking of Catholic emancipation, and the hinderances which had retarded its concession. Mr. ——— had grown somewhat warm upon the subject, though we were much of the same opinion; and I observed, that I had always thought it cruel to endeavour to stamp indelibly upon Catholics the odium of doctrines which they disavowed; that I had no doubt many of the clergy as well as the laity disclaimed them; and I even ventured to think that, if it were possible (probably it was *not* possible), but that, if it were possible for the Pope to assemble a council of the Catholic hierarchy of the present day, with the view of examining the doctrines of former councils, in reference to the altered and advanced state of feeling of our own times, that ———, that— I hesitated, for a cloud had gathered on Mr. ——'s brow, and shifting my tense, for my meaning had already escaped me, I said, "at some *future* time, perhaps, this might be done." "Never!" replied Mr. ———, with vehemence; "the Catholic Church can *never* alter. That Church which Christ and his Apostles have founded can *never* alter!"

Such an observation requires no comment.

Before I close this tedious letter, it may not be altogether uninteresting to you if, by aid of such of my disorderly pencil notes as I can decipher, I put together some few details respecting Achill, of a more general nature. I should mention that, during our last day's visit, while we were absent on an excursion on the mountains, the foundation-stone was laid by Mrs. Nangle and her sister, of a house for Dr. Adams, a physician in Stephen's Green, Dublin, who, with his wife, is about to devote the remainder of his days to this interesting colony; an event more propitious to the interests of the mission could scarcely have occurred. Dr. Adams's house forms one of those five buildings in a line, which are represented in the cut (page 24): it will not differ in external appearance from the others. The central building, somewhat larger than the rest, is inhabited by Mr. Nangle and his family, and is intended to be divided with the assistant-clergyman, when Mr. Nangle can meet with one. Of the other buildings, one is divided between the steward and the schoolmaster; another is for the two scripture-readers, and the last is for a temporary chapel, so arranged as to be easily turned into two dwellings, whenever the funds and prospects of the colony shall admit of a more convenient church. The cottages now building or completed are at the back of the mission houses, where is also a small enclosed space, used for a cemetery. The only deaths which had taken place in the colony, when we were there, were the child of one of the scripture-readers, and a new-born infant of Mr. Nangle's, which he buried with his own hands. Their graves are marked by two lowly headstones.

There are now from 170 to 180 Protestants in the island, including the coast-guard*. Mr. Nangle brought

* The Coast or *Water*-Guard, as it is commonly called in Ireland, to the great annoyance of the naval ear of such Englishmen as are employed in it, is distributed at some six or eight stations in different parts of the island, in parties of from two to seven or eight men. They are regarded here, and every where else in Ire-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in with him six Protestant families, and there was one native family of the same persuasion on the island, when he arrived. The entire population of the island was supposed to be from 3000 to 3500; that of the whole parish, which includes part of the main land on the peninsula of Corraan, is 5739. The tract of land laid out in squares, which slopes up the lower sides of Slievemore, as seen in the engraving, shows what is to be, rather than what actually exists. A "mearing," or boundary of turf-sods, with an external trench, is carried however round the whole of this district; the high road from the strand and village of Dugurth on the one side to the village and bay of Keel on the other, passing along its foot. The land, consisting of 130 acres, is held at the nominal rent of 1*l.* per annum for three lives, or thirty-one years, of Sir Richard O'Donell, Bart., who is unable either to sell, or grant a longer lease, in consequence of the estate being strictly entailed, and in Chancery. The whole island is his property, with the exception of two comparatively insignificant portions belonging to Lord Sligo, and to Mr. M'Loughlin, of Tirinar. The land in Achill is generally held on a tenure of three lives or thirty-one years. It would not be possible to say how much the tenants pay per acre, as it is let in holdings, which have never been surveyed. Probably ninepence per acre may be the average, taking the waste land into account, which amounts perhaps to the proportion of 150 to 1. The island is about ten miles long and four broad, and its circumference, including the various windings of the coast, upwards of thirty.

The beauty of Achill scenery is derived, as elsewhere on this wild western coast, not from its foliage or any

land, as a safeguard, a blessing, and an example to the country; and though the present parish-priest of Achill laid an official complaint against the chief-officer at one of the stations, as being a disturber of the public peace, and petitioned for his removal, the Court of Inquiry which sat upon his conduct was perfectly satisfied of the charges being utterly groundless, and he of course remains at his post.

vegetable productions, but from the fine forms of its mountains, and that singular indentation of coast and multiplicity of isles and islets which give so peculiar a character to these Atlantic shores. You may imagine, from your knowledge of this very interesting coast, and from the particular position of Achill, what a rich and intricate variety of map-like scenery is to be obtained from the tops of its highest mountains. Some of the loftiest of these have been trigonometrically measured, and bear on their summits the usual conical heaps of sods and stones, which mark the station of observation. The Croghan, or Saddle-head, at the West end of the island, is the highest, being two thousand two hundred and fifty-four feet, only two hundred and seventy-six feet lower than Croagh Patrick, which mountain itself forms a very beautiful object in the distant scenery of Achill. Slibhmor, or Slievemore, which rises immediately behind the settlement of Dugurth, on the North side, is two thousand one hundred and eighty feet, and Mennaan, on the South coast, is one thousand five hundred and twenty-one. We found the two last accessible on horseback. These mountains are of mica slate and quartz formation. At the foot of the Saddle-head, near Keem, were recently found beautiful violet-coloured crystals, known by the name of the Achill amethyst; they bear a high polish, and have been set as ornaments; but no specimen is at present to be met with worth carrying away. On all the mountains of Achill are spots of good pasturage for sheep and cattle. The mutton of Keem is of superior excellence. In other parts, the mountains are covered with heaths of various sorts, some of which are eaten by the cattle in winter, after being first burnt down to produce under-shoots. Of the plants I know nothing, and can only recollect observing the miniature fern, the abundant thrift, and London-pride, and the pretty little tormentilla, of which the peasantry make a yellow dye for their shoe-skins. On the East side of Slievemore, at a great height above the sea, is an eagle eyrie, quite inaccessible I believe by human foot-

step, although the depredations committed by its inhabitants make it worthy of being an object of retributive attack. Foxes too abound, it is said, in the rocks of Slievemore, and carry on their profitable warfare also against the flocks and poultry. The sand-hills near Dugurth swarm with rabbits; and as to fishes and birds, or rather *fish* and *game*, there are trout in abundance in the lakes, and snipes, widgeons, teal, woodcocks, grouse, plovers, curlews, and wild pigeons, for the sportman's gun. Indeed, this remote island was well-known, I believe, to many a native adventurer of this description in the West long before it emerged from its obscurity in the eye of the world by the mission of Mr. Nangle, or the transient visits of a few recent travellers. Its simple inhabitants however had little communication with the towns on the main till the introduction of roads brought them into easier correspondence with their neighbours. These roads, and indeed all similar ones in the West of Ireland, and particularly in Erris and Connamara, may be regarded as the government-price of food in seasons of scarcity. The successive famines which for the last ten or twenty years have drawn so largely on the sympathy and the purses of the English and Irish public, whether existing to the full extent ascribed to them or not*, have in their consequences, by causing the poor to be set to public labour for the relief afforded them, left some permanent benefits on the face of the soil. Let us hope they may have left traces still more valuable in rugged, but not ungrateful, hearts.

The usual way of getting into the island from the main is by crossing the *farsett* or sound, at the ferry of the salt-pans, where a gigantic dame, of six feet half an inch high, the wife of one of the coast-guard men, holds a small farm, and has a tidy little room and a clean bed

* The present Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, though not given to say any thing uncourteous to priestly, or indeed to any ears, remarked very justly of these intermittent afflictions, when answering an address which alluded to the subject,—"They *may* be *accidental*, they *ought* not to be *periodical*."

for the traveller who may wish to stop there. The passage here is not above one hundred and fifty yards wide, —it would be much improved by the construction of a small pier on either side. A little lower down, where the channel may be about the third of a mile in width, there is a shallow part fordable at low water, where the country people frequently pass to and from chapel; but accidents have sometimes occurred here, in consequence of the water proving higher, and the current stronger, than the passenger supposed. The tides, from Black Sod Bay on one side and Clew Bay on the other, meet between this spot and Achill Beg with great violence.

The seal frequents the Sound of Achill in considerable numbers. You may see one of these animals basking on the exposed rocks in the channel, the body entirely above water, motionless, and, as it were, unconscious of, or disdaining your approach, and then, as with noiseless oars and stealthy pace you come within whispering distance of his presence, he slides, like the crocodile of the Nile, calmly down into the water, and disappears.

It is seldom that any of the exposed bays on the north or south sides of the island are free from heavy swells, causing a surf on the beach; a *corragh*, which is a boat formed of a slight frame of wood, covered with a skin, or tarred canvass, is therefore very generally used by the fishermen, on account of its buoyancy, and the ease with which it can be launched through the surf. Being unprovided with a keel, however, they are what sailors call ticklish vessels, and require great care in their management. The badness of the boats prevents the islanders of Achill from availing themselves of the abundance of fish which is to be found on their coasts. They patch them up, however, as well as they can for use at the season of the herring-fishery, which is their harvest.

These poor people are, when left to themselves, full of good-will and kindness. The coast-guard officer informed me that often, when amusing himself in different parts of the island with his gun or his fishing-rod, the poor people would come out to him from their cottages with a dish of

hot potatoes in their hands, saying he must be wanting some dinner. I have myself been an eye and ear-witness of the respectful salutations and the grateful words they bestow on the Protestant stranger, and even upon that domiciliated stranger at Dugurth who, in spite of all his enemies can say against him, and in spite of their own wayward feelings towards him, lives among them for no other purpose, that *they* can see, but to do them good. Yet, as we have seen in the latter part of the history of the mission, the leaven of suspicion and prejudice has worked its way in the hearts of many, and disposes them to regard with an evil eye, even the visitors who are known to be receiving his hospitality. This is a feeling quite alien to the uncorrupted Irish heart, which always welcomes an English stranger with even exuberance of good will. We met personally with one or two instances of incivility and bad feeling. One was from a man on Mr. M'Loughlin's property, who placed a bar across the road to prevent the jaunting-car with our luggage from passing, declaring it was trespassing on a private road, till seeing a coast-guard man who followed, he hastily corrected himself, acknowledging he had no orders from his landlord to do anything of the kind, and entreating that no mention might be made of it.

The other instance of incivility was from a lad mounted between two turf kreels on a horse which had just brought him across a stream we were ourselves desirous of fording. He was asked to show us the best place for doing so, but returned no answer. "Can't you *spake?*" said our Catholic John to him. "I don't think it worth while," said the boy, "to spake to such as you." This was Irish John's English translation of his countryman's language; and John was becomingly indignant at an insult in which himself too was involved. These instances of ill-will were probably the immediate effect of the excitement produced by a fresh pouring out of curses, at the chapel, on the day of our landing on the island. On the day following this, Mr. Nangle was cursed by the children as he walked through the village

of Dugurth; and two Scripture readers, who went into the village of Duniver, which is considered the worst disposed of any in the island, with the view of seeing if there was any opening for the formation of a school there, were stoned out of the village, and had to flee for their lives. The parish priest, aware of the intentions of the missionaries, had preceded them at the village, but took particular care not to meet them face to face; and after skulking about in several cabins, took himself off, leaving some dozen of excited wretches to do his bidding, or fulfil his understood wishes.

The language of Achill is altogether Irish. Some of the poor people speak nothing else, but the greater number know enough of English to answer a very simple question; and almost all can at least utter that beautiful "God speed you!" which is always the kindly and pious word in the mouth of an Irish peasant when you part from him on your way.

Their cottages differ but little from those on the other parts of the western coast, though some of them have the peculiarity, once general in the island, of rounded roofs, resting on the four walls, without gable ends. The thatch is of bent or straw, fastened down with hay-ropes. The wooden doors of some huts were closed at this season with a padlock, which indicated, I believe, that the owners had abandoned their homes for a time, either to gather in the harvest elsewhere, or to tend the cattle in the mountains, where they take up their abodes in temporary sheds called *boulies*, or *boulieths*. There is frequently attached to the cottages a small plot of ground, inclosed by a hedge of tall osiers, which are planted for making the potato and turf baskets. A few cabbages are often grown within this little inclosure for the use of the cows.

The bogs of Achill produce the finest turf for fuel of any that is cut in the county of Mayo. It burns with great brilliancy, and fetches a good price in the market of Westport, to which some of it is conveyed in boats.

I could give you the names of some twelve or fourteen

villages, but I suppose you will dispense with the uncouth vocabulary. I believe Keel on the western coast is the largest and best looking, and may contain about 500 inhabitants. The principal Catholic chapel is at Dukanelly, on the same side of the island. It is, in external appearance, little better than a barn; "good enough, however," said one of our humble companions, lowering his voice lest Johnny should hear, "for the worship of the wafer;" good enough, I thought, for the impious work of dealing out curses. There is another chapel at Kildowney on the Sound—the burial places are at Kildowney and at Slievemore; and at this latter place is the most celebrated holy well in the island. We never passed it without a pleasant hit—good-naturedly given, and as well received—on all the miracles of which it was the imputed author. "Are you much the better now, Johnny, for going on your knees round the well?" "I *was*," said Johnny, with that happy confusion of tense which marks the Irish phraseology. He was requested to tell his tale. "And so you got the use of your speech all at once when you had kissed the water? And had you your sins forgiven too, besides?" "I *did*," says Johnny. "Ah, Johnny!" said our same humble companion, "you know no better, but there is but one *Fountain opened*," &c.

On the ascent of Mennaan, by the side of a precipitous pathway overhanging the cliff, is a string of cairns, consisting of heaps of stones neatly arranged in the shape of truncated cones, with a larger and single upright rising in the centre. It was formerly the funeral path to the burial-ground, and these cairns mark the spots where the bearers of the dead body deposited their burden, while a refreshing sip of the *poteen* gave them spirits to resume their exertions, and where afterwards a prayer was probably said for the departed soul.

The hanging-road or pathway of Mennaan is only for pedestrians, or for mountain ponies, but there are other beautiful roads in Achill fit for a carriage, which wind along the face of the cliff at a great perpendicular eleva-

tion above the waves, with a parapet of only a foot high, and that sometimes interrupted, along its edge. My kind and careful coast-guard attendant, who guided my quiet pony along this Alpine road, was anxious to spare me an alarm I did not feel; and moralising upon the subject, said—"We are in as much danger as that every day of our lives: 'tis nothing but a thread that keeps us from the land of forgetfulness." Above the little sequestered cove of Keem, to which this road descends, and where it terminates, are two little whitewashed cottages, hanging one above the other on the brink of a torrent, which, after rushing under the pointed arch of a picturesque bridge, loses itself in the absorbing sands, and is scarcely to be tracked to the sea. The torrent threatens in winter to tear away the foundations of the two cottages, which are, besides, not weather tight; yet they are the residence of two coast-guard boatmen and their families; and in one of them we saw a young delicate creature, extremely pretty, and of the most engaging manners, who told us, while she smiled at our incredulous looks, that she was the mother of two stout and beautiful children who were running alone on the floor. I remarked upon the solitude and remoteness of her dwelling, and supposed she was never able to get over to Dugurth on a Sunday, on account of the distance, which must be as much as eight or nine miles: "Oh dear!" said she earnestly, "I walk it with pleasure! it is such a blessing to have a man like Mr. Nangle among us, that I'm sure I would go twice the distance to hear him!" The husband of this interesting young Irishwoman, tall and elegant in his person, and absolutely gentlemanly in his manners, looked like some young hero of romance, seeking adventures, or driven into them by the force of his destiny. He remarked the interest his young wife had excited in me, and while she was spreading her little board with some cold mutton, bread, cheese, and whiskey, for our refreshment, he collected together his best specimens of the Achill ame-

thyst, and pressed them all upon my acceptance out of pure gratitude.

I am not aware of there being any objects of architectural antiquity in Achill, unless it be an old castle in the shape of a square tower, which once formed part of a larger building, on the border of the Sound. This is attributed, like all similar structures on this coast, to that famous lady of the isles, Queen Granawaile, who, in her favourite residence on Clare island, where she was liable to be surprised, slept with the cables of her ships at anchor made fast to her own bedposts.

With this illustrious lady—the only ancient worthy I have heard of in Achill—I must close my long epistle. You asked me for a few notes on Achill and the Achill mission, and I have inflicted upon you in return a desultory essay, the scope of which may yet not be quite so intelligible as I intended. If, however, I have made my meaning at all understood, I am less an apologist of Mr. Nangle's mission in particular, than anxious to point out by its example the necessity, and in some degree the possibility also, of raising the people of Ireland from that state of melancholy degradation in which they are dragging on their rude and abject existence. The remoteness and insularity of Achill made it a fit place on which to commence the experiment. The Catholic religion there was quiet, because it was undisputed and triumphant, and the simple and ignorant islanders, though debased by gross superstitions, were free from any malignant or hostile feeling towards the new-comers. We have seen, on the contrary, that they soon began to regard them as benefactors, and that they crowded to receive instruction in the schools, though that instruction no doubt had a direct tendency to wean them from their errors.

The Irish Protestants in those districts we have visited, feeble in numbers and strength, are discouraged and alarmed at the indifference or incredulity with which their endangered interests are regarded, and are disciplining their minds (whenever their minds are under

the influence of strong piety) rather to submission to the chastisements of a righteous God, than exerting themselves to make available such human means of resistance, as are sanctioned by all we can understand of his Divine government of the world. Such, in particular, is the disposition often evinced by the most pious and exemplary of the clergy of the Established Church. They fear, lest in the excitement of human passions, they should not "know what manner of spirit they are of."

I am not exactly aware of what your opinions are on these subjects, and cannot help feeling that I have no excuse whatever for intruding mine upon you, but on the ground of my persuasion that our opportunities of becoming acquainted with the general state of feeling and opinion amongst all parties in Ireland, or rather in that part of it with which we are best acquainted, may have been better than generally fall to the lot of the casual traveller.

Though I fear I may not have complied with your wish in the kind of way you intended, yet if this letter, or any part of it, can at all answer your purpose, it is at your disposal.

Believe me, &c. &c.

22*nd Jan.*, 1836. * * * *

P. S. February 27th. Since writing the above, I have received some authentic information from a friend relative to the Irish Society, which appears in some districts of Ireland to be producing very important and beneficial effects. Its agency is chiefly carried on by Scripture-readers in the Irish tongue; both Roman Catholics and Protestants, who go from house to house (usually in the evening) and read to all who are willing to listen, or teach such as are desirous of reading for themselves. On leaving one house, the place and time are appointed

for the next meeting, and generally the house is crowded, the desire to hear and learn being so great that the people bring with them candles and little baskets of turf, as the householder's small means would not allow of his supplying them. Owing to the quietness and privacy of these proceedings, the priest is often ignorant of what is going on till it has made considerable progress. This occurred in a certain district where, when it came to the knowledge of the priest, it was denounced, or as the Irish say, "spoken against," from the altar; and all those who were possessed of Irish bibles were ordered to bring them to chapel the next Sunday, and deliver them to the priest. In consequence of this order, the reading people assembled in numbers along with the Scripture-readers, when they agreed to search the Bible for passages forbidding, or even discouraging, the general reading of the Scriptures. None such being to be found, but many on the contrary side, their minds were much quieted, and the following Sunday, when the priest after mass called for the Bibles, the chief reader stood forward before the altar, and drawing his Bible from his breast, declared that if his reverence could point out one single verse prohibiting or discouraging its being read, he and his friends would give up their Bibles to him at once. The priest, unable to point out any, resorted to violence and abuse. The Scripture-reader therefore put his Bible back into his bosom, and with his followers quitted the chapel in a body, and have never submitted to the ecclesiastical mandate.

The people are so very anxious for instruction, that they not unfrequently waylay such Protestant clergymen as are known to understand Irish; and who, from time to time, go about to inspect the progress and conduct of the readers, in order that they may ask questions and have their doubts and difficulties removed.

It is an interesting circumstance, that the two Crottys (whom I have alluded to in a former part of this letter) have set up an independent chapel at Birr, where they read and preach the Scriptures, declare against pur-

gatory and other things also, and have a congregation of 2000 people. Great subscriptions are collecting from both Roman Catholics and Protestants, for the purpose of building a new and large chapel. This correspondent, who writes so recently as the present month of February, observes, that there is a great stir among the people generally. They *will* read and they *will* go to the schools. The writer has a school of 69 children at the present moment, and would have twice as many if the room could hold them. In a district where, till lately, every attempt of the Irish Society had failed, the people not being ready for it, there have been 12 schools established since Christmas, containing 421 scholars-men, women, and children. In consequence of these schools, many persons have already asked for English Testaments, that they may compare them with the Irish.

I cannot conclude this subject better, nor more correctly express my own sentiments, modified in some respects as they have been by these facts, than in the language of the friend who has kindly communicated them to me. "There can be little doubt that the Scriptures in the Irish tongue will be the most efficient engine for the improvement of the people. The language of their father-land, as they fondly term it, not only reaches their understandings, as English cannot do, but comes home to their hearts as the language of their affections; and that, with the added tenderness with which what has been proscribed, is cherished. There is also another advantage in this mode. The knowledge of the truth gains their understandings, without attacking or offending former prejudices, and these scales upon the mind fall off gradually while the inquirer hardly perceives, at least with any pain or irritation, how these changes take place; he looks back, with wonder, to the strange things he has believed; and, with the strength of clear, new-gained conviction, clings to the gospel light, from which he feels he was before shut out."

No. II.

Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman in Ireland to a Friend in London; dated Newport, Mayo, Jan. 28, 1836.

With respect to the Achill mission, it is, thank God, flourishing beyond all our expectations; notwithstanding the opposition of the titular Archbishop M'Hale and his host of priests, with their excitements to the most murderous persecution, converts continue to come in. A neat and simple church is just completed in the settlement, in which a congregation of from seventy to ninety assemble to hear in their own tongue the wonderful works of God in the redemption of fallen man; and this where public worship was never heard before, if we except the idolatrous worship of the Romish wafer and the inculcation of the abominable doctrines of Dens' theology. If there was room in the Achill settlement, a very large congregation would soon be collected. A second missionary and his family are about to go into the island. A Christian gentleman, a doctor, has taken up his residence, and is building a house to reside in permanently: he dispenses advice and medicine to the natives gratuitously. Many families have openly left the Romish Church, and are receiving scriptural instruction; their children attend the day and Sunday-schools; and an infant-school will soon be opened, the room for which is building. M'Hale thought by his visit to annihilate our work, but the Lord frustrated his design; and, I trust, will bring his counsel and that of all our enemies to nought. A printing-press is set up in the settlement, which will commence immediately: we comtemplate the publication of a periodical, to be named "The Reformer," to be circulated through the post-office. We are blamed by many lukewarm "liberal" (so called) persons, but we take the bull by the horns—our motto is "Nulla pax Romæ;" we lift up our voices and cry aloud to our fellow-men, to come out of her who hath corrupted the gospel by her abominations and in-

ventions. Mr. Stanley, of Alderley, in his late pamphlet, and such like friends of *peace* (but not the peace inculcated in God's word), censures us severely; but the testimony of the Lord Jesus is in our behalf, plain and satisfactory—for he says, divisions, and strife, and opposition, and persecution, will follow wherever his word is faithfully spoken: an unholy truce with priests and teachers of idolatry and heresy we will never make. Our Scripture-readers and labourers, and converts from Popery, have been violently assaulted, and their lives, as well as our own, endangered; we have been refused the justice due to every British subject—the great charter of British liberty, trial by jury, has been perverted by the priests' influence, to shield the guilty whom they encouraged to violence and bloodshed, to acquit them contrary to plain evidence; still we have been, thank God, supported by Him that is for us, greater than they that are against us, in all our difficulties. The Rev. Edward Nangle, the resident missionary, fearlessly devotes himself to the work, and will, I trust, be spared to see an abundant harvest; for it is written, "they that go out and sow weeping, shall return with a full harvest, rejoicing."

Pray excuse this long letter: my attempt as to a Protestant colony is going on very well; I have agreed to take a large and fertile valley, called Glenlaura, in the mountains near this, on which to place many poor, persecuted servants of God.

Yours, &c. * * * *

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